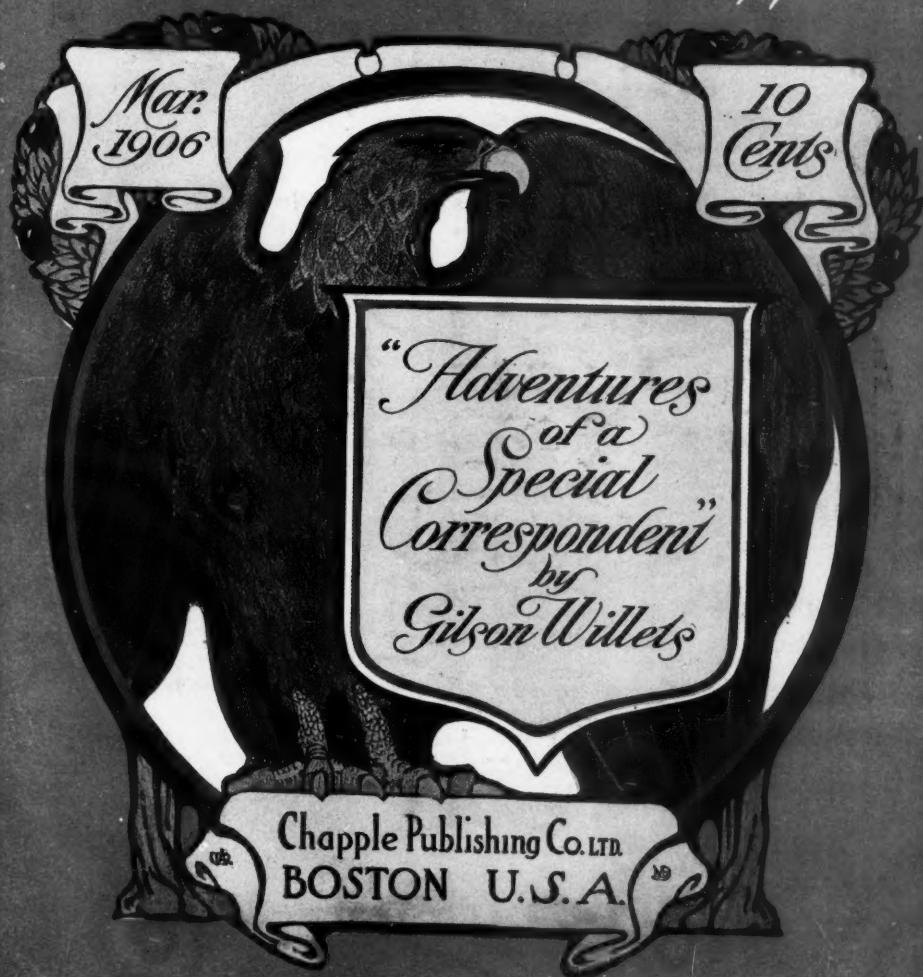


NEW ENGLAND EDITION

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by *For Mitchell Chapple*



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BOSTON U.S.A.



**The Real Charm of Beauty**  
is in the complexion—to be attractive it should be clear,  
soft, velvety and healthy. You should make the most  
of what nature has given you. A good complexion is  
everyone's heritage,—restore it, preserve it, by using  
**PEARS' SOAP**

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.  
"All rights secured."





**M. FALLIERES, VINTNER, LAWYER AND PRESIDENT OF  
THE FRENCH REPUBLIC**

Clement Armand Fallieres, the new president of the French Republic, was president of the French senate when chosen to the higher post. His closest rival was M. Doumer, president of the house of deputies. President Fallieres was the candidate of the modern, radical and socialist elements of the national assembly. Like Mr. Loubet, whom he succeeds, M. Fallieres is a man of the people; his grandfather was a blacksmith, his father a magistrate's clerk. M. Fallieres is an orator and a shrewd judge of men and events. His forty years of public service has not weakened his love for his home farm, and his vines are first among his individual interests.

Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, New York



## PORTRAITS OF THE SCANDINAVIAN KINGS.

The half-year closing with January, 1906, brought many governmental changes to the Scandinavian peoples of Europe. Norway broke the bonds that united her to Sweden and set up business on her own account, with King Haakon VII on the throne. King Oscar of Sweden and his cabinet protested, but wisely determined not to make war. On January 20, 1906, King Christian of Denmark, the venerable ruler known as "the father-in-law of Europe," was gathered to his fathers, and on the following day his eldest son ascended the throne as King Frederick VIII. Of all the "little kingdoms" of the earth, none is more highly regarded by free men everywhere than these three.

Photographs loaned by the Boston Herald

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## Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

**I**N my visits to Washington the various readers are kept in mind, almost everywhere I go, and it was the boys who were uppermost in my thoughts as I sat in conversation with Colonel W. F. Cody, in the New Willard hotel. He was in a talkative mood that night and told many a stirring reminiscence of his fights with the Indians. Now, if anything awakens the interest of a boy, it is Indian fighting—in fact, I have not yet outgrown the taste myself. The colonel threw back his long locks and began:

“When I went scouting in a dangerous country, where there were Indians about, I always assumed I was in a tight box. I tried to put myself in the place of Mr. Indian. I figured on what I should do if I were in his place. Then I would make plans to outwit them. Good plainsmen,

like good statesmen, have to look on every side of the bush.

“How well I remember back in 1868 when I was a scout for General Hazen and was ordered to have a conference with some Comanche chieftains. There was rather a wicked spot on the road, known as Willow Springs, which had been the scene of several massacres, and

I felt my flesh creep as we approached this spot. I had the feeling that before the wagon containing the general proceeded I ought to get out and see what was ahead. As I was searching around, suddenly a signal came to me from the wagon and General Hazen asked me very sharply,

“What are you doing, sir, holding us back?”

I replied with a salute that I was looking around for traces of Indians.

“We are losing



BISHOP SATTERLEE, WHO OFFICIATED  
AT THE WEDDING OF NICHOLAS LONG-  
WORTH AND ALICE LEE ROOSEVELT



INDIANS SEEING WASHINGTON IN THE WHITE MAN'S WAGON

Photograph by Clinedinst

too much time in this foolishness," he replied in disgust; "there are no Indians in this part of the country, and have not been for a long time."

"Well, it turned out all right and we proceeded without farther delay. Sure enough there were no Indians, but on the return trip it was on this same spot that a young Irish scout, named McGinn, who recalled the roasting that I got for delaying the wagons at Willow Springs, proceeded without the usual precautions. The poor fellow fell, pierced with a score of bullets, and if it had not been for the negro cavalry General Hazen and his entire staff would have been massacred at that time."

All that the colonel had to relate of his Wild West show experiences before the crowned heads of Europe had not the keen interest of his Indian stories and I tried to inveigle him into telling more of these tales, but he was anxious to get on to his ranch in the West; from there he intends to return again to Europe, where the Wild West still entertains the effete monarchies of the old

world. The colonel is one of my real old friends, for it was on the shores of Lake Superior many years ago that he permitted me to assist in arranging a peace jubilee between the Sioux and the Chippewa chiefs. This was the first time that the chiefs of these tribes had met in peace in a half century, and the idea was to effect a lasting peace with the historic "pipe." It was Buffalo Bill who managed the ceremonies and he did it with that keen appreciation of the Indian temperament which he acquired as a scout on the plains.

It was a very impressive gathering and never can I forget the picture made by the artistically attired and classic-featured chiefs gathered about Colonel Cody as the setting sun cast its rays through the pine trees on the shores of that great Northern lake.

The colonel recalled an amusing incident of the occasion, when one or two of the chieftains brought him to account for the poor quality of the tobacco used in the pipes of peace. Verily the advance of civilization was indeed come



upon the tribes, between whom a deadly feud existed for so many years, but who now thought of the quality of tobacco of this age — not up to the standard of ancient days. The ceremony took place

been exterminated in the struggle.

ONE of the most brilliant social functions of the season in Washington



THE AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE

Snapshot by Glinedinst

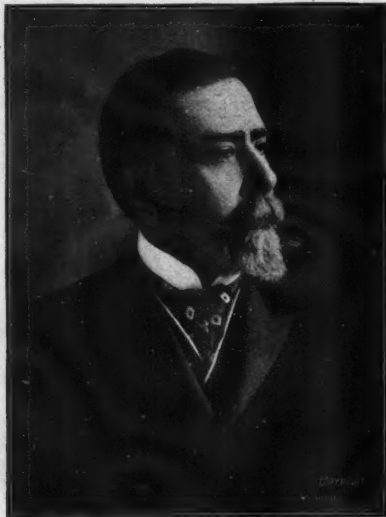
near the site of fierce battles, those hand-to-hand conflicts where they fought until almost every brave on both sides had

was the president's dinner to the diplomatic corps, at which all the nations who have representatives in Washington



VISCOUNT AOKI, JAPAN'S NEW REPRESENTATIVE AND FIRST AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

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SENOR DON EPIFIANO PORTELA, THE NEW MINISTER FROM THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

Copyright 1906 by Olindeinst

were present in the person of their ambassadors or ministers. There was Baron Hengenmuller von Hengervar of the Austrian embassy, now the dean of the corps, who escorted Mrs. Roosevelt to the dining-room, while the baroness took the arm of President Roosevelt. The formality of this occasion is not equalled at the regular state dinners. The decorations were very elaborate, and the great dining-room at the White House presented, under the soft glow of the electric light, a suggestion of a scene in some old baronial hall. It was in every way a full dress affair, and the great display of medals and glistening decorations suggesting a gay scene in a play, where the silken-gowned ladies and velvet-coated and be-laced gentlemen figure. Amid all the glitter of gold lace there was a certain satisfaction to the American eye in seeing our own president in plain black evening dress, the most impressive, the central figure of all such occasions. If

there ever was a good entertainer at dinner it is President Roosevelt. He can point with pride to the trophies on the walls and tell of his various hunts, or he can discuss the latest poem or treatise on psychology. In old-fashioned Scotch phraseology, "he is a non o' pairts."

✱

**A** REVIVAL of section four of the Dingley tariff law, authorizing the president to negotiate reciprocity treaties, has been rather kept under cover, but a joint resolution providing for such action may set in motion the smouldering fire of tariff revision.

March first the new German tariff law goes into effect, and it is apprehended that when the shoe really begins to pinch, a movement will be started that will arouse attention. While some have regarded the German tariff war as more or less of a bugaboo, it is apparent that Secretary Root has his finger on the



SENATOR THOMAS COLLIER PLATT OF NEW YORK

The best recent likeness of the senior senator from the Empire State, who, despite his frail physical condition, is actively engaged in the effort to dislodge B. B. Odell, the chairman of the New York republican state committee. Mr. Platt is probably serving his last term in the senate, where, mainly by his efforts, in the interest of the express companies, the United States postoffice department has been prevented from giving the public a parcels-post service, as is done in most other countries. In his generation he has had no superior as a master of practical politics. In business — he is the head of one of the great express companies — he has gained a large fortune. His are iron hands in velvet gloves.

Photograph copyright 1903 by Firie Macdonald



CHILDREN OF FRIEHRER VON DEM RUSSCHE-HADDENHAUSEN, FIRST SECRETARY OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON, IN GERMAN PEASANT COSTUMES WORN AT A FANCY BALL GIVEN FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS OF THE CAPITAL CITY

Photographs by Olindeinst

tariff throttle and may become the central figure in a revision movement — under section four. The classic phrase at the White House, "speak softly and carry a big stick," may express the method in which this difficulty will be met, for it is certain that section four may become one of the most useful sections of the Dingley act before the threatened retaliatory tariff clouds pass away.

EVERY time I go about the departments in Washington, it seems that I ought to be able to find something which would be a suitable tribute to the hundreds and thousands of clerks who have passed through the governmental mill and have virtually given a life service to their country. While it is true that as a rule salaries are ade-

quate, yet if one were to enlist such latent ability as may be found among this great army of clerks in Washington — if this ability were awakened and aroused by individual initiative, it would call for a salary list many times greater than is paid to government clerks.

This phase of life is one thing which is, to my mind, a strong argument against the dead level of socialism, as I understand that proposition. Here we have a body of men controlled and regulated by a power which they are willing to obey, yet in most instances the life of routine which they live seems to have the effect of stifling all progressive ambition. When they have been a little while in this service, they become practically unfit for anything else, however well suited they may be for their present



work. One is reminded of the old rhyme of the "Bight of Benin, where not one come out though a hundred go in." The individual is swallowed up in the machinery, which appears to be the Ultima Thule of socialist ambition, though we less enlightened mortals cannot but hope that it is not the final fate of the human race.

There are 676 clerks in the employ of the government who have reached the age of three score years and ten. Most of them are in the department of the interior, where 177 people past seventy years of age are at work day after day. In the treasury department 147 tried and trusted clerks have passed man's allotted span,—a fact brought out in a most dramatic way by a special message sent to the house of representatives last September, giving details concerning this

patriarchal regiment of 676 people employed in the various departments. It is significant that only one of the 676 is on the civil service commission, and that commission is the body which has power to retain the service of clerks and prevent removal except for a good cause. There are seventy-six printers in the government printing office who have handled stick and rule for over half a century and have passed the seventieth year-stone in life. Forty-three of the veterans of three score and ten are in the agricultural department. In the war department there are sixty-eight gray-beards still at work, although they have long since passed the age at which officers are retired. One wonders whether, like Charles Lamb, they have worked "until the wood of the desk has entered into their souls." The simple presenta-



WILLIAM B. RIDGELY, COMPTROLLER OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY, AND MISS KATHERINE DEERING, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Photographs Copyright 1905 by Clineinst



REPRESENTATIVE JOHN DALZELL OF  
PENNSYLVANIA, CHAMPION OF HIGH  
TARIFFS AND A STRONG DEBATER

Photograph by Parkes, Washington

tion of these facts, with comment, to the house of representatives should produce prompt and effective action toward giving a faithful, loyal and efficient clerk something to look forward to beside a helpless and salaryless old age, and it may be that action taken in this matter would be the first movement onward to the dream that has floated through many a mind of late years—a pension for all helpless aged people, who have faithfully performed their share of the world's work while they had the strength to do it.

**I**N the opening days of the present session I could conceive of no more important point of observation than in the various committee rooms. After I saw the flag go up on the house side, I made my way to the capitol and wandered into the room of the committee on ways and means. This is the most important committee of the house of representatives,

and has had a long and historic career, for the question of ways and means has always been a fundamental one with Uncle Sam.

The present committee room is not luxurious, yet a large mirror over the mantel, a smouldering fire, decorations indicative of the overflowing cornucopia of plenty, and the large chandelier—with its globe enclosing a cluster of lights and twelve smaller globes, each having a single flame inside—make it a room of somewhat imposing aspect. Under the glow of this mass of lamps, when there is a generous supply of grist to the hopper, it is often necessary, before the session closes, to hold extra sessions. During the days of formulating the Dingley bill each member had a drop light. The room adjoining was once occupied by a subcommittee. It was here that McKinley and his associates worked upon the ill-fated McKinley bill, but this apartment is now headquarters for the press, and the door communicating with the next room has been closed. Leading out, on the opposite side, is a small room formerly occupied by the sergeant-at-arms, but now used as the inner sanctum of the committee, and here all ways and means of raising money for Uncle Sam must be met.

The ways and means committee room contains a long table around which gather the seventeen members. At the head of the table is the portly form of Sereno E. Payne, chairman, wearing a pink McKinley carnation. Next in rank in the committee is John Dalzell, adorned with a similar flower. Charles H. Grosvenor, the veteran from Ohio, ranks third in line and Congressman J. T. McCleary, author of the new retaliatory tariff measure, comes fourth. This room is the storm center of the tariff discussion. Mr. W. W. Evans, who is secretary of the committee, is the son of a congressman who served several years on this same committee and he has been clerk during the crystallization of the

three great tariff bills of later years. Around the large table are the name plates of all the members, and every man passes to his allotted seat just as we used to do in school. The committee as it now stands is unusually strong and capable.

As I entered the room there was William Alden Smith of Michigan, with a pile of books on the table before him; in fact, at nearly every place around the table documents were collected. Congressman McCall of Massachusetts was on hand, ready to promulgate the Massachusetts idea of free hides, which engaged the attention of the Bay State delegation during the opening days of the session. This measure is to provide for reducing the tariff on shoes to an amount equal to the present duty on hides. What is desired appears to be free hides and a reduced tariff on shoes, because the manufacturers feel they could furnish footwear for the world with a reduced duty, provided they had a corresponding reduction on hides. It was upon this question that the democratic members in the house recently began to bait republican speakers in the hope of accumulating campaign material. It is quite the custom now to interfere with a speaker and draw him out during his flow of oratory, and if something is said which may go into the record for campaign material, there is rejoicing on the opposition benches.

Congressman Gillette of Massachusetts found that the baiters were ready for him, and even the genial "Cully" Adams, of Wisconsin, was provoked into uttering what appeared to be a criticism of the president for sending Secretary Taft into Ohio during the last campaign to fight corruption in the republican party. One day during the closing session Congressman J. W. Weeks of Boston, in whom Bay State people always feel a special interest, arose and obtained recognition; he merely asked in a considerate and modest way for "leave to



REPRESENTATIVE JOHN A. T. HULL OF IOWA, AN AUTHORITY ON MILITARY AFFAIRS AND COLONIAL EXPLOITATION

Photograph by Webster, Des Moines

print" some of his views upon the question of the hour,—a movement which certainly met with the hearty approval of his supporters at home. Few new congressmen have a firmer grasp of the duties and work before them than our own representative, John W. Weeks. Of course I have always thought he belonged in the naval department, and there is where he will eventually go when his ability, training and fitness are adequately appreciated.

Congressman Weeks did a little baiting on his own account, and brought out the opinions of his colleague, Mr. Sullivan of Boston, on matters which it is hoped will crystallize into good campaign material. It is quite the custom of the party leaders to have certain members detailed to watch the speeches made on the opposite side and interrupt or draw out the speakers, leading them to make statements which might never be made if they adhered to written manuscript.



SENATOR DOLLIVER OF IOWA, WHOSE SEAT GOVERNOR CUMMINS, TARIFF-REVISER, WOULD LIKE TO ACQUIRE BY CONQUEST

Photograph by Bell, Washington



REPRESENTATIVE FRANK W. MONDELL OF WYOMING, ACTIVE IN THE VASTLY BENEFICENT WORK OF GOVERNMENT IRRIGATION

Photograph by Parker, Washington

It was in one of the congressional committee rooms that I heard a new story of McKinley's work during his first campaign for the presidency. It seems that, as the years advance, every anecdote of the noble man who has passed away is fraught with new interest.

Stories are told of how carefully every speech which was made during the presidential campaign was edited by the man at Canton, and not only his own speeches but those of people who came to greet him.

It was customary for the speakers on behalf of the various delegations to call upon McKinley and have a conference before the formal ceremonies commenced, and they would bring with them in writing what they intended to say in public.

Very few alterations were made in these speeches submitted for criticism, but in the closing days of the campaign there was a certain delegate who brought his speech to the candidate to read. Mr. McKinley put on his glasses and went carefully over the matter as was his wont with all papers which came to his hands for inspection. He read to the bottom of the first page and pronounced it "fine," and the second, "excellent." The third page was equally good, but Mr. McKinley remarked:

"Here are two sentences at the very end which it might be well to omit."

"Why?" said the writer in astonishment, "That is a perfectly true statement."

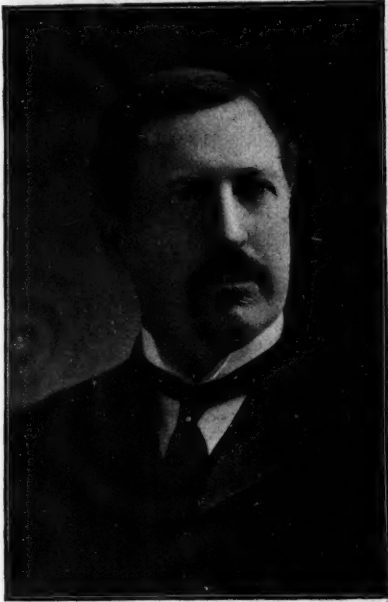
"Yes, it may be true, but this is not the time or place to say it. You want



this writing to help the cause of the party?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I think we had better leave out these last three lines."



REPRESENTATIVE JESSE OVERSTREET OF INDIANA, WHO HAS VIEWS OF HIS OWN, AND HESITATES NOT TO AVOW THEM

Photograph by G. V. Buck, Washington

This little incident calls to mind the patient way in which Lincoln besought his followers to use only "cool, conservative and kindly words." The doubtful sentences were hastily scored out with a lead pencil. But McKinley said:

"Now, let us make it quite sure," and he took a pen and drew a heavy ink line through the portions to be omitted. "This speech might be handed out to the newspapers," he said, "and we must be careful to say nothing that might arouse passion or indicate anger or bitterness, for the very people to whom those lines refer may soon be

with us." He added, "If we must tell a disagreeable truth, let us do it kindly."

I could not help but notice as the congressman was relating this story the profound interest displayed by everyone of the twenty listeners, and it was such little incidents as this that made that campaign memorable and surpassing in interest anything we have known in recent years.

This story started others concerning McKinley; Senator Dick, who happened in, related an incident of how a little boy, who had called to see the



REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT G. COUSINS OF IOWA, ONE OF THE "GOLDEN-TONGUED" ORATORS, AND A KEEN DEBATER, TOO

Photograph copyright 1905 by Clinedinst

late president, made a very candid observation. Mr. McKinley patted the child on the head and said:

"How are you, my little man, and how do you like my room?"

The child looked up with clear blue



REPRESENTATIVE RICHARD BARTHOLDT  
OF MISSOURI, NOW SERVING HIS  
SEVENTH TERM; AN ADVOCATE OF  
INTERNATIONAL PEACE AND IN-  
TERNATIONALLY KNOWN

eyes at the kind face above him, saying, "Mithter Matinley, I like you, but I think you ought to clean thith room," and he fixed his eye on the ceiling, blackened by the flaring gas-jet which had been burning like a beacon light almost



SENATOR WETMORE OF RHODE ISLAND  
Snapshot by Clinedinst

continuously during those busy days.

Mr. McKinley laughed and turning to those present, said:

"Gentlemen, it sometimes takes a little child to point out defects which we grownups have overlooked. "My little man," he added, "this room shall be cleaned. You have taught us a lesson."

Then the child took the president's hand and looking up confidently, said:

"Mithter Matinley, we'd like you to be prethident of the whole world."

How little it was dreamed at that time



REPRESENTATIVE DAVID DE ARMOND OF MISSOURI, A DEMOCRATIC PARLIAMENTARIAN OF UNCOMMON ABILITY AND A RISING MAN

Snapshot by Clinedinst

that in a few years these words would sound almost like a prophecy, and that President McKinley would be president of a domain reaching far into the Orient!

I ENTERED a committee room which is always of profound interest to members of congress, the mileage room. It is here that members come to make a report at the beginning of every session as to the railroads on which they have

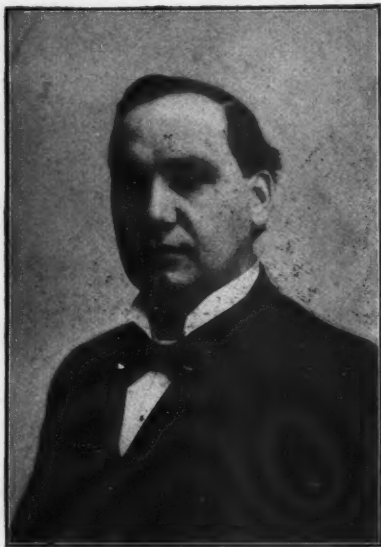


SENATOR MARTIN OF VIRGINIA, RECENTLY REELECTED — TO THE ONLY POLITICAL OFFICE, BY THE WAY, THAT HE HAS EVER HELD

Snapshot by Clinedinst

traveled, and what distances they have gone; it is jocosely suggested that it will soon be necessary to give a schedule of the eating-houses that occur on the itinerary. Now that the railroad rate bill is the disturbing topic of the session and free transportation is no longer obtainable, this room is likely to partake of the nature of a railroad ticket-brokerage office, and we may expect some day to see coupon tickets sold here by enterprising representatives of the various roads.

Over the door of a room on the terrace I found the label, *Minority Room*, and



SENATOR BURKETT OF NEBRASKA, A  
YOUNG MAN OF GREAT PROMISE IN  
NATIONAL POLITICS

it is here that John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, chairman of the democratic house caucus and floor leader of his party, discusses party business with his comrades. The provision of a room for the minority is something of an innovation, but shows how partisanship is waning.

**O**RATORS, the poets of the platform, are less to the fore nowadays than in earlier years of the republic. Now and then one of the gifted class makes himself famous with a single speech, as Mr. Bryan, the young Nebraska newspaper reporter, did in the Chicago convention of 1896. Others, as Senator Dolliver of Iowa and Representative Cousins of the same state, acquire oratorical rank by the cumulative effects of many beautiful addresses. Perhaps no other member of the federal house of representatives has a richer gift of classic

and persuasive speech than Mr. Cousins. He has not yet shown what heights he might rise to on the wings of a great moral passion such as presumably animated Mr. Bryan when the latter made his "cross-of-gold" speech, but has rather employed his masterful gifts for decorative purposes. Thus, his apostrophe to Iowa, his native state:

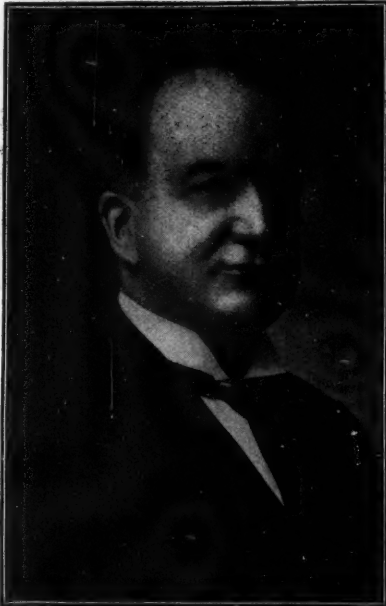
"Marked out in the beginning by the hand of God, bounded on the east and west by the two great rivers of the continent, purified and stimulated by the snows of Winter, blessed with copious rainfall in the growing season, with generous soil and stately forests interspersed, no wonder that the dusky aborigines exclaimed when they crossed the Father of Waters, "Iowa, Iowa," — beautiful land, beautiful land! Not only did the red man give our state its beautiful and poetic name, but Indian nomenclature runs like a romance throughout the counties and communities. What infinite meaning, what tokens of joy and sadness, of triumph and of tears, of valor and of vanquishment, of life and love and song there may be in these weird, strange words that name today so many of our towns and streams and counties: Allamakee, Chickasaw, Dakota City, Sioux, Pocahontas, Winneshiek, Keosauqua, Sac, Winnebago, Tama, Nodawa, Compétine, Chariton, Commanche, Cherokee, Waukon, Muchakinock, Washta, Mona, Waupeton, Onawa, Keota, Wadina, Ioka, Ottumwa, Oneska, Waukee, Waucoma, Nishnabotna, Keokuk, Decorah, Wapello, Muscatine, Maquoketa, Mahaska, Ocheyan, Mississippi, Appanoose, Missouri, Quasqueton, Anamosa, Poweshiek, Pottawattamie, Osceola, Oskaloosa, Wapsipinicon.

"Ere long some westland genius, moved by the mystic inspiration of the rich and wondrous heritage of Iowa nativity, may sing the song of our legends and traditions, may voice in verse the wondrous story of his illustrious state. Maybe somewhere among the humble homes where blood and bone and brain grow pure and strong, where simple food with frugal ways feed wondering minds and drive them craving into nature's secrets and her songs — somewhere along the settler's pathway or by the Indian trail where now the country churchyards grown with uncut grasses hide the forms of sturdy ances-



tors sleeping all in peaceful ignorance of wayward sons or wondrous progeny—somewhere where the rising sun beholds the peasantry at early toil and leaves them in the mystic twilight ere their tasks are done, where odors of the corn and new-mown hay and vine-clad hedges by the shadowy roadside linger long into the night-time as a sweet and sacred balm for tired hearts—somewhere, sometime the song of Iowa shall rise and live, and it will not omit the thought of that gifted son who said: 'Iowa, the affections of her people, like the rivers of her borders, flow to an inseparable union.'"

The dangerous verbal temptations of



SENATOR JAMES B. MCCREARY OF KENTUCKY, AN EX-CONFEDERATE OFFICER AND FORMER GOVERNOR OF THE BLUEGRASS STATE

Photograph by Prince, Washington

the poet are exemplified in the reference, in this glowing passage, to the "peasantry"—by which we suppose "Bob" means the Iowa farmers,—sturdiest, most



MRS. C. W. FULTON, THE CHARMING WIFE OF THE SENATOR FROM OREGON

Photograph copyright by Olindeinst

up-standing, forehanded, prosperous agriculturists the sun ever shone on. A mere flower of speech, gentlemen, bearing no conscious derogation of those to whom it was applied.

THESE are busy times in the executive office. The Panama canal investigation kept things stirring for a few days, but congress found the president with his ear close to the trumpet at the other end of the wire.

The influx of New York statesmen had an import meaning more than merely the control of a state organization. The open and fearless stand taken by the president was adopted in the face of a perilous precedent. For the chief executive to interfere in state politics hitherto has simply presaged an avalanche of rebuking ballots at the polls.



### THE PETITION THAT SAVED THE OLD FRIGATE CONSTITUTION

Secretary Bonaparte's recent suggestion that the old frigate *Constitution* be taken from its moorings in Charlestown (Boston) navy yard, to sea, there to be used as a target for the newer ships, aroused a mighty wave of protest from every corner of the land. The secretary thought merely of the expense of the endless repairs needed to keep the old ship afloat: the people thought of several other things — of how the *Constitution* won everlasting fame for herself and the American navy in many battles, conspicuously that with the *Guerriere* (a story that American boys will read with patriotic emotion as long as there are any boys here to read it); and the way the powers-that-be swung into line with public sentiment proved they had merely forgotten for a minute their share of our common pride in the *Constitution*.

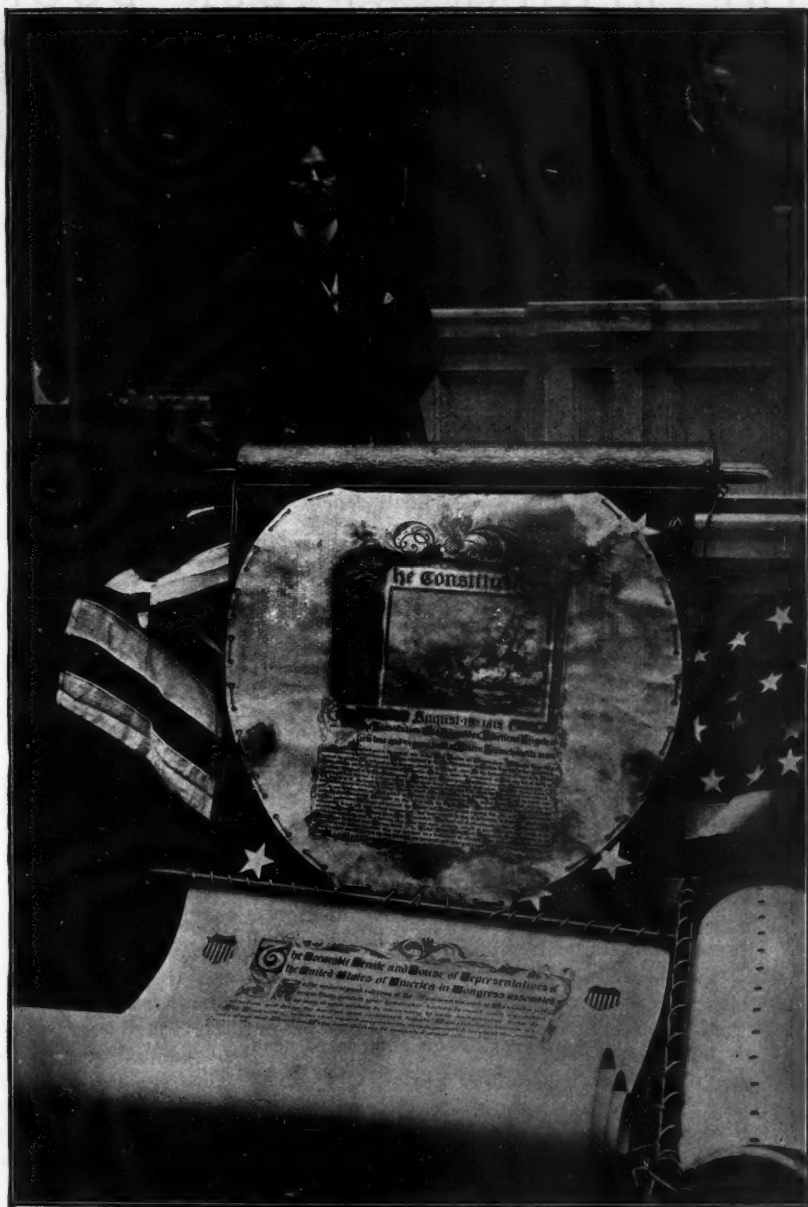
The president was prompt to declare his conviction that she should be preserved, and suggested that she be taken from Charlestown to the naval academy at Annapolis, where she would be, as she has long been at Charlestown, the shrine to which thousands of Americans would make patriotic pilgrimages, and would, in the bargain, serve to remind our naval cadets that there were good men in those days, the same as now.

Thirty thousand citizens of Massachusetts signed the petition shown in the above picture, among the signers being some descendants of the men that fought on the old ship in the days of her glory, as well as such notables as former Governors Long, Brackett, Bates and Douglas, and Governor Guild. Julia Ward

Howe's name is there, with that of many another distinguished author.

The petition measures 170 feet in length, the names being signed nine and ten abreast. On a drum-head, illuminated, parchment heading appears the battle in gold and full color between the *Constitution* and the *Guerriere*. Below this is traced a short history of the principal engagements in which the *Constitution* took part. The drum-head is fastened to two mahogany rollers which can be rolled into the copper cylinder. Below the drum-head appears the petition to the senate and house of representatives of the United States. Attached to this are the 30,000 signatures. The whole thing is placed in a cedar sea-chest with brass trimmings.

At ten o'clock, January 20, the petition was taken to the White House and shown to President Roosevelt, Admiral Dewey and a number of senators and representatives who were also present. Eric Pape of Boston, the originator of the *Constitution* petition and the artist who designed it, was introduced to the president, explaining to him the manner in which it was started and carried to completion. Congressman McCall of Massachusetts presented Mr. Pape. The president was fired with enthusiasm and considered the petition a memorial of great artistic beauty. He suggested to those present that the whole ship be restored to her original condition, replacing the rigging and the sails. He also suggested that the petition be placed on permanent exhibition in the navy department at Washington.



A CLOSER VIEW OF THE CONSTITUTION PETITION  
From a Photograph by the National Press Association

# THE BEGGAR AT OUR DOOR

By Frank Putnam

EAST MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

*"Freedom of trade with a master is not a freedom that can satisfy the human heart. Tariffs higher or lower mock our profoundest aspiration. We want freedom—your freedom or our own. We are neither citizens nor slaves, but alien—and hopelessly alien, dependents. We are the beggar at your door, and you deny us." — Extract from the letter of a Philippine patriot.*

WE are too courteous to be rude  
To states whose fleets compare with ours;  
We guard with fond solicitude  
The lawless South American powers;  
We annually sound the praise  
Of Patriot Fathers gone before,—  
Why turn we with disdainful gaze  
From this poor Beggar at our door?

Is it because he has no ships  
To thunder at our ocean gates?  
Is it for this we seal his lips  
That plead for justice from the States?  
Are we so sodden in our pride  
Of gain in gross, material things  
That we his plea can override  
With the defiant port of kings?

We whipped the thief who held him thrall;  
With gold we salved the robber's pride.  
We said we came at Freedom's call —  
I do not think we *knew* we lied;  
But, fired with sudden lust of greed,  
We siezed his houses and his lands:  
Unshamed by his poor naked need,  
We bound new shackles on his hands.

Freedom, thou hast no shrine on earth  
Save in the mournful hearts of slaves!  
Here where thou hadst thy bitter birth  
Thy Temple is usurped by knaves.  
With bribe and barter they defame  
The sacred marbles of thy floor;  
Thy children, sunk in shameless shame,  
Deny the Beggar at thy door!



## ADVENTURES *of a* SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT *by* GILSON WILLETS

**I**N the lives of those who live by writing there come not infrequently what may be called periods of hop-skip-and-jump.

This is true particularly of the special correspondent, the free lance, who in the course of his year's work, "covers" "big stories" in widely separated corners of the earth. In my own writing-life the hop-skip-and-jump periods have taken me at times from Lapland to the South Pacific, from Newfoundland to Ceylon, and "intermediate points", as the time-tables say. Hence some years I have been obliged to make as many as three round trips across the Atlantic, to "cover" events of international interest. At the same time I have enjoyed the work of getting stories of lesser importance, such as making an ascent in the latest military balloon in Paris, or attending

the bull-fight in Mexico at which the bull mingled so freely with the spectators that a panic and riot ensued. Perhaps the narrative of some such personal experience of the special correspondent, incidental to the work of securing the larger stories, may prove interesting.

For example, last year twenty ladies and gentlemen gathered one evening in the Russian capital. Specifically, they gathered about a huge oval table on the Quai bordering the Neva, not very far from the American embassy. At that dinner I was present as a friend of the Russian government as it was. The dinner was a secret, typical meeting of revolutionists of the noble class. When I arrived in my drosky-sled at the palace door, two men stepped forward and one said: "What time is it?"





QUAI IN ST. PETERSBURG, (X) SHOWING AMERICAN EMBASSY

JUST AROUND THE CORNER IS THE PALACE IN WHICH THE DINNER OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS WAS GIVEN, WHEN THE AGITATOR ESCAPED THE POLICE IN THE GARB OF A LACKEY, AS RELATED IN MR. WILLET'S ARTICLE

"The right time," I replied.

Whereupon my interlocutor drummed a peculiar rat-tat-tat on the palace door, which at once opened. A minute later a servant ushered me into a lofty room where the guests of Count Blank, the host of the evening, were gathered. "Had you any trouble with our men outside?" asked the count.

"When they asked the time," I replied, "I simply gave the password as directed in your verbal invitation to be present here tonight."

"Gatherings such as this," the count said, "are, of course, prohibited. But here we are, without permission of the police, with the doors barred and sentries stationed outside as a precaution against surprise."

One of the men present was, like myself, a correspondent for a magazine. Next to him sat a man whom I will call simply Monsieur. He was dressed in the livery of a lackey, a fact which I will explain later.

He was from Stockholm and his presence in St. Petersburg was not known to the secret police, who offered \$5,000 to anyone who would lure him into Russia.

For three days Monsieur had been in the capital, hidden in the quarters of the correspondent who now sat beside him. A day or two later he would leave Russia as he had come—with the correspondent's passport. The dinner was given in his honor, and many of those present had come from distant points in Russia especially to speak with him. For Mon-

sieur was and is one of the leaders of the revolutionary movement. In Stockholm he publishes the most popular revolutionary paper read by the Russians. The paper is smuggled into Russia and distributed entirely by ladies of the best families and by Jews.

Now, absolutely without warning, the doors of the great dining-hall were burst open, and there entered a single individual in gorgeous uniform. This was a man high in the police, named Kagairo-doff. He is now governor of a province. At the time of his intrusion he represented M. Von Plehve, who was afterward assassinated.

Our host, the count, jumped up and bowed most politely to the intruder, who in turn bowed most politely to the count. They talked awhile in Russian. I was afterward told that the officer had requested that the company disperse, and the count thereupon pointed out the fact that the officer, not having been invited to the dinner party,—“just a family affair with friends”—had no right to be present. It seems that the officer had effected his entrance by giving the proper password, “right time,” which he had learned from one of the army of spies in the pay of the police. The only really dangerous element in the whole proceeding was the presence of the great Monsieur, the man whose name no revolutionist in Russia mentions aloud. So now was the time when Monsieur’s lackey clothes served their purpose. Those clothes reduced to the minimum his fear of recognition by the police officer.

When the count rose, as I have said he did, the whole company rose. A lackey at the same time slipped a tray into the hands of Monsieur. Then while the count and the officer, with all the guests around them, were politely arguing the situation, Monsieur himself walked leisurely out of the room, with his tray, following a real lackey into certain subterranean regions of the palace—from

which he did not emerge until the night following.

## II.

The scene changes to India. Of all the places to which my journalistic duties have called me that might be termed dangerous, the most perilous were the plague and cholera camps of Bombay Province, during the famine of 1900. There death was close to me, but passed me by. In the desert for five hundred miles up or down from Bombay, relief camps were established at intervals. These relief camps were really great hospitals wherein lay thousands upon thousands of patients. At one such camp I found thirty thousand natives in the charge of a single white man. He was the resident or local governor. And if ever a brave man lived, it was that resident. Though the only white man among all those brown men, yet he had not a single soldier to back up his authority. “But at least I should think you would go armed,” I said to him.

“What good would one revolver or one rifle do among these thousands of hungry ones?” he said.

We rode out to his bungalow, which stood in the desert two miles from the great camp. Behind us, people were suffering, in ominous silence. Here was great courage also enduring in ominous silence. For at the bungalow was the resident’s wife, a lily parched and shriveling in the furnace air. Now in the resident’s compound was a garden in which were the only growing things in all that desert. Green things that were preserved by using perhaps too much water from the well that meant the very life of Mr. and Mrs. Resident. But the garden was kept for the sake of her whose eyes were kept bright by looking at this green and who was thus saved the monotony of the bare desert.

The cow-herds of the vicinity, however, wanted the things of that garden for their cattle. For there was fodder



### SCENE IN PLAGUE- AND FAMINE-STRICKEN INDIA

"WE WENT FORWARD AND WATCHED THE HINDUS BURN THE DEAD VICTIMS OF THE PLAGUE." (THE WRITER STANDS ON THE LEFT OF THE PHOTO)

enough to keep their cows alive until the government officials came to buy said cows. Several times the cow-herds had come to steal the fodder, always at night.

"If you hear a row in the night," said the resident, "don't worry." And he added that another attack was expected on the garden, and that it might come to-night or not for a week. Near midnight there was a cry of alarm—the cow-herds were at the garden. I sprang up, siezed my revolver, went down to the compound. "Hide that weapon! Quickly!" said the resident, for he was already on the spot.

"But you are not armed!" I said.

"No! Weapons would be no more use here than in the camp." He was in his pajamas, and he carried a lantern. Then, standing close to the cow-herds, he addressed them in their own Gujarati. The enemy became silent, and the resident wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it to the nearest cow-herd. Whereupon the cow-herds vanished into

the night as mysteriously as they had come. "The paper I gave those fellows," said my host, "was an order on the local bunniah (grain merchant) for grain. I suppose I will have to repeat that performance many times more before the government sends men to buy the starving cattle. It looks like a comedy, doesn't it? But it is the kind of tragedy that saves a life. I do it for—her."

As day was then breaking, we went forth and watched the Hindus at their daily task of burning the dead victims of the plague.

### III

Again I must take the reader half way round the world, to Jamaica, where my train in that lovely West Indian isle was held up by an executioner. The train started at daylight—sensible hour in a tropical climate—from Kingston, bound for Nannytown, fifty miles away. We had run about half the distance when the train stopped, not at a station, but at a foot path through a sugar plantation.

"What's the matter?" I asked the conductor.

"It's an execution, sah," he said. "Jes' you follow dat black man what jes' got off dis train and what's goin' up dat road froo dat sugar field."

"An execution?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean some one is to be hanged?"

"No sah! Jes' flogged, dat's all. Dat black man am to do de floggin,' sah. He am de executioner, sah."

I hastened after the "executioner," and so did all my fellow passengers. The black man was in reality an official executioner in his majesty's service. But his principal business, that of hanging people, was his minor business, in that hanging was of rare occurrence, while his errand of this morning was one which he had frequently to perform. That is, he had come out on the

train from Kingston to flog a "nigger."

The plantation upon which we were now trespassing was one on which all the laborers were crown prisoners. And the building toward which we were making was not a planter's house, but a prison. Punishment on a Jamaica prison plantation is by flogging—a performance which takes place in the street in sight of all the other prisoners, upon whom it is supposed to have a salutary effect. Never is the flogging done by an "executioner" resident at the prison, for revenge would speedily end the days of such a resident. So an entire stranger comes from a prison miles away—to inflict the punishment and then to vanish. Hence the presence of the black official who was now holding up our train. Behind the prison was a grove of cocoa palms, and in this grove there was a fearful shriek-



"MY TRAIN STARTED AT DAYLIGHT FROM KINGSTON, JAMAICA"

ing. "Come and see what they are doing to ole Pinto," cried a little black girl, the daughter of the prison-keeper.

I found "ole Pinto," a black man, tied hand and foot to the stump of a tree, and writhing and screaming in an agony of fright. The executioner now produced a little bunch of palm leaf stems, making of them an instrument of torture that looked not unlike a cat-o-nine-tails. With that primitive knout, and without

not a sign of a cut or of blood, nothing worse than a series of long welts across his back.

Another strange part of this scene was that the negro prisoners who were all lined up to witness the flogging, for whose intimidation, indeed, the punishment was carried out, did not seem at all impressed. For they grinned and halloed and, with each additional stroke, capered about the ground like so many delighted children. After the execution-



VISCOUNT HAYASHI, JAPAN'S AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN



EUGENIE, EX-EMPRESS OF FRANCE, AN EXILE IN GREAT BRITAIN

speaking a word to the prisoner, the executioner began the flogging. The strange thing was that after the first blow "ole Pinto" stopped yelling and emitted not another sound during the few minutes required for the twenty strokes on his bare back. The reason was, apparently, that he had suffered more from fright than he had suffered now from the flogging itself. For so skilfully were the blows struck that his skin showed not the slightest laceration,

er had struck the twentieth blow he threw down the palm stems, wiped the perspiration from his face and turning to me, he said:

"We'll go back to the train now, mister. I've got another execution over to Nannytown. There's only this one train a day to Nannytown, and I couldn't do these two executions today unless I held up the train. Sorry to delay your journeys, misters," turning to the passengers as a body, "but these here exe-



cutions are by the king's command."

#### IV.

Once more we cross the seas, this time to the heart of civilization. This happened within the walls of the Japanese Embassy, in Grosvenor Square, London. My business within those walls was to interview the Japanese minister to Great Britain, Viscount Hayashi, the spokesman of the mikado in Europe. I was awaiting my turn, in the great lofty hall of the mansion, when a Japanese servant opened the front door and admitted a lady dressed quietly in black. She was not the "veiled lady" of fiction, she was an old lady of fact. Her slightly wrinkled face was exposed to the world, and my only thought concerning her, as she passed through the hall, was that she carried herself remarkably well for so aged a person, and that she was at once admitted to the Japanese minister's office, ahead of all who had arrived before her. Fifteen minutes later, she again passed through the hall, this time on her way out, and with her went a young Japanese who bowed before her most obsequiously as she went out of the door, when he too, passed out, shutting the door after him. That aged lady in black was Eugenie, ex-Empress of the French. One of the Japanese attaches told me the reason of her visit at that time:

It seems that there was a lowly Jap in England whose ambition was to be another Marquis Ito. He wanted to begin as a soldier in the Japanese ranks in Manchuria. But someone stood in his way, and that some one was the ex-Empress Eugenie, who employed him as her valet at her house at Farmborough, near Aldershot, where for years she had lived. The valet wrote to the Japanese minister in London, asking to be sent home to join his country's legion against the bad Russians. The minister wrote back that he would see what could be done, but added that a Japanese in a foreign coun-

try is not necessarily expected to return to Japan, and that such return for military service is not compulsory, but entirely voluntary. Then down from Eugenie's house came the little Jap, in person, to the minister, and asked his excellency please to hurry matters, as he simply couldn't wait to go forth to shoot Russians. And instead of returning to his post of duty as valet, he tarried in London. It was then that the next step was taken by the ex-empress herself. She came to London and called at the embassy, as I have described. But first she had arranged with the Japanese minister, by letter, to have her runaway valet at the embassy at the time of her call. The upshot of the matter was that Eugenie begged Viscount Hayashi not to take the little Jap from her service, as, indeed, he was not physically able to shoulder a gun and dig trenches and be a killer of Russians. Whereupon the Japanese minister told the little Jap to go home with her majesty and be a good boy. So today he is still brushing the clothes of the gentlemen-in-waiting at Eugenie's English mansion.

#### V.

Among other personal experiences of the special correspondent, I may relate the following:

First, the officers of a British cruiser, at Port Said, Egypt, were sending down divers to bring up the dead from the submerged gunboat that had been wrecked off that wickedest city in the world. The steamer on which I was, on my way to the Far East, was lying at Port Said for coal, and I took advantage of the delay to visit the cruiser. By good fortune I was permitted to go out on the boat used by the divers. Two of the "human fishes" had been under water only a few minutes—when to our horror, along came a school of sharks, man-eaters all. One of the sailors telephoned down to the divers to remain perfectly still, saying that their mates on the boat



THE BRITISH DIVERS WHO ESCAPED DEATH AT PORT SAID

would do all possible to scare away the sharks. So they fired off a pistol, and then another shot rang on the air, then followed a fusillade sounding as if a royal salute was being fired. When the smoke cleared away, not a shark could we see, and presently the divers came to the surface.

"Well, that was a close call," said one of them, as his helmet was removed. "My dilemma was this: whether to stay below, or to go to the surface. If I stayed below, the sharks might bite my air hose, perhaps cut it. If I went up, the sharks might fancy the living diver more than the dead sailors which had lured them to that spot. But just then you telephoned. I dared not answer, for fear the sound of my voice might attract the sharks. What would have happened if I had made for the surface as soon as I saw the sharks—I shudder to think."

Second, in the ancient cathedral at

Seville, in Spain, I witnessed one of the three dancing festivities that are given yearly in the sacred edifice. A band of boys in unique costumes came whirling and pirouetting up the aisle, and the spectators applauded just as if they were at a theatrical performance. A kind of mediaeval religious procession followed. Another kind of dance could be witnessed for money in another part of the town, the so-called national dance. And I may add that any dance I saw at wicked Port Said was tame compared with the Spanish fandango seen for money in Seville. Next day was held a Passion Play, just as at Oberammergau, though on not nearly so elaborate a scale. When I saw the Magdalen I exclaimed: "Why, that was the girl who danced the fandango for us last night at the dance-house." "Right, senor," said my guide. "You see, when we choose a Magdalen, we choose a girl noted for her beauty—not her character. But this occasion

lifts her into a new life. You will never again see her dance the fandango, never again see her in such a place as you saw her in last night. She will be married within a year. Always such is the case with the Magdalen—for she is truly the penitent."

Third, I with a companion, an official of the government of Finland, was making a long sled journey across the roof of Finland in mid-Winter. We traveled in sleds twelve feet long, in which, wrapped in furs, we lay at full length, this being the most comfortable method of long distance out-door travel on earth. We carried our own provisions with us in that desolate, ice-bound region, bordering on the Arctic Circle—carried those

provisions in a supply sled. It was because we carried such provisions that we had an adventure with highwaymen. Our highwaymen were not those who hold up travelers at the end of a gun, but skulking thieves who sneaked away with our provisions, wanting our food rather than our money or our lives. We had put up for the night at a post-house in a little village, and had invited two young ladies, teachers in the local industrial school, to sup with us, intending to treat them to some of the canned goodies which we had brought from Helsingfors, the Finnish capital. Imagine our consternation when our driver reported that the provision sled was gone—that it had disappeared utterly.



THE PASSION PLAY PROCESSION AT SEVILLE, SPAIN

"Hitch up one of the sleds—put in the horses quick as lightning," said our guide to our drivers. "We'll show you, gentlemen, how we deal with highway-men in this part of the world."

Ten minutes later we were seated in a sled driving pellmell over snow in the tracks of our own provision sled. Finally we came to a hut in front of which stood an empty sled. We could not identify it as our own, because in that country all the sleds look alike. We knocked on the door of the hut, our guide crying: "Open, or we'll fire through the door." The door opened, revealing a room lighted by a single candle, and—yes! there were our provisions

which signs, in that land of blue eyes and flaxen hair, I knew that the thieves were not natives.

"Gypsies!" exclaimed our guide. And surely enough they proved to be Gypsies from Bohemia, their presence in this far northland being about the most remarkable thing our guide had ever heard of. They could not understand a word we said to them, though among us we spoke six different languages. So while the Finnish official and I ostentatiously cocked our revolvers, our guide began carrying out our provisions. Then the guide ordered the two men to get into his sled beside him. The gypsies obeyed meekly and thus they were car-



PARIS AS SEEN FROM THE MILITARY BALLOON

THE CAPITAL OF FRANCE SEEN FROM THE UPPER AIR RESEMBLES A CART WHEEL WITH THE MAIN AVENUES AS SPOKES AND THE ARC DE TRIUMPHÉ AS THE HUB

scattered over the floor. Two men, three women, and a few children were seated about the room. The men had black beards, black eyes and black hair, by

ried back to the post-house as prisoners. We sent for the headman of the village and turned the gypsies over to him. Then we opened our canned goodies,

which we were so glad to recover, and our young lady guests had a supper such as they had not tasted for months before.

"What will become of the prisoners?" I asked our guide.

"Oh, they will not steal again within the Russian Empire," was the reply. "The village headman will take them a six days journey to the nearest railway station in Finland, then by rail to the

frontier of Russia, where they will be handed over to the Russian police, by whom the prisoners will be taken across Russia to the border of Hungary and there handed over to the Hungarian police. Their families may follow as best they can."

Such are some of the adventures in the hop-skip-and jump life of the special correspondent.

## THE SAGA OF THE FIVE BROTHERS

By H. C. Gauss

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

**T**HIS is a twentieth century saga. It is about a Norwegian fisherman who still rules his village with his gnarled fist, even in his old age, and about his five sons.

Peter Lawson, quartermaster, first class, narrates this incident when urged and prompted by the boatswain, and then only, for Lawson has no conversation and one feels that he might forget the habit of speech but for the exercise it gets from the necessary repetition of the course-directions of the navigating officer.

The boatswain recites the prologue and says:

"You remember when they had that celebration in Boston and the Massachusetts and Marietta were there for a week? Peter was shipmates with me on the Massachusetts and he put in that week discovering brothers, didn't you, Peter?"

"First he came aboard and said: 'I got brodder here, sail-maker.' Next day

he came up and pointed to a yacht lying off Constitution wharf. 'See dat boat?' says he. 'I got brodder on her, sailin'-master.'

"Next day it was a Cunarder going out by. 'See dat ship? I got brodder on her, quartermaster.'

"When we were going out by Boston light, Peter was just going on watch. He came up to me and whispered, 'See dat light? I got brodder on her.'

"Go ahead, Peter, tell us about the time you all went home."

Then Peter's face breaks painfully from its habitual seriousness and this is the tale he tells:

"My fadder ees a great, big man, more as six feets big, an' he hammer hees boy to make 'im tough. Dare been me, Peter an' Yohn, Sharley, Hoscarr an' Handrace. (Andreas.) We go in de boat to feesh an' de ole man he hammer 'ell hout de ol'est to make man off



him. I run, dan Yohn run, dan dey hall run, I spose, any ways I find dem all in Boston. We ban settin' in place on Et-lantic hevenue one night an' we ban talking our own lankwidge, see, what we say thinks in like you say habout your fadder an' modder and so, and Sharley he say he like go back; he many time, what you say, seasick for home, no —yah, hompsick. I say how much fadder like to beat us. Maybe he haf no enchoyment haffing no poy to beat. Yohn an' Hoscar dey laugh an' say, 'Come, we go home an' let our fadder beat us.'

"We make dat for September. I go home before I ship over, four month. I go in de house place an' de modder cry an' de peoples comes in ant py ant py my fadder comes home from feeshin'.

"'Peder,' he says, 'I shall beat you for run away.'

"'Come oudside, fadder,' I says, 'ant ve vill see.'

"I ban fight plenty man, you bet, bud I never ban fighting any man like my fadder. Whoo-oo-oo! I sooner stan' double watch steerin' wid hand-steerer. I don't want to make it too easy for him and I done pretty goot, but he hammer me till I holler. Dan we go in de house an' haff goot time all evenin'.

"Next day Yohn he come home. I see fadder he sore an' stiff, not want to go feesh. I ban give him pretty goot fight. I say, 'See! Here is Yohn, beat him for run away.' Fadder tell me shut up an' Yohn get no beating one, two day. I see ole man begin feel pretty good an' I say to Yohn, 'Cheek 'im.' Yohn he cheek him an' dey go outside an' fight an' bimeby Yohn holler, but I have to help my fadder up.

"Next day Sharley he come. I say, 'Fadder, didn't Sharley run away?' But fadder he feel of de sore places ant shake hees head to me not to say anyting. We stay two, three day, have good time, go feesh. One day my fadder call Sharley up jes fore daylight go hout in de boat. Sharley say he not go; ole man

say go or he hammer him. Sharley git mad, he pretty big man, been bucko mate, say he lick de ole man. Dey go out in de mos' dark and' fight long time. Sharley he holler an' de ole man don't go feesh; stay in bed mos' all day.

"Hoscar he come next. Old man don't get mad very quick some more. One day him an' Hoscar hout in de boat an' when dey come in have to hist both of dem up on de wharf. Ole man say, 'Leggo jib sheet.' Jib sheet she foul an' ole man say he hammer Hoscar if he have him ashore. Hoscar say go ashore. Ole man say he can't afford to lose de time. Hoscar say he pay for de time. Dey go ashore an' fight an' fight, jest can get home.

"My fadder pretty nice now, an' after while Handrace come long. He youngest, run last. Ole man pretty mad when he run. Handrace big feller. My fadder look at him ev' night when we sit by de fire. Go dat way some time. I tell Handrace cheek him. Handrace say no, wait and see. One night de ole man beat his foot on de floor an' say, 'Peter, Yohn, Sharley, Hoscar, I hammer you, you stay for noddings. Handrace must pay board.'

"Den we all laugh and ketch hol' of de ole man and roll him round, and we hist him up an' car' him to de beer shop, an make him drink beer. Den he drink much beer an' blow about hees sons and ve have great time. Den an ole feller speaks about dem times when dey is fighting wid sooerds and we gries to dink it ain't now an' everyting like dat.

"De nex' day de bick new boat comes around dat we buyed for our fadder and we all gives him money, more as any man in de place. Den he say dat it is because he done his duty an' hammered us goot and dat de ole boat shall be for use of men who have bad luck an' lose dare boat, and dan me an' Yohn an' Sharley an' Hoscar some time after came away, but Handrace he stay an' marry hees girl."

# LECTURING BY LIMELIGHT

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delights," etc.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

**W**ERE you ever mistaken for another because you happened to have inherited the same family name? Has your acquaintance ever been sought by enthusiastic strangers who complimented you on work you never did, and you had to cover them with confusion by disclosing your identity, or hold your peace and feel that you were a coward and a fraud and a living lie? Mine has, many a time and oft:

I was once chosen to deliver the poem on Commencement Day at Santa Clara college, California. I was a guest of honor for a week, and some one of the fathers, the professors or the students were sure to be within reach of me for my pleasure and entertainment. One day a delightful lad was showing me the beauties of the neighboring garden city of San Jose. This was in the good old days when Miss Olive Logan was popular as writer and lecturer; as a drawing card she ranked with Grace Greenwood and Anna Dickinson. I could see that my young companion had something on his mind, something to say to me, and I was wondering what it might be and just how and when he was going to say it. He was growing more familiar, more at ease all the while, and I was glad that he had not found me hard to get acquainted with. Suddenly the little chap,—he was not out of his teens,—put his arm through mine and snuggling up in a confidential way, he said in a burst of boyish enthusiasm: "Oh! Mr. Stoddard, you don't know how much pleasure your writings have given me. I'd rather read them than do anything else!"

My heart, which I am too apt to wear upon my sleeve, was in my throat in a moment. I was really touched, and I told him how glad I was that anything I had written had given him pleasure; that, really, was what all authors were striving to do and the knowledge that they had, in a measure, succeeded was the real joy of their reward. We were very happy and sympathetic for a moment, and then he beamed upon me in a youthful and radiant way and said, to make assurance doubly sure, I suppose, "You write under the name of Olive Logan, don't you?" and, God forgive me, I said "Yes!" I hope the recording angel had one tear left, for never was a lie told with a better intention. All these years I have wondered if that boy, a man now and perhaps the father of a family, ever discovered his mistake and my untruthfulness. Olive Logan was my friend of yore, but I never told her of this—that is why I am keeping it a secret now.

There was a time, when, if anyone complimented my verse I felt in my heart of hearts that he had read something written by the late Richard Henry Stoddard; and I have always been sorry that I could not lay claim to the authorship of the works of W. O. Stoddard and Charles Augustus Stoddard, and all the other Stoddards in the catalogue. Perhaps my crowning sorrow is the fact that I am constantly mistaken for John L. Stoddard, whose highly successful and always popular illustrated lectures have made his name a household word throughout the land. I have been

pointed out as Mr. John L. Stoddard, and denounced as an imposter because I was not he. Doubtless, of the many hundreds of thousands who have heard him lecture, very few would be able to to recognize him after the close of the entertainment, because he lectured in a darkened hall and was most of the time invisible. To make the case still more perplexing, the truth is, I have given illustrated lectures of travel myself and cannot deny that my course looked very much like an infringement on his copyright.

I am glad that there is no danger of my ever doing it again, and now that he has retired to private life there are two blanks in the lecture list. It is true that I am still congratulated upon the handsomely illustrated volumes of travel-lectures that Mr. John L. Stoddard has published, but now it is my custom to head off all complimentary allusions to my lectures and my volumes of travel by instantly announcing that though I have traveled and printed books of travel, and lectured upon my travels, I am not the Stoddard they wot of, but only myself alone.

## II

My experiences as a public lecturer are soon told; I would they might be as soon forgotten. As traveling correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, I had for five years been flitting about Europe, Asia and Africa. Returning to San Francisco, the home of my youth, it was suggested that I make my appearance as a public lecturer. Mr. Lock of the Bush Street Theater, having come into possession of a large assortment of transparencies, was willing to back me in a venture if I would use his slides to illustrate my text. An engagement was effected on the spot. I was to prepare four lectures at my earliest convenience, select a suitable number of transparencies to illustrate them, and leave all further details to my manager, a gentleman of great enterprise and large

experience. So far so good. It sounds easy enough as I write of it. I still remember how very difficult it was.

It seemed to me that we had hardly struck our bargain when the peace of my quiet lodging was dispelled by the arrival of a case containing four thousand transparent lantern slides; they were photographs on glass from nature, as well as copies of famous works of art, all interesting and some of them very beautiful. The subjects were gathered from the four quarters of the globe. It must be confessed that they were in the very ecstasy of disorder, having been overturned again and again by the curiosity of a host of idlers who had access to them.

After a week of patient diligence, I succeeded in classifying them tolerably well, and then came the question as to the subjects most likely to attract the public. I decided to open with the "Tour of the Holy Land." Jerusalem, illustrated by a series of photographs, illuminated and enlarged so as to cover a canvas twenty feet square, ought, it seemed to me, and to all with whom I discussed the subject, to excite the interest of pleasure-seekers. Fireside travels are inexpensive and not always fatiguing. One cannot do the Holy Land every day of the week for a dollar. I was offering this pleasure to the little world of San Francisco; it was before the day of "bargain matinees," and a dollar was not thought exorbitant. On the second night why not do "Rome and the Vatican?" At the Saturday morning entertainment, for ladies and children, what more appropriate than "Venice: The Queen of the Adriatic?" Saturday night the season was to close with a glowing description of "Egypt and the Nile" — unless the public, warmed to enthusiasm, were to insist upon the season being indefinitely prolonged.

I could easily have spent a month in the preparation of each one of these lectures. No doubt I should have done so.

The pictures were selected with care and arranged and rearranged, again and again and yet again; it was a little puzzling to know just what route to follow so that the tale of travel might flow easily and naturally. I assured myself that it would take me at least two months to properly prepare for my debut, and while I was saying it the manager's agent walked in upon me in a very business-like way, with a program announcing that I was to make my appearance at Platt's Hall, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of the following week. The notes of one lecture were not yet prepared, and in ten days I was to begin my course. I was paralyzed and did not believe it possible for me to appear at all. Already the streets were lined with huge posters emphasizing with glaring capitals the subjects of the lectures and bolstering the name of the lecturer with the customary resounding but hollow phrases—"Poet, Author, Traveler, etc."

My case was desperate. I toiled night and day in a frenzy of nervous excitement. I awoke from dreams in which I would suddenly find myself facing an expectant audience, with my mouth open and not an audible syllable at my command. My only consolation was that the room, being necessarily darkened, the barely visible audience would scarcely discover the extent of my embarrassment. My notes were hastily thrown together, arranged and rearranged in a despairing mood verging upon heart-failure, and a day was appointed for a rehearsal and private view, so as to test the working quality of the instrument and carefully focus the slides.

The night of the rehearsal came all too soon. Platt's Hall was as Egypt when I arrived there. A number of my professional friends were already present with my manager; they were to sit in judgment on the entertainment and offer such suggestions as might occur to them. The operator, with his assistants,

began the delicate business of adjusting the lenses and manipulating the piercing spark which was to reflect the pictures upon the canvas. The first efforts were by no means successful; the light spluttered, the lenses were obstinate; the landscapes blurred and misty. Some of the slides which I had selected were found unsuitable; they were smoky and obscure and, when enlarged upon the canvas, seemed of little interest by reason of their total lack of the picturesque element so essential to success in art. They were, of course, discarded and others substituted, which necessitated the revision of my notes.

### III

It was the rainy season in California; an exceptionally rainy one. It threatened a deluge as my opening night drew near; it drizzled all the afternoon, rained heavily and steadily at seven in the evening and stormed at eight o'clock. As I entered the hall, a few moments before eight, I found the audience, what there was of it, scattered thinly hither and yon, in dripping raiment. A few gas-jets flamed lugubriously and seemed but to add insult to injury; a youthful pianist—that necessary nuisance in entertainments of this character—was moping on the back seat awaiting my orders. A few dear friends were clustered at the door to give me welcome and offer me those words of cheer and the much needed encouragement without which, I fear, I must have gone to the wall. I was a sorry spectacle, and I was well aware of the fact. Mr. and Mrs. "Billy" Florence were there; poor Mme. Marie Duret, one of the best and truest of friends, and others now past and gone; charming Emily Melville, then the bright, particular operatic star in the western horizon, had braved the elements and crossed the bay with a great armful of flowers plucked from her own garden; and there were others full of sympathy, and distrust, I have no doubt,

Billy Florence, noting in me symptoms of a possible collapse, suggested a reviving cup; I sent the lad to the piano, and while his melancholy notes were tinkling in my ear Billy Florence and I quaffed heartily, and, with his soothing hand upon my shoulder, we returned to the scene of my sacrifice. The customary applause greeted me as I approached the rostrum. I know not what I should have done without it, and yet how little it really means. The piano music subsided; the operator was busy with his instrument. Not knowing what else to do, and feeling it was my turn to do something, I arose, and with the glare of that pitiless ray—no lantern slide was yet in view and the piercing limelight was burning into me like a red-hot needle—I opened the lecture somewhat in this vein:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I offer you my services this evening as guide through the Holy Land. You shall have the benefit of my experiences, such as they have been, without extra charge; with the aid of these pictures you shall see that sacred soil as the sun sees it, highlight for highlight, shadow for shadow. I believe that the secret of the art of travel is to make the best of everything; to enjoy everything in spite of all; therefore, let us be genial notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. In order to get the full effect of the illuminated pictures the hall must be darkened. We shall, from time to time, vary the monotony by the introduction of a piece of statuary, or perhaps the copy of a famous painting or a cloud effect—all of them more or less inappropriate, but there is rest and renewed interest in change, and I want you, if possible, to have all the pleasures of travel with none of the inconveniences."

A gracious burst of applause restored my soul. The lights were extinguished; the lad at the piano once more began fingering the keys. At intervals, from various parts of the darkened hall, came

the faint sound of mysterious and suggestive smacks, followed by suppressed laughter; the audience was evidently in the best of humors. I took courage. The experience was not so very dreadful after all, was it? The operator threw a mellow disc of light upon the canvas; adjusted a slide, and there appeared the picture of a nebulous cloud floating in space; it was exquisitely beautiful; he then arranged another slide, and with his two lenses dissolved one into the other very skilfully. The effect was enchanting; the clouds, constantly changing, took various forms of incomparable beauty, and when an azure-tinted glass was added the picture was that of a tropical night wherein the clouds were silvered with moonlight and seemed actually to be floating in the veritable heavens.

Anon the "herald Mercury" appeared upon the scene; it was before the day of moving pictures, but he dawned upon the vision pale, god-like, soaring with feathered heel, as light as thistledown; then disappeared, as if fading into the night, but anon reappeared; and on each reappearance drew nearer and nearer, until at last he filled the picture and looked as if he were about to float out of it and into our very presence. At this the audience was roused to something like enthusiasm and the jocund pianist struck into a once-popular song, the words of which, "He flies through the air with the greatest of ease,"—and something, for the rhyme's sake, about a "flying trapeze," which seemed hardly appropriate when applied to the masterpiece of John of Bologna. I was gaining confidence and losing it at frequent intervals.

I had, with great care, arranged the several slides in the order in which they should appear one after the other. The operator had listened with courteous attention to my thousand and one monitions. Imagine my dismay when I discovered upon the appearance of the first



landscape picture that he had begun at the wrong end of the series and was working backward. Of course I flew to him and rectified the ludicrous error.

We began again. All went well for a time; the pianist played nimbly during the intervals when the pictures were being dissolved one into another, and sometimes his selections were very nearly appropriate. We should certainly have had a rehearsal together, he and I, and a perfect understanding as to what theme was to be chosen for each view. I took up the thread of the narrative as soon as the landscapes had evolved themselves out of the momentary chaos of light and shade that characterized the brief period of transition. It was rather jolly, on the whole, though I was obliged to confine myself to my notes on the opening night, and these I had spread within a box that stood upon a stand between me and the audience and was open only on the side toward me. The box was lighted within by a half-dozen flaming candles, and the heat that came from it as I stood near was like that of a red-hot oven. To the naked eye of the observer in the audience I must have appeared like the soul of a salamander reveling in purgatorial fires.

Presently there was a startling break in the journey; the operator, why, I know not, skipped quite into the middle of the program. I was obliged to at once turn improvisatore, for I could not pause to hunt up the text that went with the picture. From that moment one surprise followed another in quick succession. I closed my notes, extinguished the candles in the reading-box and awaited developments. Then word came from the rear of the hall that the echoes were deafening in that almost uninhabited quarter; later a second messenger was dispatched to me announcing that I must shorten my discourse, for the light would not last much longer. A leak had been discovered in the gas-

tank. We might possibly blow up at any moment.

There was nothing now left me but to hasten to the close without alarming the audience, and this I was doing to the best of my ability when a third messenger arrived. He begged me to announce that as there was still a little gas left, that "while the lamp held out to burn"—the thrifty operator not caring to hide his light under a bushel—the entertainment would proceed and conclude with a series of beautifully colored biblical views graphically illustrating the Old and New Testament history. Those views which I knew nothing of, having thrown them aside as commonplace and inartistic, and which the operator, who had assisted me in classifying the slides, must, in a moment of rapture, have secreted upon his person, proved to be extremely mediocre figure groups whose original ugliness was aggravated by a lavish use of crude color. They were each quite as splendid as a chromo struck by lightning. I allowed them all to pass without a word of comment or explanation. The pianist gave free play to his fingers and his fancy, and my gratitude when the last of the series, that of Mary Magdalene,—who seemed to have backslidden, for her lurid effigy had been carelessly inserted upside-down—my deep and unutterable gratitude was only equalled by the generous applause of the indulgent and very friendly audience.

The second night was like unto the first. I might with propriety and absolute certainty have concluded all printed announcements during the season with this cheerful line:—"Umbrellas, water-proofs and goloshes may be ordered at 9:45." My faithful but unfortunate audience arrived promptly each evening, wrung itself out, settled into the moist seats and sat steaming, with damp feet and colds in the head, until the last biblical picture—that operator doted on them—was consumed in a perfect con-

flagration of color. And then came the pleasantest feature of the experience, so far as it concerned me, for on each occasion pleasant people lingered to congratulate me—I never knew just why—and to pay me many compliments, unworthy as I was.

#### IV

I remember how three little women approached me after the lecture one evening, each one introducing the other in a pretty, old-fashioned way. They said that I should go to New England and lecture there, from town to town, all through the Winter. The Lyceum Circuit was then so well arranged and so carefully and systematically conducted that, through its manager, one who was in the public eye at the time might have secured a series of engagements in many towns and villages. The dates were all arranged so as not to interfere with one another; the price to be received nightly was fixed—perhaps some towns could pay more, some less than the regulation price; all that was expected of the lecturer was to allow the manager of the Lyceum Circuit his moderate percentage, follow the itinerary which he had carefully prepared, and make one's appearance promptly at the proper time and place. This was easily done, for the time-tables of the railways had been duly consulted, and nothing but a heavy storm, a blockade or ill health need derange the plan for the whole season. Those little women drew a lively and attractive picture of the wintry nights in their dear old New England; the well lighted, well heated, well filled village or town hall; the old ladies in caps busily knitting in the front seats, chatting and "visiting" with one another until the lecturer had begun to speak, and then laying down their knitting from time to time to beam upon him over the silver rims of their spectacles; or perhaps heave a gentle sigh and "wipe their specs" if he grew too pathetic.

The young ladies and their escorts were sure to be there, and, of course, supremely happy in one another's society. They could not always sit together at "meeting," but here they could, and as close together as possible. All those present were quite accustomed to listening to lectures and almost preferred them to any other form of entertainment then in vogue.

Such is, or was, the life of the lecturer in the New England lyceums of the past. He was a well trained Lion perpetually on exhibition; the autograph hunters hovered near him; he was forever making new friends wherever he went, and many of these were really charming; he was making money, also, for his expenses were comparatively light. A popular lecturer once told me that he considered his annual season worth at least twenty thousand dollars to him. But what a weary work it is when one is booked for three or perhaps even six lectures per week, and has a railway, or coach, or steamboat journey after each and all of them; and thus it may be, without cessation, for four or five more or less cold and stormy months.

Josh Billings, the American humorist so popular in his day, had just finished a successful season. Night after night, week after week, month after month, he had, precisely at the hour of eight, faced all kinds of audiences in all kinds of weather and all kinds of moods. Solemnly approaching the front of the rostrum, he had said in his most serious manner:—"Ladies and gentlemen! I am here before you this evening to tell you what I know about '*Milk*!'" Of course he had made the same points, or endeavored to, so often that they had become distasteful to him, and, once more in his own home, the season at an end and he free to do and say what he pleased, he threw himself on his lounge after dinner and heartily thanked God that his labors were at an end. The fire blazed brightly upon the hearth; grand-

father's clock ticked slowly, contentedly, soothingly, in the corner of the room. He sank into a blissful sleep, such as it seemed he had not known for ages. With great deliberation, but firmly, as one having authority, the clock struck eight! Josh arose from his pillow, stalked forward, and, placing himself in front of the fire, rubbing his hands together as many lecturers have a habit of doing, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen! I am here—before you this evening—to tell you what I know about '*Milk!*'"—and then he woke up. It was the force of habit; it had become automatic; it showed how his arduous duties had robbed his soul of rest.

I was with Mark Twain daily and nightly while for eight weeks he lectured at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, London, and I know the wear and tear of it on his nerves. When we returned together, after his lecture was over and he had shaken hands with those who counted it a very great privilege which he had graciously granted; and had written in the autograph albums that were always awaiting him—after our return to his delightful apartment at the Langham Hotel, he was happy enough until he awoke next morning. But the burden of the day was on his mind and hardly ever off it until the next lecture was over.

One evening in San Francisco, at the close of my lecture, a young man came forward and greeted me with considerable embarrassment, but with such modesty and such evident sincerity that I regretted our interview was so short. He said, extending the calloused palm of a son of toil, "I want to shake hands with you, for you are a true Bohemian." To this hour I do not know just what he meant, but I am sure it was something good and kind. "I want to shake hands with you," said he; "I am only a poor day-laborer, but I want the honor of shaking you by the hand." He got it, if there was any honor in it, and

a right-hand-of-fellowship could not have been heartier, as I said to him: "I also am a day-laborer, my dear fellow; the only difference between us is that you work with your pick and I with my pen; they are as near alike as two P's!"

I must confess that I was always a little afraid that my pianist might go astray; he played skillfully and with taste, but his selections were invariably of a light character and their range limited. Occasionally he was humorous, but whether intentionally or innocently I was never quite sure. On the night of the second lecture a photograph of one of those colossal infant angels by Michael Angelo that are poised above the huge holy-water font in St. Peter's was exhibited; the lecture was on Rome; while the picture was upon the screen and so enlarged that the infant looked enormous, the young rascal played with mock sentiment "*Baby Mine,*" a ballad very popular in that day.

## V

I shall not soon forget my last night on the lecture platform in San Francisco. The evening's entertainment was about two-thirds over; we were away up in the wilds of Nubia; the many beautiful Nile views had appeared to great advantage, and as for myself, I could not have spoken on a subject more congenial. We were at the Colossi of Aboo Simbel, or Ipsamboul, as some call it, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, the light went out and we were left in utter darkness. There was ghastly silence for a moment and then some budding humorist of the western breed cried in a loud voice: "Where was Moses—?"

A messenger groped his way to my desk and explained the predicament. Had you been there you might have heard the voice of one crying in the wilderness, out of the blackness of darkness, and above the rippling laughter created by the anxious inquiry concern-

ing the exact location of the Hebrew prophet, as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to state that the lecture this evening must be brought to an untimely close. I am creditably informed that the apparatus has collapsed." In a calmer moment I was assured by one who was present that I had said, distinctly, "The whole concern has busted!" Be that as it may, there was a respectful silence while a few gas jets were lighted about the hall. Someone said: "I suggest that the lecturer finish his lecture without the illustrations." I gently but firmly protested. Then some good Samaritan added: "Under the circumstances, I propose that we adjourn." "Many thanks," I replied, and, with a hearty round of applause and no little merriment, the season was brought to a close.

Was I discouraged? By no means! It began to seem like a capital joke, and joyfully I went over the bay to the sister city of Oakland for two evenings. The storm continued. The church in which I spoke, a tall frame building with the auditorium on the upper floor, quaked in the furious wind. The heavy apparatus combined with the weight of a slim audience were not sufficient to steady the floor and the consequence was that the views quivered upon the canvas stretched before the pulpit and in moments of indulgent applause danced in a very ridiculous manner.

It was evident that the adverse circumstances were too much for the operator and that he was becoming demoralized. Some of the slides were inverted, some were reversed so that the landscapes were wrong end to; think of facing the ducal palace from the Venetian lagoon and having the prison and the Bridge of Sighs to the left of it, and the Campanile—now alas! no more—on the right! Some of the pictures reappeared at intervals, as if laboring under the impression that they had been encored.

The second night was even worse than the first. It seemed as if I had only to open my mouth and the heavens fell. The eaves spouted torrents; the gutters were a-flood. It would have been money in the pocket of any granger in a dry land to have engaged me for a course of lectures. Even the suggestion of my name seemed to have a pronounced effect upon the atmosphere, for on another occasion, when I was invited to address an association but declined, as I was waterlogged by this time, it rained just the same. The deluge appeared in my stead, and this bitter fatality mocked me to the end.

In Oakland, which was pleasantly provincial in those days, some of the after-lecture interviews were amusing. One old gentleman led me into a corner apart from the others who were waiting their turn to speak with me, and said with some severity: "Do you mean to tell me that you have been to all those places, yourself?" I replied that I had had that pleasure. "Humph!" said he and turned on his heel. He evidently did not believe me. Another gentleman whom I took to be a clergyman, judging from his type of face and the cut of his garb, asked: "When were you in the Holy Land?" I answered, "In 1876." To which he replied with some scorn: "Phsaw! I was there years before you were." I don't think that all tourists feel that they have preemption rights in a land because they may have visited it before those who followed after.

There were young people who waited at the door to say goodnight; the autograph hunters ran me down in person or by post, but I was easy game, having been one of the clan myself; and many a pleasant chat I had with those whose spontaneous friendship emboldened them to address me. But our expenses were heavy; the cumbersome apparatus, the operator and his aides, the pianist, the agent and the ticket man had become a burden too great to bear. Moreover,



we had been working against wind and tide from the first, and, to my very great relief, it was decided to cancel all the remaining engagements, and there we called a halt.

I don't care to attempt the pictorial lecture again; the machinery is too complicated and too eccentric. One is at the mercy of operator and pianist, and even the little spark, on which all else depends, may on a sudden, as it did with me, expire in utter darkness.

## VI

How much pleasanter my memory of a mid-Summer night in the village of Martinez, where I was to lecture for the benefit of a church that looked like a wood-cut out of an old-fashioned story book. It stood in the edge of the grove which Bret Harte wrote of in a sketch called "In the Carquinez Woods." The village was pastoral and in its way pictorial; the inhabitants were almost primitive, for they were delightfully unspoiled. As I landed from the ferry and passed up the quiet street, I seemed to have passed into another world. The simple life might be easily and honestly led in such a settlement; just as it has been led and lived in monastic communities from the Middle Ages down to date, and nothing special has been said of it; indeed the fact has been passed unnoticed by the world at large. It seems to have required the call of a French peasant to suggest the new fad in certain restricted circles.

Wandering up the quiet street, with its border of wild daisies, I saw the quaintest little handbills announcing my lecture tacked to the bark of the trees along the way; they were no doubt the triumph of the local printer's art and were but the last rustic touch that perfected the rural scene.

As a child I had visited Martinez, during a school vacation, with a chum whose home it was; and together we had explored every flowery nook and corner

in the land. Now I was again there, revisiting those old haunts, but alone this time; the chum had wandered, like the rest of us in the course of time, and it was probably with him as it had been with me—out of sight, out of mind. I was lodged in the same old home and served by the same dear hands, and it seemed almost as if no change had visited the village, save to steal away the comrade of my youth.

After dinner I sat alone in my room, musing on the past. It was the same old room, unaltered in any particular, and I am quite sure that if he had been there we should have been boys again together.

The church bell began to ring gaily; it didn't sound a bit like a "church-going bell;" it was more like a school bell calling the reluctant truants in from the Carquinez woods, for it rang and rang and rang. I began to think that it would never stop ringing—and it did not until I was solemnly conducted to the pulpit by the pastor himself, under a blaze of kerosene lamps with large, round reflectors. We sat a few moments like graven images, the parson and I—I suppose dignity required it—and then I was formally presented to the congregation—I mean audience. I could have whispered to almost anyone in the room, it was so small, and so cosy, and so compact.

What bright faces were upturned to me that pleasant evening; I shall never quite forget them. My subject, "The Confessions of a Foreign Correspondent," gave the details of such private experiences as I thought most likely to interest a listener; well, something like this, for instance:—"How I passed my first night alone, a stranger in a strange land; wretchedly!—How I passed the second night; charmingly!—Life in London Lodgings—A Chum in Old Chester—George Eliot at Home—Mark Twain and His English Audiences—Lost in Rome—Bachelor's Hall in Venice—Boat Life on the Nile—On a Syrian



House-top—Summer Life in Capri—etc., etc."

It was great fun—for me. I might have gone on indefinitely, but fortunately for them I didn't. We just talked to one another, I with my lips and they with their eyes. I picked out one beautiful face and came back to it again and again for refreshment. There was a lad and his lassie who were bubbling over with good nature; and some elderly people who leaned forward and listened as if they were deeply interested. It was flattering and inspiring and no effort at all for me. There was a babe in the house, a well-spring of anything but joy, for it lifted up its voice at intervals in mild complaint. Even this could not disturb the sincere pleasure I took in that exceptional audience. The parents of the babe vainly strove to muffle its cries, and at last stowed it away under the pew, but with disastrous results; at last they were compelled to withdraw before the close of the lecture, and they left an apology and a regret on the lips of a friend which were both formally delivered to me as soon as I had descended from the pulpit.

Then came congratulations and demonstrations and invitations. I was dragged most willingly away by the beautiful lady and her friends to a sumptuous supper and a couch of luxury in the swellest mansion in the place. I could have tarried indefinitely in Martinez and its garden suburbs and lived the life of a sybarite—if the word of the

inhabitants was worth anything at all; for first one and then another claimed the pleasure of my society, and fearing that I might fall never to rise again, in a kind of delicious despair I fled from temptation by the earliest train of the following morning. It is sometimes dangerous to be too happy.

I might have been seduced into the lecture field again had I been certain of another experience like the last; perhaps I hoped for it when I so far forgot myself as to appear twice in a celebrated convent school in Washington, D. C., where I spoke of Father Damien, the leper priest, and Robert Louis Stevenson, both of whom I knew and loved; on each occasion I was the victim of a stage fright that would have been ludicrous had it not been pitiful.

Even thirteen years' experience in the class-room at the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., where I lectured on English Literature four times a week, did not make me feel quite at ease with the students. And so I have made my final bow and very willingly and very gratefully withdraw from the glare of the limelight. I can still smile, however, at one little incident that occurred as I was leaving Platt's Hall after a lecture. A young man sidled up to me in a trustful sort of way, and, touching his hat politely, said in a stage-whisper: "Sir! Can you kindly lend me the price of a night's lodging? I have just given my last dollar to hear this lecture!"

THOUGHT

By Sarah D. Hobart

FALL RIVER, WISCONSIN

THAT which we speak moves in a narrow round;  
That which we do affects the human race;  
That which we think, o'erleaps the wide world's bound  
And leaves its record on the shores of space.

# "THESE I, SINGING IN SPRING"

—Walt Whitman

## WHEN APRIL CALLS      ♣      By Hilton R. Greer

PITTSBURG, TEXAS

**W**HEN April calls, and hill and coppice ring  
With rapture at the silver summoning,  
Wild echoes wake in solitudes serene  
Where drooping dogwood boughs that overlean  
Startle the slopes with sudden blossoming.

The light-lipped ripples through the shallows sing;  
The tremulous tassels of the willows swing,  
And coverts dim grow glimmeringly green,  
When April calls.

O brooding heart! Pluck out the venom'd sting  
Of poignant Sorrow! Set caged Care a-wing!  
Old ardors burn the blood, and coursing clean,  
Thrill sluggish pulses with an impulse keen  
To follow fleet the flying feet of Spring,  
When April calls!

## MARCH IN KANSAS      ♣      By A. A. B. Cavaness

BALDWIN, KANSAS

**M**ARCH is a wondrous battle-ground  
And wild the conflicts are—  
O, furiously the troopers ride  
From North and Southern star!

And ever the March is come again,  
Again from South and North,  
Swifter than ancient cavalry  
Their warriors come forth.

Chill is the steel of Northern spears  
And hot the Southern swords,  
Yet never we know what angereth  
The howling midnight hordes.

Last night the bivouac of the spears  
The swords, a hurricane,  
Out-shrieking fiends, the Northmen  
smote  
And routed them amain.

Then resting from their giant toil  
And dropt to slumbers sweet—  
Sudden the hosts of Aeolus  
Sweep back in mail of sleet,—

With banners crowning battlements  
Daring the blades with scorn,  
Till dipt in fire the sabres' ire  
With glory flags the Morn.

Yet never the flash of sword or spear  
Is seen on the bloodless fields,  
But rings the shout of the battle's rout  
And clash of the phantom shields.

Thus ever the deathless feud is fought  
And March is lost and won,  
Till the last campers yield the fight  
To showers and the sun.

## SPRING SONG



By Edwin Carlile Litsey

LEBANON, KENTUCKY

**C**LEAR from the thicket where young  
 buds gleam,  
 A song pours forth in a silvery stream;  
 And the bird-voice twitters and carols  
 a tune  
 Which speaks of the joy of a coming  
 June!

The crisp, clean air is good to smell,  
 As it creeps in waves from a cool, deep  
 dell;  
 And the tang from the forest is sweet  
 and rare  
 As the odors which pagan priests pre-  
 pare.

The pale green grasses quiver and  
 bend  
 And drink the warmth which the sun-  
 rays lend,  
 And deep in a sheltered hollow  
 warm  
 A tiny flower takes shape and form.

The brown bee tries his wings again  
 From the cloistered hive where months  
 he's lain;  
 And a faint perfume steals sweetly  
 up  
 From the bowl where the bee alights to  
 sup.

## THE WATER LILY



By Ernest McGaffey

LEWISTOWN, ILLINOIS

**I**N Hampshire waters lightly resting  
 Snow-white and pure as heaven's angels are,  
 The lily lies, the dancing ripples breasting.

How like it seems to some new-fallen star,  
 Low-lying on a liquid sky  
 Where shadow-clouds go drifting slowly by.

Above its bed the mountains tower  
 Peak upon peak in silent grandeur vast,  
 Among the clouds they rise in conscious power  
 Rugged and grimly bold; and yet at last  
 How scarred and seamed their lofty forms —  
 On highest paths still fall the fiercest storms.

But here with sunlight round it streaming  
 Its sleep is undisturbed; no sound is heard  
 To mar the rapt, still current of its dreaming  
 Save lapping water, or sweet-piping bird;  
 The pulsing air around it filled  
 With ruddy wine from Summer's beaker spilled.

Not for those petals glowing blushes  
 Such as suffuse the petals of the rose;  
 Nun-like it peereth from a hood of rushes  
 The queen by right o'er every flower that blows;  
 Earth-born, yet with the starry face  
 Clapsed in the loving water's close embrace.

AN IOWA APRIL



By Oscar Johnson

BERTRAM, IOWA

DEAR month of sunshine and of silver showers,  
What can in simple loveliness surpass  
Thy fair green fields and woods, and thy fresh flowers  
That nestle in the soft, sweet-scented grass,  
Filling the air with fragrance? What could be  
More strangely sweet, more pleasing to the ear,  
Than those clear notes of softly bubbling glee  
That birds pour forth from vales and hillsides near?  
Sweet month, thou art like childhood: thy serene  
And quiet days of sunshine and of showers,  
Thy warbling birds, thy blossoms sweet that lean  
O'er tinkling streams in sunlit, sylvan bowers,  
Remind me of the days when I, a child,  
Did wander through the fields and woodlands wild.

A PLACE OF PEACE



By Eugene C. Dolson

FLORIDAVILLE, NEW YORK

ALONG this unfrequented way,  
The odd-shaped houses, well-kept  
soil,  
Unto my mind a sense convey  
Of thrift and honest toil.

Bright milk cans near a well-sweep stand,  
And over them a woman fair  
Works eagerly with busy hands,  
Her round arms white and bare.

Never before saw I her face,  
But see her now, some loved home-wife,  
Who, in the quiet of this place,  
Lives out her perfect life.

She hears, at dawn, the robin call;  
At dusk, the kildee, crying shrill,  
And sometimes, after evenfall,  
The lonely whip-poor-will.

Here opened first her eyes to light;  
Here dawned her happy bridal morn;  
Here closed her parents' eyes in night;  
Here were her children born.

Not hers the restless heart to roam  
For joy that other scenes confer;  
The sacred cares of love and home  
Are all the world to her.

# SALLY, DICK AND THE FROG

By Harold Child

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

OLD Angus MacNorton had raced the devil from Gumberry down the moonshine trail to the very door of his cabin, and in consequence, was leading his family a strenuous life.

Miss Sally, the eldest daughter, slipped quietly from the back door of the one-story, mud-chinked log cabin and sped over the few acres of cleared ground to the surrounding woods. Penetrating the forest a little way, she came to a natural clearing, in the center of which was a fallen sapling suspended from its broken trunk, forming a "horse'n-log." Mounting this, she sat swinging her bare brown feet, while an occasional tear crept from her pretty eyes to mingle with the morning dew of the greensward beneath her high perch. Presently there was a crackle of the undergrowth near-by and a couple of deer hounds sprang into the clearing followed closely by their master, who, crossing quickly to the girl, leaned his rifle against a stump and grasping five of the brown toes in his brawny hand, gave them a vigorous squeeze.

"Howdy, Sal," said he. "Been here long?"

"Not so very. Thought I wasn't goin' to git the chance to come. What'd you do to him, Dick?"

"I did 'bout like we agreed, 'ceptin' o' one thing—"

"You was only to dress up in ma's clothes an' lay down in the trail, an' make pap think he'd seen a vision, hopin' it would break him o' swillin' moonshine—ain't that what I agreed to, Mr. Jones?"

"Jest so."

"Well, an' what else did you do, to scare him clean out o' his head?"

"Nothin', much."

"You tell me jest how much, Mr. Jones!"

"Well, I puts on your ma's dress an' slat bonnet, an' lays down in the trail an' waits. By an' by, your pap he comes along, kiverin' both sides o' the trail. He gits near onto me afore he sees me, then he stops sudden like, an' I groans an' keeps on a-groanin'. 'What you doin' here, an' what's a ailin' of ye, Liz?' says he, tryin' to pick me up. I keeps my face in the bonnet, an' groans more distressin', an' he says in a sorrowful way: 'I'm drunk! Drunker nor I ever be in my life, an' here's Liz be'n bit by a pizen snake, an' I kaint git 'er home!'

"I thinks he's repentin', so I gits to my feet an' turns three summersets sudden like, then lays down. I tell you, he was plum upsot!"

"'Great guns, Liz! what sort o' a snake has bit ye?' says he. At that, I stan's on my head an' spins round and round. The dress slips down over my head an' I whips it off—"

"What'd you have on under that dress, Dick?"

"Red calico, a fittin' tight an' a fox tail hitched on. When your pa sees a red devil skin out o' your ma's clothes he strikes a bee-line fer the house, a yellin' at every jump, an' I comin' a trottin' behind, switchin' o' my tail an' turnin' han' springs—"

The young man paused for a moment to listen intently to a strenuous refrain



that came to them on the gentle wind.

"Take 'er away!—take 'er away!—She's red—red as—I!"

"Ma's havin' a time!" remarked Miss Sally, then she turned fierce eyes on her companion.

"I'm a good min' to jump on you, an' mash you into the groun', Dick Jones! You've run him plum crazy with your red devil meanness, an' I'll never speak to you after this!"

Dick glanced at her flashing eyes, then bending his head said in contrite tones:

"Jump, Sally, jump, an' mash me into the earth, but don't quit speakin'!"

She did jump, and he purposely placed himself in her way, going to the earth beneath her. This was too much for her Scotch-Irish temperament.

"Take that! an' that! an' that!" she cried, pounding with all her force his broad back. "An' don't you come near me till I send fer you!" were her parting words as she sped away through the thicket.

It was a week later that Dick Jones received a request from Angus MacNorton to call at his cabin. Abe Ward bought the message.

"The old man's got 'ligious feelin's," said Abe. "Says there's a red devil runnin' 'round in these woods, an' nothin' less'n a parson kin drive him out. He says, Dick, as how that powerful preachin' an' prayin' Parson Peterson down Lockwood's Folly way, must 'a' run him up in these woods, an' if we don't start some sort o' opposition, he'll ketch the last one o' us."

When Dick called at the MacNorton cabin, he was greeted with great cordiality by the old folks; Miss Sally vouchsafed nothing but occasional disdainful and unfriendly glances.

"Dick," began old Angus, when the family had gathered about a cheerful watch-fire in the open, "you bein' the most likely youngun hereabouts an' the most 'ligiously inclined, I has concluded

to ask your help an' advice, in drivin' away that devil which Parson Peterson has scared up in our woods. We folks has been sort o' back'ards in 'ligious matters, an' I'm thinkin' it wouldn't be a bad notion to build a little meetin' house where we would have a preacher to say a comfortin' word now and then to we old folks; an' we might start a little Sunday school, so's the younguns could l'arn to pray and sing to the glorification o' their Maker. An' I wants you to build the meetin' house, Dick, 'cause you is the only one hereabouts as kin rive a shingle an' hew a log fit fer to go in a house o' the Lord's."

The old man paused for a reply.

"Dick reloaded his corn cob with a charge of "home-cured," smoked several moments in silence, then said:

"Well, Angus, I be willin' 'nough, but you know yourself, it's somethin' of a job. A proper meetin' house ought to be shingled all over an' have a good floorin' an' a bell."

"Jest so, Dick: an' there's nobody as kin do it better."

"Abe might," remarked Miss Sally.

"He might, an' then ag'in he mightn't; most likely he mightn't," replied Dick, but still addressing the moonshiner. "An' I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll build the meetin' house, put a little steeple on it, an' throw in the bell, if you'll agree to let me an' Sally tie up when it's finished."

"It takes more'n two to make that bargain, Mr. Jones. Pap's not goin' to bargain me away 'thout my sayso; but as you is anxious fer a bargain, I'll tell you what I'll do: when the meetin' house is finished, an' pap's got 'nough 'ligion to quit makin' an' swillin' moonshine, I'll tie up with you, if I hain't seen anyone I like better."

"Beggars kaint be choosers, Sally, an' I agrees; be you willin', Angus?"

"Yes, I agrees, Dick, an' if atween you, Sal an' the parson I kaint be snatched from the burnin', why the

devil may have me—an' by gum, he was close on me, t'other day!"

Such were the conditions under which Dick Jones began what at the time, and in that particular section of North Carolina, was no small undertaking, and the little meeting house, so far as Dick's interests were concerned, was to be a peace offering to Miss Sally. He had little hope of the conversion of his prospective father-in-law.

He calculated that six months' steady work would see its completion, but in the beginning there were incidents that put him back. The flooding of Juniper Lowlands carried away the first five thousand completed shingles, all "hearts" and carefully finished. Then Coot Mac-Colm's carelessness with a pile of burning brush set the woods ablaze and burned a goodly portion of the large timbers which were complete and resting in the woods ready for hauling. Notwithstanding these setbacks, the end of the year saw the building well under way. In the meantime, however, old Angus had lost all religious "feelings," and was consuming more and more of his deadly brew. He had also acquired a mania that was very peculiar in its nature and particularly embarrassing to his family.

Near the trail which led into the Big Green where his still was hidden was a pond, deep and stagnant. Thousands of frogs tenanted its murky waters with a big bull to lead the nightly chorus. The bellowing of this big frog of nights, as the old moonshiner returned along the lonely trail, got on his nerves and thence to his whiskey-soaked brain. One night Abe Ward, chancing by the pond, was attracted by an unusual disturbance. Said he:

"I was passin', an' I hears the king bellerin' away as usual, then suddenly he stops, an' all the little frogs they stops, an' I stops. I was thinkin' to take a squint into the pond to see if some wild geese hadn't stopped fer the

night, when the alfiredest caterwaulin' breaks loose, that these years has ever hern. Great snakes, but it was some-thin' alarmin'! An' me, that's never run from man or beast, starts on a trot. But the moon comin' out jest then, I picks up courage an' goes back to have a look. Well-sir-ee! When I did git a glimpse o' the new varmint I almost tumbles into the pond—it was Angus! He'd crawled out on a log near to the middle o' the pond an' was doubled all up a bellerin' o' bellers that was puttin' the king clean out o' the bizness, an' presently he takes a leap, an' I has to wade in an' fish him out."

This was Abe's version of an incident that at the time was thought to be of little moment. The following night, however, Angus was fished out under precisely the same conditions, and the family, becoming alarmed for the old man's safety, thought it necessary for someone to accompany him from the still every night.

Miss Sally placed the blame of this new trouble on Dick.

"He thinks the big frog is the same devil as chased him, Dick," said she, and completely ignoring the part she had taken in Dick's thoughtless prank, she gave that young man another tongue-lashing, and wound up by insisting that he assume the nightly guardianship of her father.

The old moonshiner was perfectly rational through the day, but as soon as the gathering shades set the king to bellowing in Gumberry, he would quit his work and make for the pond, and it required all of Dick's strength and ingenuity to get him safely home.

Dick worked steadily on the meeting house and it was nearing completion, but the continued struggles on the margin of Gumberry after the day's work were telling on his strength and patience.

Miss Sally and her mother were anxious for religious services, hoping and believing it would be the old man's final

cure. Dick, however, hit upon the idea of removing the big bullfrog from Gumbery, but his frogship refused to be enticed by any device known to frog-hunters, and Dick became almost as arduous in his pursuit of the frog as Angus.

"Sally," said he one night as they were sitting in opposite chimney corners, "I'm goin' to git that frog if I have to cut a ditch from Gumbery to the Run!"

Miss Sally dropped the sock she was knitting and stared in pained amazement. She knew nothing of his attempts on the frog and at that moment believed him as frog-crazy as her father.

"Dick," said she, regarding him with pitying eyes, "you'd best git Abe to 'tend to pap, whilst you take a little rest."

To this Dick readily agreed, but did not know that Miss Sally looked upon him with anxious but doubtful regard after that night.

A month saw the meeting house finished and the long ditch well begun. About this time, young Jordan Sweetwater, from across the "Line," came to teach the district school for the three months' term, and, as he was also a preacher "o' the Word," he gladly offered his services to the Jump And Run people. Within the month, he had "exhorted" with such enthusiasm that the entire female portion of the settlement professed conversion, and this prestiged a gathering in of the backward brethren later on.

The day came when the purling waters of Jump And Run were to be honored with the first baptizing within its turbulent history. The morning was bright and warm. The gentle south wind lavished its languid breath on the gathered throng, harmonizing its soft whispers with the drone of the busy bee.

Angus and Dick were there, seated on a leaf-covered tussock near the reedy marge, and all about reclined a goodly

number of the woodsmen, whittling sticks and "swapping chaws," while they discussed the varied topics of woodland, not forgetting to interject occasional sly and humorous comments upon the characteristics of the female portion of the gathering.

"Look at Poll," whispered old Angus to Dick, indicating, with a motion of his head, a lady standing a little apart. "So long as I kin remember, Poll's been struck with a notion what she calls 'fashion.' She was tellin' my old woman t'other day as how she was a-going to git baptized in her 'rainy-day' skirt, as it was the 'proper thing fer damp occasions.' An' I'm tellin' you right now, Dick, if that's it she's got on, there's mighty little o' it goin' to git wet."

The subject of the old moonshiner's remarks was twice a widow, and her black calico skirt reached just to the knee-cap. From there on she was clad in striped hose of bright and variegated hue. She was one who for a number of years had borne with great fortitude the sneers and critical comment of a neighborhood that knew little of fashion.

One by one they took the watery plunge. Mrs. MacNorton was the last to go down into the troubled waters, and she went with every pound of her two hundred weight nervously protesting but withal a cheerful mein. Still she could not help gasping and swaying in the new and alarming sensation of cool, rippling water immersing in its entirety her portly person.

Slowly and cautiously the required depth was reached and she stood breathing hard and gently swaying to the rhythm of the streamlet.

"I baptize thee, sister—" The Reverend Sweetwater got no further. Anticipating the plunge, the convert swayed back too soon. Valiantly did the preacher hold on, struggling mightily with the tremendous odds against him, but alas!—there was a swirl, a sputtering gasp; for a moment the parson's

broad soles floated peacefully on the surface of the eddying stream and he was gone.

For a brief moment only did the limpid waters of the streamlet seethe and churn. Mud and water-weed and a few frightened sand-perch fluttered into view and drifted idly away, then the Reverend Sweetwater reappeared, still clinging to the ample skirts of his sputtering charge, who, on regaining a secure footing, began waving her arms and shouting:

"I saw the Lord! Oh, Angus, I saw the Lord!"

Loth am I to chronicle the fact, but her touching protestations were entirely lost upon the old sinner, who, deep-dyed in the sour mash of his illicit still, sat unmoved on his leafy tussock, his soul unmoved by the call of the Spirit. He but winked a quizzical and mischievous red eye at Dick and whispered: "The old fool! She seed a eel."

Day by day the Reverend Sweetwater labored with Angus; the other brethren went down into the purifying water, but Angus held out. He admitted that his "feelin's was powerfully stirred," "but," said he, "I ain't quite reached the p'int." And so the Reverend Sweetwater continued to lay on, in a fine spirit of optimism, that knew no discouragements. He would convert the old moonshiner and break up the still! This was his one idea, and he gradually worked himself into the esteem of Angus to the point of being permitted to visit the still at his pleasure, and there he made himself useful in the work.

While the parson was busying his hands in the service of the devil that he might use his head in the service of the Lord, Dick was pursuing his one idea of the long ditch, for Angus still had an inclination for the frog. Each night found the two young men resting from the labors of the day in the chimney corners of the MacNorton cabin, where their wishful glances played upon the

plump and pretty elder daughter of him whom they would save.

It was the opinion of the settlement that in this game of the chimney corners the parson would win, and Dick felt that this was so. He felt himself sadly handicapped by the parson's superior attainments and "store" clothes. That the Reverend Sweetwater had thoroughly ingratiated himself with the moonshiner was beyond question; and, wonder of wonders, Angus quit drinking moonshine. This was a phenomenon that caused widespread comment and speculation. Some claimed the victory for the preacher. Coot MacColm suggested that perhaps the old man's mental trouble had gone "down'ards," and reached his stomach, and that his end was "nigh."

Twenty yards of earth separated Dick's ditch from the channel of Jump And Run creek, on the eve of the catastrophe that set at rest the question of the cure and conversion of the moonshiner. Parson Sweetwater, in a philosophical mood, sat on a stump near the long ditch as Dick was preparing to quit work for the day.

"When you have ditched the remaining twenty yards, Mr. Jones," said he, "the stagnant waters of Gumberry will mingle with the pure, sweet waters of Jump And Run, and the blatant notes of the bullfrog will be lost to the settlement forever, and—"

"An' Angus'll fergit his frog-dream, parson."

"No. I cannot encourage you in that idea, Mr. Jones. But you will have accomplished a great good—not merely to Angus MacNorton, but to the entire community; and I extend to you my hearty congratulations—and thank you in the name of the entire settlement."

"Parson," said Dick, after regarding the Reverend Sweetwater a moment with great amazement, "you has an oncommon purty way o' sayin' things, an' it goes with Sal—but as fer me, I'm

thinkin' as you are jest as rattled in your upper parts as Angus be."

"Not at all, not at all, Mr. Jones. I have long felt the necessity of combatting an evil which, I confess, was beyond my ability to cope with; and yet, sir, the effectiveness of the very simple method you have adopted in your effort to get at the frog is the one and only cure for the evil of which I speak. I refer to the pressing necessity of breaking the continued epidemics of malaria which inflict our otherwise delightful community. When the frog pond has been drained the source of the trouble will have been removed. Really, Mr. Jones, you will have accomplished something worth while."

"You may be karect in your judgment, parson; but ol' Doc Simon Seeds says it's jest nat'ral fer we folk to have ager; says most o' us has been edicted to it sence we was born."

It was several hours later when Coot MacColm dropped in at the MacNorton cabin to borrow a "leetle campfire, fer skeeter bites."

"Where's Angus?" inquired he, noting the old man's unusual absence.

"That's jest it! brother MacColm," replied Mrs. MacNorton. "I been tellin' Sal, this hour gone, as somethin' must be wrong; but Sal, she says it's alright 'cause Parson Sweetwater went to fetch him."

"Sal's judgment might be karect, an' then ag'in it mightn't. I'm guessin', sister, as how somethin's tuck place to keep Angus so late. Fer when I was a-callin' shoats this evenin' the king was blatin' oncommon loud, an' afore I quits callin' he stops an' doesn't start up ag'in till 'bout half-hour ago, an' I said to myself as how somethin' had disturbed the king. Now it might 'a' been Angus!"

Old Coot's grewsome suggestion took immediate effect. Mrs. MacNorton seized a brand from the hearth, and, requesting Coot to "blow" the conch

for help, started for Gumberry as hurriedly as her avoidrupois would permit. The wailing of Coot's conch drew a goodly portion of the settlement in their wake, and soon they were all gathered about the margin of the frog pond, gazing with awe and horror into its murky depths. All was quiet, save where a moccasin ripped the slimy surface or where a terrapin plunged from mossy log.

"There's no tellin' where Angus le'pt in," said Coot, "an' jest how we are goin' to git at 'im is beyant me!"

The old man crept cautiously out on a long log that reached well into the pond, where he stood solemnly peering and directing in hushed tones the disposition of the torches along the shore. After a long survey he shook his head and turned to retrace his steps. Suddenly he emitted a hoarse shriek. There was a loud splash and he disappeared from the view of his friends.

"Cootiel Cootiel Oh, my Cootie's drowned!" shrieked Mrs. MacColm.

"Shet up, Sis!" commanded the lady's brother. "Lessen his whiskers ketches on a snag, he'll pop up nigh the log. Coot'll never 'low 'nough water in his in'ards to drown him!"

Presently the old man crawled upon the log, and sat gloomily regarding his hat, which rested just beyond his reach.

"I sets lots o' store by that hat," said he, and a reminiscent expression crept over his countenance, as he gazed at the old Civil War relic that had sheltered his brow for many years. "The day the Yanks shot it off my head at Fisher, Kunnel Bill Lam said to me: 'Coot,' says he—"

"What's the matter with the hat?" someone shouted.

The hat was now speeding across the pond, and gaining in rapidity as it went, soon passing beyond the gleam of the torches.

"Well if that don't beat the devil!"

"You're bewitched, Coot."



"Don't come nigh me!"

"Throw in your boot an' see if it'll follow!"

"Where'd you git that hat?"

"Let's run 'round to'ther side an' see it walk out."

They all hastened to follow this last suggestion, and old Coot led by several yards, while his wife followed as best she could, shrieking at every step: "Cootie! Cootie! Be keerful, Cootie!"

Again there was a loud plash, and for a second time Coot disappeared from the view of his followers.

"Help! Help! It's runnin' away with m-e-e—h-e-l-p!"

Coot's cry rang out in muffled and fading tones.

"Well I be gosh-danged!" bawled Bill Benton, who had spurred ahead with the only torch now burning.

"Oh, Cootie! Cootie! Where's my Cootie?" wailed MacColm's distressed wife.

"He's rushin' on'ards to the deep sea, Sis," said Bill, and added by way of consolation, "Coot always did want to go to sea, an' now he's gone."

At this touching suggestion, Mrs. MacColm sank unconscious on the cool, soft loam of the ditch bank.

The waters of Gumberry were speeding rapidly down Dick's long ditch, and somewhere along its course Coot was fleeing seaward.

The attention of all was now directed to the restoration of Mrs. MacColm. While they were thus engaged, Dick came up the ditch bank supporting the half-drowned Coot on one arm, while with the other he swung in triumph the giant bull of Gumberry.

"Caught 'em both in my net," said he. "Him an Coot come swishin' along 'bout the same time. I was to lubly s'prised to mesh Coot. How'd he git in?"

"He was followin' o' his hat," said Bill.

"Well, he must 'a' butted into it on the way; it was on his head when I dragged him out."

"I hopes to be laid away in it," said the old man. "That day when the Yanks shot it off, Kunnel Bill Lam said to me: 'Coot,' said he—"

"Cootie! Cootie!" shrieked Mrs. MacColm, reviving and throwing herself on her husband's neck, thus breaking for a second time the thread of the veteran's story.

In a body they repaired to the pond, now drained to its dregs. Many oozy, creeping things they found, but Angus and the parson had not been there.

Miss Sally sank on Dick's breast, weeping quietly and gently murmuring:

"Thank the Lord! I know Parson Sweetwater is taking care o' pap, where-ever he be."

The mention of the parson was the only bitterness of the situation to Dick.

It was thus when a newcomer appeared on the scene—Abe Ward.

"Lookin' fer Angus?" he inquired.

"Yes, where you been, Abe?"

"To the still."

"Seen anything o' 'em?"

"No."

"Where you 'spose they be?"

"Revenooers got 'em. The still's all busted, an' I picks this from a huckle-berry bush," said he, passing a note to Dick.

Dick smoothed out the crumpled note and read:

"Dear Miss Sally: I was assisting your father with the work at the still, preparatory to our home-coming, when we were surprised by revenue officers. I will of necessity be with your father during his absence, and shall regard our incarceration as a direct providence from the Lord. I hope and believe that I will return him to you a converted man—"

# *The Spanish-Speaking World Today*

By Hubert M. Skinner

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

**I**T is time for us as a people to recast our opinions of the Spanish-speaking world, since these are mostly traditional and—as far as they were ever correct—have not taken sufficiently into account the significance of the trend of the past few decades.

For more than three centuries the men of English speech have been at odds with the men employing the language of Spain. In the "mother country," England, Henry the Seventh competed with Ferdinand and Isabella in the exploration of the coast of the newly discovered western world. His granddaughter Elizabeth, shocked at the cruelty of the Spanish conquest and enslavement of Mexico and Peru, did not hesitate to seize the treasure ships on which the ill-gotten gold of these dominions was loaded for transportation to "the Peninsula." It was Protestant and Catholic at war in those days. The English aided the Netherlands in their war for independence of Spanish control. England and the Netherlands led in the opposition to the cause which was dearest of all to the Spanish heart in the days of warring creeds.

In the New World the Spaniard has been our competitor and adversary from the earliest Colonial days to a time within the memory of schoolboys. Florida, Texas and Cuba have been successive subjects of contention. The enmities of our ancestors were perpetual, while the causes changed from religious

and personal to territorial and political. From the time of the Armada (1588) hatred has been mingled with contempt for the Spanish. Shakespeare expressed this feeling in a single line when he spoke of the man—

"From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate."

The contemptuous epithet "tawny" had reference primarily, it would seem, to the yellow of the Spanish flag; but it contained, also, perhaps a suggestion of the faded tints of Autumn, the season of the dying year. The "world's debate" signified not so much the war of words as the argument of cannon, like the recent "debate" in the Korean straits, between Togo and Rojestvensky. In such a contest, Spain was deemed already "lost" in Shakespeare's day.

Antipodes alike in theories of government and of religion, in social life and in the development of their literatures, the English-speaking world and the Spanish-speaking world have never understood each other. We have held the Spanish to be given over to besotted bigotry and tyranny. With the exception of their immortal "Don Quixote," we have known nothing of their literature, nor have we bothered ourselves to inquire if they possessed any. In the Americas the principle of political union triumphed in the North and of disunion in the South. There was stability on the one hand and anarchy

on the other. The puny, half-barbarous Spanish republics, like their mother land, have seemed "lost in the world's debate."

We have seemed to see the decadence of Spain reflected in her former world-possessions. We have deemed it but a matter of time when the "Saxon" should spread over the vast regions where the Spanish flag once floated and the Spanish element should be absorbed in the stronger life current of northern blood.

We have reasoned but superficially. While noting the misdeeds of the government of old Spain, we might have inquired what were the sentiments of the Spanish people as reflected in the utterances of their representative authors. While counting, with amused contempt, thirty revolutions in Mexico within the space of twenty-eight years, we might have questioned with ourselves if this state of affairs was really to continue. While assuming that the Spanish element in America and the Philippines is destined to be absorbed by stronger race elements, we might have asked if this Spanish element is of a nature to be absorbed, or if, on the other hand, it is the most persistent and tenacious of all race elements. While ignoring Spanish literature, as a subject scarcely worthy of idle inquiry, we might have learned something about its rank in merit and its presumable influence upon the world of the future. Instead of assuming that the Spanish-speaking world is really decadent, we should have questioned if it were not really in a stage of transition, with vast possibilities for the future.

The events of the past seven years have opened the way to a better understanding of the actual status. And these are some of the facts which we are beginning to learn:

1.—The Spanish-speaking world is much larger than the French-speaking, and nearly as large as the German-speaking. There are perhaps fifty mil-

lions of people in all who make use of the French language, and seventy millions, all told, who speak German in some of its forms. There are probably sixty-five millions or more who speak Spanish; and if we include with them those who use the closely related Portuguese, the number will be about eighty-five millions.

2.—The Spanish-speaking world is growing steadily in numbers. Its destructive wars have ceased. The love of children is characteristic of Spanish-American lands. In these times of peace and in this western world of boundless resources, there will be a vast increase in the population with every succeeding generation. The birth rate of the French is today but a fraction of one per cent. above the death rate. The population of France is already stationary, and will soon decline actually, as it has long been declining relatively among the populations of the world. The Germans are a fecund people, but Germany is already crowded and its surplus population goes to foreign lands, to blend with their people as a drop of water melts into the sea. The Italians are increasing, but are wholly out of consideration as compared with the peoples of Spanish origin.

3.—The Spanish-speaking peoples are growing prodigiously in wealth. Thirty years of peace in Mexico have wrought miracles of development, and the work is yet in its infancy. A great mart of more than a million people has grown up at Buenos Ayres, in the Argentine—a city more than twice the size of Rome or of Madrid; a city of great warehouses, elevators, factories and wharves; a city of splendid boulevards and elegant mansions; a city rich in works of art and in luxurious adornment. Chile has always been progressive and thrifty. Is there a nation in all South America that is not advancing in material wealth? The "Pearl of the Antilles," Cuba, is believed to have entered upon a career of



CERVANTES

"With the exception of their immortal *Don Quixote* we have known nothing of their literature, nor have we bothered ourselves to inquire if they [the Spanish-speaking peoples] possessed any."

affluence. The Philippines, likewise, have come to a turning point, whence, freed from the burdens which have borne so heavily upon them in the past, they will achieve the objects of no ordinary ambition.

4.—The Spanish literature far surpasses the French, the German, the Italian. It is second only to the English in the literatures of the world. Calderon is the only dramatist to be compared with Shakespeare. The classic drama of the Spanish is much greater in volume than the English. In its variety and in the splendor of its diction, it is a matter of amazement to every American who investigates it. In

the realm of humor, practical philosophy, graceful lyric and sonorous declamation, the Spanish writers have scarcely any equals in the world.

It is an error to suppose that Spanish literature consists simply in the finished work of a by-gone age. New forms of literature are apt to have their origin in Spain. Larra was the precursor of Washington Irving and George William Curtis. The opera practically began in Spain. The newspaper "paragraph," the modern "short story" and the "funny column" are all of Spanish origin or suggestion. Spanish literature is full of the noblest sentiment, of practical wisdom relating to all the affairs

of life. The standard dramas abound in sentiments which might have been uttered by Washington or by Gladstone. Spanish authorship is not confined to Spain. All Spanish America teems with authors of prose and verse of no small degree of merit.

The splendid fabric of Spanish classical literature is well worth preserving. With the future growth of Spanish-American nations in wealth and culture, it will be popularized as never before. More and more will it become the possession of the populace, with the multiplication of cheap and accessible reading. Of the real merits of Spanish literature we have been in no position to judge. The summaries contained in our encyclopedias, and the specimen "translations" found in "collections" of the world's literature are apt to be farcical. Even the books of the late Butler Clark of Oxford and John Owen of London betray an utter want of sympathy or of knowledge of the subject on the part of the writers.

5.—As to the elimination or absorption of the Spanish race element by the assimilation of the "Saxon," this is out of the question. There is no race element so persistent, so ineradicable. Facial feature, temperament, inherited tendencies of the Spanish persist in the offspring of Spaniards by French, Indian, Aztec, Peruvian, German or American mothers—persist through long generations of utter isolation or of close contact with other elements; persist in the cool North or in the torrid South; persist in the mountain lands, in the vast forests, upon the grassy plains; persist amid the most varied scenes of city and country life, of active labor or of luxurious ease. This is the testimony—willing or reluctant—of all intelligent observers.

It is not meant that the persistent Spanish inheritance is unmodified by the mingled blood of other races. The hundreds of thousands of Germans and

Italians who have been pouring into South America in the stream of westward emigration from Europe will have their influence in Spanish America as the like accessions have with us. But they will become absorbed. The cooler blood of the northern peoples gives only a steadier direction, a greater force, to the Spanish impulses of their mixed descendants.

As to what really constitutes the Spanish type, we have been much in error. The "grave, taciturn, and distant Spaniard," of whom we have studied for generations in our school geographies, is a myth. Quick, witty, alert, responsive, merry, volatile, the Spaniard is the very opposite of the imaginary character of our text-books.

The West Indian pirate of our old dime "novels" (written in New York garrets) and the slaver of our ante-bellum days do not represent him. The former never existed in life, and the latter was exceptional. It should be remembered, moreover, that Spain is much diversified in its population; that the idler in tattered silk and velvet, who sings his serenades in Andalusian moonlit groves is very different from the thrifty, methodical, theorizing, inventive, Yankee-like Spaniard of Barcelona. It is claimed, in explanation of the thrift and order of Chile and the Argentine, that the people of northern Spain gave principal direction to the development of these commonwealths. Yet with all their differences, the several varieties of population in old Spain are all Spanish in a way; they have much in common.

6.—There has been a marked change in the general public sentiment regarding the Philippines. It was supposed that they would prove remunerative commercially as a colonial possession; that the memory of centuries of misgovernment would lead them to prefer American life and thought to Spanish. Of the five millions who speak Spanish in the islands, but a small part, it was said, are





KING ALFONSO XIII OF SPAIN

Sketch made from a late photograph for "The Review of Reviews"

Spanish. No genuine love of Spanish literature, no strong pride in Spanish history and achievement, it was claimed, exists among the populace. The recent magnificent celebration at Manila of the tercentenary of "Don Quixote" — a celebration so unanimous and enthusiastic, so elaborate and elegant, so striking in every respect, that it would have done credit to Madrid—is an emphatic answer to one who questions the existence of a strong and enduring pride in the Spanish language and letters on the part of the people of Luzon. Few Americans now expect or desire a per-

petual prolongation of the present political status in the Philippines, or look for a future "assimilation" in language and in blood.

In conclusion, let us consider for a moment the present outlook for the century upon which we have entered. From Santa Fe northward to the Arctic Circle extends the English-speaking world of America, in an unbroken line. From Santa Fe, or at least from El Paso, southward, extends the Spanish-speaking world to Cape Horn, through ninety degrees of latitude, in an unbroken line. While Spain cuts but a small figure in

Europe, as compared with Germany or with France, or even with Italy, there can be no German nation, no French nation, no Italian nation in this western world. The English language, already spoken by more than one hundred and thirty millions of people in all the world, is expanding by leaps and bounds. The Spanish language is expanding far more rapidly than any other continental language of western Europe. The Pacific is to be the theater of great activities in this new century. South America, Central America, Mexico, the Antilles and the Philippines will participate in the affairs of the great world. The "Saxon" and the "Spaniard" of the future will have more and more interests in common; will, to an ever increasing degree, take account of each other; will learn to work together for their common interests.

The first duty of each is to recast his inherited opinions of the other; to estimate the other at his true value. Cultured Spaniards everywhere are including a knowledge of English among the essentials of their education. The new

demands of the diplomatic world and of the commercial world alike render it desirable for ambitious young Americans to acquire an accurate and ready knowledge of the Castilian tongue. Already our great commercial houses are learning why we have failed to secure our share of the South American trade. Our inherited beliefs and prejudices, belonging to a bygone era, have prevented us from grasping the situation — from understanding the peoples with whom we would deal commercially, and with whom we must have much intercourse in all the future.

We love to think that the blending of Saxon and Norman in English history was the greatest of all historical events in its ultimate results for the world; that each of these race elements supplemented the other in the precise manner and proportion required to achieve the highest civilization of the world. What may not the proximity, the cooperation, and, in a measure, the mingling, of "Saxon" and "Spaniard" accomplish in the new era upon which we have entered?

## THE PRACTICAL SAILOR MAN

By H. C. Gauss

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

**I** MET him on the shingle beach and thus his story ran:

"You see in me a plain, old, hairy-chested sailor man,  
Who knows no tricks of sailing yachts or entertaining kings,  
Of working the Department or designing ordnance things.  
My simple end and aim in life's to clean my gallant ship  
And keep the fresh enlisted man from passing too much lip.  
To paint and polish, scrape and paint is the job for which I live,  
So you come to me when you wish to see a crack executive.  
Let others take the Coburg jobs and sail around at ease,  
My simple, hairy-chested place is on the bounding seas.  
But when there's fighting going on, there'll be none called louder than  
The simple, as beforehand mentioned, practical sailor man."

# TOGO AT CLOSE RANGE

YONE NOGUCHI, THE JAPANESE POET, DESCRIBES HIS SIMPLE HOME LIFE AND TELLS HOW HE STANDS, ALMOST ALONE, FOR THE FINEST OF THE OLD IDEALS OF JAPAN

By Yone Noguchi

Author of "Japan of Sword and Love," "From the Eastern Sea," etc.

TOKYO, JAPAN

SOME time ago Nature revived in the gold of Autumn splendor—and there is no Autumn like Japan's. And in that Autumn we held a grand reception for the British navy men who immediately rushed into Tokyo like a tidal wave, singing "Banazi for the Ally." (They are jolly, jolly mortals.) Certainly there is neither East nor West, Dark nor White, when two strong men come together face to face. There was only the clink of cups together and a shout of glee for Japan and England. All the students of some higher schools who could converse freely in English volunteered as guides or interpreters for the British sailors. One of my friends was among them. He told me the following story: He was passing by Admiral Togo's house (Kami Rokuban Cho, Kojimachi) in the morning. He had nowhere in particular in mind to go, but simply wanted to speak a word or two in English to the British fighter, or even to touch his uniform. "There!" he exclaimed, seeing a young officer who was thrown in some trouble, doubtless. He was standing near the admiral's house, a show of all the stupidity of an Englishman. And wildly he twirled his

pretense of whiskers while he told his story to my friend. "The fact is, my dear fellow, I engaged a rikishaw man to take me to Admiral Togo's mansion—his great mansion. The runner put me out here and jabbered, 'Here Togo-san house.' I was disgusted at the situation, for I was plainly hoodwinked. Such a little cottage cawn't be the admiral's residence, to be sure. The fellow insisted, saying, 'Yes, yes, Togo-san here. He is great but poor.' The idea of the greatest naval hero in the world living in such a wretched cottage! How could I believe it? I gave him a little jolly kick in a fit of passion and he ran away. And here I stand dumbfounded, like a fool." My friend told him, upon his oath, it was the admiral's house. And he told him further that the admiral was a great man of simplicity, like Cincinnatus of the Roman republic, or George Washington (he was a bit proud of his knowledge of history) who would disdain any sort of showy and expensive style. "My dear sir!" the officer exclaimed, and apologized for his commonplace way of measuring things by his English standard. His eyes beamed brighter in better appreciation

of the admiral's real greatness and in immediate increase of his English hero-worship. "Here is the true secret of Japan's stupendous success. Simplicity in life and thought, and sacrifice for the country," he said.

### *In His Home*

My friend took him into the house to see the admiral's lady, on his suggestion of wishing to leave his card with the family. Most politely they were admitted. The young man who opened the sliding door was the admiral's second son, to their wonder, Mr. Minoru by name. (The servant girl must have been busy dusting or sweeping somewhere.) "This is truly a red letter day in my life," the officer exclaimed. He was surprised on seeing the extreme simplicity of the interior. There was nothing to decorate the room to speak of except a few yellow chrysanthemums on the tokanoma. (We Japanese appreciate the simplicity and sublimity of space, leaving nothing scattered around whatever.) The mat was whiteness itself; Madam Togo must have changed it to welcome the admiral's triumphal return. Every bit of the house was the symbol of simplicity. In simplicity lies strength and devotion. The devotion in this case was devotion to the country and the mikado. The pale, white, simple atmosphere in the house was like that in the Shinto temple. Yes, the admiral's house is nothing but the sacred house where Admiral Togo and his family burn incense to the one hundred and eight gods of the empire. ("The rise or fall of the empire depends upon the result of this engagement: do your utmost, every one of you") is Togo's famous signal, which will rank with Nelson's Trafalgar message. He lives with the gods and the emperor, and before them he is nothing. And the British officer's surprise was still greater, my friend told me, on seeing Madam Togo. She was so simple in heart and speech. Surely she is the

admiral's "better half" and the reflection of her husband—the greatest hero of the world. She was courteous and sweet. In her courtesy and sweetness hide a great heart and strength. Admiral Togo's family is whiteness and wonder.

You would never take it for the residence of any high-standing personage when you pass by. It is a plain cottage, such as you could surely hire for twenty or thirty yen. Can you believe that the greatest hero in the world's history should live in a house worth ten or fifteen dollars a month? The house (of seven or eight rooms) has a large garden attached, but this is not a distinction, since every Japanese house is adorned with some garden or yard where a cherry tree blooms and a nightingale may call in the Spring. But there in his house he finds the sweetest nest with his two sons, the elder one called Takeshi, twenty-one years old, and with his little daughter of fifteen Summers. Only in the home do his content and joy spread their wings fully, and his face—the brown face terribly beaten by the sun and hurricane—is ever turning toward it. Outside of the home his soul and body are not his own possession, but the country's, that is to say, the mikado's. His great success (which he is so shy to admit) is not his own, but the country's, that is to say, the emperor's. His victory, he declared, was due to the illustrious virtues of his majesty and to the unseen protection of the spirits of our imperial ancestors. As in his official report: the battles were won by the grace of heaven and the help of the gods; and he was nobody, as he often professed. He was so hasty to return his glory and success to the emperor on returning home! (It was only a plain home-coming to him, but all Japan called it the triumphal entry.) And again he stepped into his home as a simple Togo, and there his beloved dogs, who had missed their master for some time,

wagged their tails with joy, and looked on his face suspiciously when they observed that his hair was speedily turning gray. It is said that worry and grief make the hair gray, and he has had enough of them. He appeared to be a fighting god before the world,—yes, he is a god, but a god of simplicity and peace. There could be nothing more unreasonable than for him to bear such a nickname as "Demon Heihachiro." (By the way, Heihachiro is his own name.) He is the symbol of modesty—to his finger-tips.

#### *"Modesty" His Keynote*

"Modesty, modesty," he will say to his sons if they ask him the secret of success. He never claimed victory and success for his own, but worked as hard as possible. All the sailors call him "Dear Dad" behind him, with the greatest show of affection and respect, and none of them would hesitate to sacrifice themselves for his own sake. And so there was the sea-victory—greatest in the world's history. One of my friends, who is an officer under him, told me the following story: Once, upon the deck, the admiral and his sailors were asked to sit before a photographer. The terribly bright sunlight fell on his face and he could hardly open his eyes; and there behind him a thousand sailors stood, and they were only glad to be commanded to do anything for him, but he arose and carried a ladder himself, stepped on it and began to pull down the awning. "My admiral!" all the sailors exclaimed. He said afterward that it was a private affair, and he could never ask anybody to do anything for himself. "That is what sort of man is great Togo-san," my friend said. I was glad to hear it, since it tells about him more than a book of his biography.

Yes, he must be such a man.

It was last December when he returned to Tokyo for the first time since the commencement of the war. I shook

hands with him at the Shinbashi station. To my eyes he appeared to be a cold stone Buddha idol—expressionless and hopelessly tired. He was such a strange contrast with the outside spectacle where huge crowds were shouting for his glory and the national banner flung gaily. (We were then entering the glad moments of welcoming a happy New Year's Day too.) His soul—a great soul, doubtless—must have been occupied then with the future plan for meeting the Baltic squadron.

It was whispered that some public school boys, jolly and excitable as always, on that day were determined to unharness his carriage horses and draw the carriage up to the gate of the Imperial Palace. "Dad Togo" got wind of them and he was foxy, as someone said. He sent his chief-of-staff in his carriage, while he walked comfortably toward Nijubashi, the imperial gate bridge, with his dear little daughter's hand in his. Isn't this a delicious story? So he played the same old trick afterward again upon the poor, unsuspecting Russian sailors at Tsugaru Strait. His actions in this war were full of wonder and mystery. He gave a surprise at every turn.

#### *At A Reception*

Today—November 5, 1905,—I have another fortune to see Admiral Togo face to face, here in the lovely garden of the late Mr. Fukuzawa, the Mita sage as he was called, where the alma mater garden party of the Keiogijiku university is held. The university was founded by Mr. Fukuzawa, and I am also from that school. Admiral Togo, Admiral Kamimura and other heroes, with their madams and daughters, made a great honor with their presence. Admiral Togo's face beamed happily, without such a stoical paleness as the last time. (His heart must be lightened after such a successful disburdening of his great work.) He was slightly tired, but his





*"Now, young man, you must be brave like your father."*

tired face was not one unbearable to look at, since his only worry today was to think how to escape from the falling invitations. He must have been tired with the shower of champagne and with the thunder of banzai, and we were happy to see his calm appreciation of our outdoor undertaking. He chatted freely among the chrysanthemums, under the old pine trees, by a stone stationary lamp, and now and then he stopped at an eating stand to pick up a little bite. If not under the uniform, he wouldn't appear any more impressive than a common gentleman with comfortable money and happy children. How could you imagine such a meek man would achieve such an historical wonder and be regarded as the greatest hero?

It was the wisdom of the president of the university to make a hundred boys from the grammar school department participate in the pleasure of the occasion. There's nothing like the school-boys to demonstrate a striking sentiment of hero-worship. The president formally introduced the boys to the admirals. There among the boys were three or four who had lost their fathers in the war, and the father of one of them belonged to the navy, a certain captain he was. "Admiral Togo, do you remember Fukai, (it was the name, if I am not mistaken) who bravely died at the Port Arthur blockade? He was the very father of that boy," Admiral Kamimura said to Togo, picking up a little boy, eleven or thirteen in age. The boy, in a fit of passion on hearing his father's name, began to cry. The scene became tragic at once. Admiral Togo approached him and in fatherly fashion tapped his little head, and said with a sweet voice, "Now young man, wipe your tears like a man! and you must be brave like your father." The boy stood up and said: "Of course I will!" I could not dare to look up at the admiral, and I was sure his eyes must have been filled with tears.

### *The Price of Fame*

The other night I was reading Kipling's poems and came across a stanza:

"We have fed our sea for a thousand years  
And she calls us, still unfed,  
Though there's never a wave of all her waves  
But marks our English dead:  
We have strewed our best to the weed's unrest  
To the shark and the sheering gull.  
If blood be the price of Admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!"

Yes, not only that boy's father. Other thousands of children lost their fathers. And we paid enough of blood for the name of the Japanese navy. Most certainly Admiral Togo must be uneasy in thinking that the other brave fellows are dead, whose names will be told now and then but quickly forgotten, and he alone has come back alive carrying a mighty crop of glory. "Banzai for Togo! honor for the Admiral!" will echo to his sensitive ears and heart not without some tragic thrill. It may be too cynical to say that ten thousand fighters died to make a great name for Togo or Marquis Oyama. But I understand perfectly why Admiral Togo is so hasty in returning his glory to the emperor and the gods, and in slipping back into his own place as a simple, quiet gentleman. And in this I see a still greater hero in the admiral.

One generation does not make a man like Togo. And also one generation does not make the fellows who went into the terrible gulf of death in Manchuria and on the eastern seas. The Japanese culture and atmosphere made them thus. I pray to God that they will remain so, as they are. Already there's a whisper of degeneration and sophistication in Japan of today. Togo is the best model of the Satsuma province, whence Marquis Oyama, Admiral Kamimura and others hailed out. There in that province plain living and high thinking, and, above all, devotion to the country and emperor almost reach to a religion.

I declare Admiral Togo to be the only one man wholly sane and true in this already sophisticated and drunken world. Yes, he is the one sober and simple gentleman in Japan, whose head is turning toward degeneration. And sad in his heart, too, like any other great man in history. I have read somewhere in John Vance Cheney's book:

"He of great deeds does grope amid the throng

Like him whose steps toward Dragon's temple bore:

There's ever something sad about the strong—

A look, a moan, like that on Ocean's shore."

So is Admiral Togo!

## IN MEMORY

By George Du Bois

OAXACA, MEXICO

ON formal occasions, she appeared to the observer a grande dame; in private the impression that one received of her was of gentleness, which was her real, predominant trait.

Her residence, situated on the corner of intersecting streets, was sumptuous, and from the window forming the angle one perceived an avenue planted to trees of massive foliage, that made it appear like the entrance to a forest, along which a multitude of pedestrians and carriages passed constantly.

There that prematurely aged dame sat during the greater portion of the day, reading, sewing, crocheting, in silence passing her existence. And yet, despite that apparent calm, one only had to gaze upon her face to perceive in that visage, blanched and ravaged by care, the undeniable traces of a beauty rare, the marks of sorrow that had faded ere its time, and to reflect: "She is a mother!" And one needed only to encounter the regard of her melancholy eyes to add: "A mother who has lost her babe!"

Not that she complained; she rarely referred to her sorrow, and when she did, to privileged ones, most discreetly.

Humanity in general loves joy and is repelled by complaints, but refuses not to enter the presence of silent resignation. They entered there, some former companions, some juvenile spirits, charmed by her gentle, indulgent manners; even people of the world, attracted by the renown and social status of her ancient family.

One glorious day in June, the population entire of the city sallied to promenade. The sun illumined the place like a benediction. Gay ripples of laughter were wafted to her window; the innumerable umbrellas in the avenue below resembled a river of dancing colors, formed of iridescent waves of silk.

The solitude of the grand salon appeared more profound than usual. Not a soul had arrived to pay her a visit.

She raised a photograph of a young girl, framed in black, from a table ever placed near, and reflected:

"It does not resemble her; photographs deceive us; lenses see not as we see. Where is that grace, that gentle regard? Where is the delicate oval of her face that seemed divine to me? All is disfigured, unnatural. The image that I guard of her in my heart is so different. Oh! how I wish I possessed a portrait that would reflect to me the souvenir that I retain in my soul! But who can portray it now? None!"

By force of application to her spirit to that interior contemplation, the mother came to experience so exactly, so vividly the presence in her of the cherished image, that she seized a long unused case of pastels and a sheet of blank paper and attempted to fix upon it the intense vision of her love.

Her attainments in designing were rudimentary. That troubled her not. She commenced with the feverish desire that had seized her, scarcely consulting the poor portrait, now repulsed and placed at a distance upon a table.

She designed first the hair in the virginal style that the girl had once worn it. It evolved marvelously under the caressing touch of the hand that had so often arranged it; then appeared the lines of the visage, the long, tender lips, pale rose, where the smile of a juvenile soul had endured, even after the departure of the spirit; then the eyes, o'er which the lids assumed without apparent effort their natural curve, a trifle lifted at the corners, shaded by brown lashes, between which the charming soul was about to reflect and live.

The mother, inclining over the table, appeared unconscious of the miracle of tenderness that she was accomplishing at that moment; she experienced the anguish of one who observes an image semi-traced, that haste to finish ere the model is effaced in the lassitude and fatigue naturally resultant from unaccustomed effort. She desired to trace, with the crayon that had run so lightly until then, the iris of the eyes, to impart a living re-

gard. But here she was obliged to reflect, and the conviction suddenly seized her with terrible power, that she could no longer recollect the color of those dear eyes, that she had never, perhaps, really noted it.

She halted. Tears blinded her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "how can it be? How can a mother fail to remember the color of the eyes that she still sees everywhere, at every turn, at every minute of the day and of the night?"

Rarely had she suffered so cruelly. It seemed to her that it was a proof of oblivion, the commencement of that fatal disappearance of mental souvenirs, that causes the most sacred, the most frequently evoked scenes to discolor, to alter, to tremble in the balance, as if transparent vapors enveloped the distances covered by the soul.

At that moment the door at the end of the salon opened. She rapidly concealed the pastel portrait among the pages of a portfolio, then arose, endeavoring to regain the region of real life from which for the space of several hours she had been absent. The man who entered was young, one whom she no longer counted among her ordinary relations. She had seen him only once after her great sorrow. With an effort like one arousing from a dream, she smiled and said in reply to his very courteous salutation:

"It is very amiable in you, my dear sir, to remember an old lady, who no longer appears in the world, whose name can only recall age to the generation to which you belong. I presume I shall have the honor to render you some service."

"No, madame, I seek not your influence. I have come to see you, for yourself alone."

"Really? Then I am doubly pleased."

"In passing, madame, I have obeyed a strange force, to enter, to converse with you. If I have not done so ere now, it is due to the fact that I have been absent, on a long pilgrimage."

She regarded her visitor attentively, and observed that through the blonde beard, on the flexible lips, and in the blue eyes stirred a strange emotion. She abandoned her forced gaiety for a very grave tone, voicing an idea unexpressed:

"You saw her here several times?"

"Six. The last time was the ball, on a Thursday, the twenty-second of April; she appeared more divinely beautiful than ever that night, attired as Marguerite."

"I have sacredly guarded her costume," replied the other with a gesture of profound emotion; "and you remember?"

"Remember? Is it possible ever to forget? In all the globe I doubt that it would be possible to find beauty more fresh, transparent, divine than hers. But I would not recall a pain—"

"On the contrary, my dear, speak!"

"I know not why, but when I used to see her, and recollection often restores it in all its force, I made a comparison. When one opens the petals of a rose, he discovers a place, a spot where the light scarcely enters, a zone protected, so fine of tone that the color of the rose merges into pale pink. That was the color of her fair cheek."

The mother reflected an instant; her voice, less assured, seemed to demand grace for a maternal disability, for a dolorous confidence.

"Will you believe, sir, that I can no longer fix in my mind the color of her eyes? Her dear regard, that tender gaze, is unceasingly present, the expression of joy that was all mine, but the rest, no! I was just reflecting that those who love, we mothers, see only the soul in the eyes of our beloved."

"I am sure, on the contrary, madame, that habit alone is the cause of that ignorance and oblivion."

"Of what color were they? If you know, tell me! Doubt is so terribly cruel to me! You comprehend?"

The visitor had inclined; his eyes vaguely traced the outlines of the torsal column that sustained the table as he replied, very low:

"They were pale blue, with circles of violet. While she was serious the violet dominated; when she was gay the blue appeared to extend. And at all times there was a little mobile flame that danced in them."

The mother, with a brusque gesture, opened the portfolio, seized the picture, placed it flat on the table and imperiously, as one rends the veil of a secret sorrow to expose the temple of the heart to another:

"Look!" she cried; "I have only this! It lacks the spirit, life!"

The man arose. He regarded the portrait for a few moments. His features changed a little.

"Give me the crayons," he said.

She hesitated, turned pale as a cadaver when she saw in his hand the colors, and that he was about to correct her picture, that unique portrait that had issued so marvelously from her inexperienced fingers, perhaps to spoil it for all time.

She turned away with closed eyes. He bent, and, with the dexterity of an artist touched the spaces of the eyes a pale, transparent blue. Then a few more master strokes and the light of intelligence flashed from the azure depths of those orbs.

The portrait was finished; the mother had merely outlined it; another had terminated, invested it with spirit.

From the most profound recesses of her heart issued a cry: "You loved her, then!"

Was it jealousy or was it a nobler idea that restrained it on her lips?

Their eyes met. Each noted there the expression of a mute agony, of an emotion too profound for words.

He imprinted a respectful kiss upon the hand that she extended to him, and then they parted—in silence.





MR. DE GRAW DICTATING A LETTER TO HIS STENOGRAPHER  
IN ANOTHER ROOM

## ON THE POSTOFFICE SHORT-LINE

By Wilbert Melville

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

TO a certain postmaster of Arkansas the Honorable Peter V. DeGraw, fourth assistant postmaster-general, will always remain a man of mystery. The aforesaid postmaster had occasion to call upon the fourth assistant recently in connection with certain charges which had been filed against him with the department, and he brought with him letters and documents which he felt certain would substantiate his version of the affair and result in a complete vindication for him.

Upon entering the big reception room of the fourth assistant's office, he was

met by private secretary W. H. Allen, who informed him that Mr. DeGraw was closely engaged in his private conference room, but that he, Mr. Allen, would be most happy to serve him in any way possible. The postmaster was so much impressed by the cordial, friendly manner of Mr. Allen that it took him but a short time to make a complete statement of the case and hand to the latter all the papers which he brought along to prove his innocence. Mr. Allen invited the Arkansas gentleman to be seated, assuring him of an interview with



PRIVATE SECRETARY ALLEN CONFERS WITH HIS CHIEF

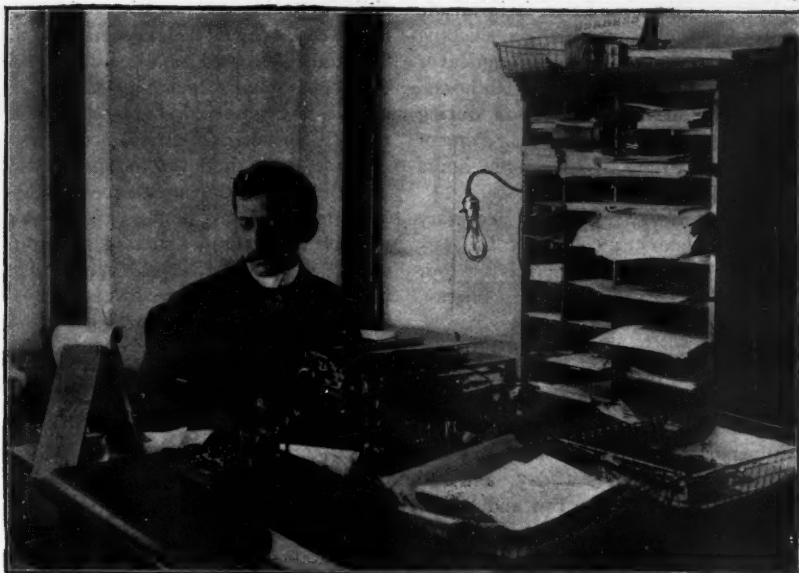
Mr. DeGraw in a short while and, returning to his desk, read over the papers which had been given him.

In about ten minutes the door leading from the private office opened and the portly form of the fourth assistant appeared. Crossing the room rapidly, he took the Arkansas postmaster by the hand, exclaiming: "Mr. Smith, I am so glad to meet you; and it is a pleasure for me to tell you of the department's decision in regard to your case, which is entirely favorable to you."

To the utter bewilderment of his visitor, he then proceeded to enter into a discussion of the case, showing perfect familiarity with the contents of the papers which had been given Mr. Allen. The expression of the Arkansas man's face was a study. He glanced at the papers lying on Allen's desk, which to his certain knowledge had not left the room since he entered, then looked dubiously at that genial gentleman, who had not been out of his sight either.

How did the fourth assistant become acquainted with the contents of his papers, and, for that matter, know his name? With a look of wonderment still upon his face, he thanked Mr. DeGraw, expressed his gratification at the outcome of his visit and left the room, shaking his head and muttering to himself: "I have read Sherlock Holmes and seen a number of second-sight artists perform, but when it comes down to the real thing in thought transmission this fourth assistant and his private secretary are certainly there with the goods."

Yet the explanation of the seeming phenomena which puzzled the country postmaster so is simple. The fourth assistant postmaster-general possesses the unique distinction of controlling and operating the shortest telegraph line in the world, and as this miniature system connects Mr. DeGraw's desk with the one occupied by his private secretary, the latter was able to acquaint him with the visitor's arrival and to transmit the



STENOGRAPHER PRENDER TAKING DICTATION BY WIRE

contents of the papers which he had received, without leaving his seat and without the knowledge of anyone present in either room.

The total amount of wire used in the construction of "The Postoffice Short Line" is less than thirty feet. The desk of the fourth assistant is equipped with a complete telegraphic apparatus, as are the desks of his private secretary and his confidential stenographer, Mr. Robert H. Prender. As both Allen and Prender are not only expert stenographers, but top-notch telegraphers, and in addition possess the ability to read each other's stenographic notes, it can readily be understood that the operation of such a system between them would greatly facilitate the handling of a day's business.

Mr. DeGraw was found very willing to show the operation of his little line, and, while admitting the novelty, stated that it was there strictly for practical use and between two old telegraphers was

a far quicker and more satisfactory mode of communication than any other method could possibly be.

"Wherein do you find telegraphy especially adaptable to government business?" he was asked.

"Oh, in many ways. I might say generally," said Mr. DeGraw; "but especially is it useful in the saving of time, which is essential here for our personal welfare, for we do not agree with our distinguished friend, the electrical wizard Thomas A. Edison, who, I understand, has recently declared that regular sleep is not a necessity. I believe sleep is not an essential factor in the well-being of that estimable gentleman; but unfortunately for us, perhaps, we are not in his class. I find in my case that six hours sound sleep out of every twenty-four is the only safe foundation upon which to secure a full day's hard work at a desk, day in and day out. A man may 'space' on diet, but experience has taught me that in order

to keep in prime condition it is unsafe to trespass upon the last six sleeping hours of each day, hence I endeavor to follow the rule of working ten hours, sparing the brain by recreation during the next five hours and making sure of sleeping six, thus leaving three hours each day for meals, etc."

When asked why he found it necessary to work ten hours each day, Mr. DeGraw explained the requirements of the four divisions which comprise his bureau, namely, those of appointments, bonds, city free delivery and rural free delivery, which include in their jurisdictions upward of 156,000 persons, necessitating, with other routine duties of the office, the personal signing of a budget of several hundred letters a day, and this alone consumes between two and a half and three hours.

Although he has been out of the telegraph business for a number of years, telegraphers familiar with his "touch" declare that Mr. DeGraw has never lost his cunning at the key. Along in the '80's, while managing the Washington bureau of the United Press, he transmitted to New York, on a test, 490 words in ten minutes, each word spelled out in full, which for a long time was the record in fast sending. Since that time first-class telegraphers have acquired what is known as the Phillips steno-telegraphy, a code especially adapted to the transmission of newspaper matter, and which is capable of doubling and sometimes trebling the capacity of a wire in comparison with the early methods employed in transmission, when every word had to be written out in full. The sending of code telegraphy was made possible through the adoption of the typewriter for receiving purposes, thus en-

abling the receiver greatly to increase his speed. The telegraphers on the "Postoffice Short Line" are all experienced code men, which still further enhances the value and adaptability of the recently installed electrical acquisition.

While the writer was discussing with Mr. DeGraw in the conference room the advantages of this unique adjunct as a part of the paraphernalia of an up-to-date business office, a page appeared on the scene and hurriedly conveyed to the fourth assistant a message which required immediate reply. Under ordinary circumstances a stenographer would have been summoned to take the reply in notes which he would have had to transcribe, consuming in all perhaps ten minutes and necessitating an interruption to the conference between the assistant postmaster-general and the visitor. Instead of following this stereotyped course, in a twinkling, without rising from his chair, Mr. DeGraw wired his secretary a hasty reply to the message. This was copied from the wire on the typewriter, and in less time than it takes to tell it the incident became a duly recorded and finished official transaction.

It will be seen that a very important part is played by the little sounders in the official proceedings of this busy office, and there is no doubt but that, especially during the session, they can be utilized to splendid advantage, especially in the conveyance to the fourth assistant of knowledge of specially urgent matters, without interrupting the important conferences that may be in progress as they arise, and of which there are many each day in the southwestern corner of the fifth floor of the huge postoffice building.

All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me;  
Now on this spot I stand with my robust Soul.

— *Walt Whitman.*

# HOW TOM KEPT HOUSE



By Mary R. Towle

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

"**W**HERE have you been, papa?" asked Tom, one afternoon after a heavy rain, as papa came up to the verandah with his riding boots on and his clothes splashed with mud.

"I've been for a ride over to the other farm to take a look at Betsy, the mare that I have just bought," answered papa. "I am thinking of letting her enter the race at the Clover Hill fair."

"Oh, a real horse race, papa?" cried

Tom. "How jolly! Do let Betsy be in it! Oh, mayn't I go over to the other farm and look at her, too?" "Yes, indeed! Perhaps Jason will take you over tomorrow in the runabout, when he goes for the milk."

The next morning early, while the yellow primroses were still open and the lanes wet with glistening dew, Jason drove out of the gateway in a trap drawn by two big gray horses. Tom was with him, and also Roland and Blanche, two children from a neighboring farm, and the milk cans were snugly stowed away under the back seat. What a good time they had! They stayed all the morning over at papa's other farm. The farmer's wife gave them some buttermilk and some delicious, golden-brown cookies and when the farmer came in from the fields he took them out to the stables and showed them Rashid, the spotted black and white bull, and a great many cows and horses, and finally, shut into a big square stall, all by herself, Betsy, the beautiful young mare. When papa came home that afternoon all three children begged him to let Betsy enter the race.



"I'm sure she'd win," said Roland, "'cause I went to a race once and the horse that won looked just like Betsey."

"I'm going to write a letter to Archie," said Tom, "and tell him to hurry home from grandma's so that he can see the race, too. Oh, papa, you must let Betsy be in it!" And so papa said at last that he would.

As the weeks went by the children could talk of nothing but the wonderful fair that was to be held at Clover Hill. There were to be exhibits of horses, cows and all sorts of farm animals, and side shows and popcorn and pink lemonade. The fair was to last for three days. On the second day there was to be a balloon ascension, and on the third day the horse race. Nearly every farmer for miles around had a favorite colt which was to enter this race.

On the afternoon before the first day of the fair, Jason brought Betsy over from the other farm and locked her up in one of the box stalls.

"She stands a good chance of winning the race," he said to Tom, "but there's a good many wishes she didn't."

"Who wishes she didn't?"

"Why, some of the owners of the other horses."

"Tom!" called papa from the verandah.

"Yes, papa!" answered Tom, running up.

"Do you think you could take care of the place alone tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, indeed, papa."

"Well, mama and I are going away for a few hours, and as the servants want a day off to go to the fair, we have decided that they may as well go tomorrow, for I have reasons for wishing them to be at home the next two days. All you need do is to stay and play near the house, and mama and I will be back at about noon. You will not be afraid, will you?"

"Oh, no, papa! Roland and Blanche  
down and play hide-and-seek,

and—and will you let me dig some potatoes? They're awfully big now—Tim dug one the other day."

"Very well; you may dig a basketful."

The next morning, before papa started, he called Tom into a store-room off the kitchen and pointed to a big key hanging on a hook. "That is the key to the stable," he said, "and, remember, you are to let no one in. No one must touch Betsy but Jason or myself."

"All right, papa!" said Tom. "Good-bye! Goodbye, mama!"

The carriages rolled down the driveway and papa and mama and the servants were soon out of sight. Tom felt a little lonesome at first; then he decided to go and dig potatoes, and, taking the basket and a shovel, he started for the potato field, which was near the barn. He dug a few potatoes and then whom should he see coming through the orchard but Roland and Blanche. He ran to meet them, and soon all were playing a merry game of hide-and-seek.

"Who are those two men coming down the road?" asked Blanche, as they sat down to rest for a minute on a great rock.

"What men?" asked Roland. "I don't see any."

"Those two men," repeated the little girl, pointing with her finger. "Why—why, where are they? I saw them, and now I don't see them any more!"

"Pooh, I guess what you saw was a tree!" said Roland. "I don't see anything, do you, Tom?"

"No," said Tom, and, running out beyond the gate-posts into the street, he reported that no one was in sight in either direction up the road.

"Let's play some more now," said he, coming back. "I'm 'it'!"

"All right," answered Roland. "We'll give you while we count ten hundred to get away." So he and Blanche put their heads down on the well-curb, with their eyes shut and began to count: "Ten, ten, double ten, forty-five, fifteen! Ten, ten,

double ten, forty-five, fifteen!" while Tom turned and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. He had already decided where to hide. He knew of a fine dark place in the wood-shed, behind a row of barrels, and in less than a minute he was snugly tucked away in it, sitting on his feet and breathing as softly as he could after running so hard.

He waited and waited. Once he was sure he heard Roland and Blanche go by the corner of the shed and walk around toward the stable, and then he thought he heard Blanche's laugh over in the direction of the strawberry beds; then all was silent. He waited a long time, but, except for the clucking of the hens in the poultry yard, he heard no sound. Perhaps they had given up hunting for him and gone home! His feet were beginning to go to sleep and he decided that he would creep softly out and just peep around the corner. Cautiously he wriggled out from behind the barrels and was tiptoeing toward the front of the shed, when—what do you suppose he saw? A tall man standing just inside the great gray shed door and looking through a crack in it toward the house! Just at that moment Tom made a noise, by stepping on a loose board, and the man turned around and saw him. For an instant Tom thought of running, for the man's face was very fierce, but the man quickly stepped between him and the half-open door and smiled what seemed to Tom a terrible smile.

"Anyone at home?" asked the man in a very gentle, low voice.

"Yes, sir," answered Tom, shaking all over. "There's Blanche and Roland and—"

"Can you take me to the stables without anyone's seeing us?" asked the man, confidentially and in a still lower tone.

"The stables are locked," said Tom.

"Don't you know where the key is?"

"Ye-es, but papa doesn't want anyone to go in there while he's away."

The man smiled again. "Papa is a

great friend of mine," he said, "and he told me to come 'round to the house here and that his little boy, Jimmy,—isn't that your name?"

"Tom, sir."

"Oh, yes, I remember now!—that Tom would show me over the stables."

Tom hesitated. He knew that he ought to be courteous to a guest, but this man did not seem at all like one of papa's friends, and then, too, why had he been hiding in the wood-shed? Suppose he should be a horse-thief and mean to steal Betsy!

The Terrible Man seemed to read Tom's thoughts. "I won't do any harm if you'll let me in," he said. "I ain't a thief. I 'spose you're thinking of the mare, but, don't you see, I couldn't steal her, if I wanted to, with all them servants in the house. I only want to pat her and perhaps give her a lump of sugar. I'm a great lover of fine horses."

But by this time Tom's mind was made up. "No, sir," he said, "I'm sorry, but I can't let you in. I'm afraid I'm very uncivil, but I told papa I wouldn't."

In an instant the man's manner changed. "Now, you young rascal," he said, "I'm not going to waste any more time with you. You march to the house and fetch that key this instant, without saying a word to anyone or I'll kill you; see?"

Poor Tom was frightened nearly to death, but he said not a word. The man stepped away from the door and pointed toward the house. "If you don't do as I say," he added, "there's another man up there who will catch you and bring you back, and if you speak a word to one of the servants he'll hear you and catch you as sure as you live. Now go, and be quick about it!"

Tom was only too glad to get away from the Terrible Man, and, running as fast as he could, he entered the half-open front door of the house. Roland and Blanche were nowhere in sight, and

Tom felt that he was alone—alone with the Terrible Man and the other man who was waiting to catch him! Yet, frightened as he was, he was still determined not to give up the key. What should he do? Perhaps he could get away by the back door, creep along by the raspberry hedge and run across lots to the house where Mr. Newfield lived, Roland's and Blanche's papa. He stole along a little passageway leading to the kitchen, softly turned the door-knob, and was just crossing the room toward the outer door when what should he see through the closed window but the top of a man's hat, showing just above the Virginia creepers! It took Tom about a half of one second to go back by the way he had come and to take refuge in the big hall closet. What should he do? Oh, what *should* he do? The Terrible Man was waiting for him to come back with the key, and the Other Man was watching the only door of escape!

Just then Tom happened to bump his head against something in the darkness. It was the telephone. Papa had it put into the hall closet because mamma couldn't telephone where there was any noise. And now all of a sudden, it occurred to Tom that he might telephone for help. But to whom should he telephone? The house was a mile from the village, and Mr. Newfield, the nearest neighbor, had probably gone to Clover Hill to the fair. Then Tom remembered hearing Mr. Newfield say, the day before, that if the meadow hay was not all in he should not go to the fair that morning. Perhaps, after all, he was at home! Anyway, Tom felt that it was his only chance.

He had often watched his papa telephone, but he had never telephoned himself. He believed, though, that he could do it—he must do it! He took the receiver off the hook and held it to his ear. Oh, dear! he was so short that his mouth did not reach the place to speak into. He thought he could hear

heavy steps in the kitchen. With trembling hands he pulled down all the coats and shawls that he could find in the closet, rolled them up into a big bundle and pushed the bundle up in front of the telephone. Slowly and with the greatest care, he climbed up on the bundle. Hurrah! he was just tall enough now,—just barely tall enough by standing on tiptoe. He rang the bell, and in a minute came the word, clear and distinct, "Hello!" How good it sounded!

"Oh, hello, Central!" answered Tom. "Please give me Mr. Newfield's house—quickly!"

"Mr. Newfield's gone to the fair, if you want him," was the answer. "I saw him pass here at about nine o'clock."

"Oh, then, Mr. Central, please won't you send someone to help me? There are two dreadful men here, and they're going to kill me right off. I'm Tom—Tom Fairfax—and I'm hiding in the hall closet! Please—" But just at this point in Tom's message the bundle of coats and shawls, which had been growing shakier and shakier, collapsed entirely and Tom, bending backward to save himself, fell heavily to the floor and struck his head against something hard.

The next thing that Tom knew he was lying in his own little bed, just beside his own little latticed window, with the blue and white muslin curtains, and with the morning glory blossoms looking in from outside. Mamma was sitting beside him. When she saw him open his eyes she gave a little cry, and, jumping up from her chair, bent over him and kissed him a great many times. "My precious boy!" she said. Tom had a queer feeling in his head, and when he put one hand up to it he touched a bandage.

"Why, what is the matter with my head, mamma?" he asked.

"You struck it against a corner of the wood-box when you fell," answered

mamma, "and the doctor bandaged it. Don't you remember? Didn't you feel it when papa lifted you up and carried you out of the closet?"

"Oh, mamma," said Tom, "did they find me there? Did someone come?" Suddenly he had remembered all about the telephone and the two terrible men. "Are they gone?" he added in an excited whisper, suddenly sitting up in bed.

"Hush, dear," said mamma. "You must lie down and keep very quiet, for your bruised head has made you a little feverish. Yes, they are gone, and I don't think they will trouble us again."

"Did they want to steal Betsy, mamma?"

"No, I think not, but they probably meant to lame her or to give her something to eat that would make her ill, so that she could not race."

A hundred questions came into Tom's head all at once, but before he had time

to ask any of them papa came into the room.

"Oh, hello, papa!" cried Tom, putting up both arms, and then he added, after a minute, "Do you know, I think it was downright mean for two of those fellows to come when I was here alone. Now if they'd come one at a time, it would have been more like—a fair fight!"

Papa smiled. "You put up a very good fight as it was," he said—"the best kind of a fight under the circumstances. I'm proud of you, Tom!" Tom blushed but felt very happy. It meant something to be praised by papa.

"Archie is coming home from grandma's tonight," continued papa, "and if that head of yours is well enough by tomorrow, we are all going over to the fair in a tallyho."

The head was well enough, and they all went and had a jolly time. But what pleased Tom more than anything else was that Betsy won the race.

## DOROTHY By Alex Derby

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

**W**HEN Dorothea looked on me  
I felt love's fitful fever.

(There breathes no fairer maid than she —  
Dorothy Seaver.)

I knew her for a sad coquette;  
'Twas folly to believe her.  
But ah, she wove a silken net —  
Sly Dolly Seaver!

And now she's jilted me at last  
My woe doth little grieve her;  
Her laugh rings free as in the past —  
This gay D. Seaver!

# NATIVE PLAYS IN FAVOR

By Helen Arthur

NEW YORK CITY

IN every field of labor, in industrial, political, and professional pursuits alike, there comes a time recognized by the wide-awake man as a critical moment, the turning point when opportunity comes to knock, and, having knocked, does not tarry long for a response. Such a time has come in the theatrical world and it is furnishing to the unknown American playwright his chance for a hearing, the possibility of leading a new movement in the dramatic realm.

In print these days one sees much discussion, polite and otherwise, regarding the methods of a certain "Theatrical Trust."

Today, dislike to own it as we may, the theatrical world has one universal standard—the money standard; let it be so, since it lies within our power to make that standard stand for good. Admit, once for all, the necessity of judging plays by box-office receipts and consider the public as a collection of individuals willing or unwilling to pay two dollars for an orchestra chair. Understand that a manager is a business man with a list of trained employees and specialists in certain lines to whom he must pay salaries each week, whether he has work for them or not. Why? Because he dare not let them go, not knowing what minute he may need their help. He has under contract many others than players—press representatives, stage managers, scene painters, electricians. They know his ideas and methods, and are too valuable to lose, but their pay falls due each week with the regularity which is so delightful to them, so harrowing to the manager.

Worse than this, he has "stars" to manage, to whom salary is as nothing compared with the desire to shine on Broadway, in a new "production," and so the fear of bankruptcy and of personal unpopularity often drives the manager in desperation to risk a production that will, temporarily at least, quiet some if not all of his staff. And when in this scheme of things we reach the "production" itself, then we have arrived at the question of demand and supply. The sources of supply are naturally American and English. There are occasionally French, Scandinavian, Russian or German plays of sufficient strength to bear transplanting, or of so broad a theme as to interest an American audience, but the results obtained from translation or adaptation have not justified the manager in putting much faith in the finding of success by these means.

The greatest success of the Paris season, produced in this country under the name of "Business is Business," and with William H. Crane interpreting the leading part, was a dire failure; so also was Sudermann's "Zapfenstreichen," called in America "Taps" and interpreted by Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, and which, as "Lights Out," is now the talk of the London theatrical world. These examples could easily be multiplied, and the reason is obvious. The plays deal with conditions quite unknown to us, and consequently without meaning.

The London market has been cornered by Charles Frohman. He has options on all plays—the output of such dramatists as Pinero, Jones, Marshall



and Barrie, and should he choose to forfeit the option the amount deposited is easily made up from the profits of any one success. When the London productions prove hits, Mr. Frohman risks their presentation in America, and although the chances are good for New York's indorsement of London's opinion, still the fact that Mr. Frohman has

just so many dramas to apportion between so many "stars," leads sometimes to disastrous results. William Faversham in "Letty" was a good example of this, as was likewise this season Nat Goodwin in "The Beauty and The Barge."

Today, therefore, the great majority of managers look to American play-



MAUDE ADAMS AS PETER PAN IN BARRIE'S PLAY OF THAT NAME

wrights for new plays. There are in New York twenty-four theaters of the first class. The plays now on their boards can be classified, as to authors: fourteen American, six foreign, while the other four are reviving classics. Of the six foreign plays, three are by Englishmen, one by an Irishman, one a Scotchman and one by a Belgian.

The most successful play is Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan," with Miss Maude Adams as Peter; but Charles Klein's "Music Master," with David Warfield, has played one whole season in New York and is now testing the capacity of the Bijou. Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," Shaw's "Man and Superman" and Sutro's "The Walls of Jericho" are popular, but not more so than Belasco's "Girl from the Golden West" or Fitch's "Her Great Match" or Henry Miller's "Zira."

Nor are the plays by well known American authors the only successful ones. Channing Pollock, whose dramatization of "The Pit" was well received, has this season three comedies to his credit—a

dramatization of "In the Bishop's Carriage" and of "The Secret Orchard," and an original comedy entitled "The Little Gray Lady." Margaret Mayo, the daughter of the late Frank Mayo, has put into play form "The Marriage of William Ashe," and has furnished Miss Grace George with a play almost as popular as the novel. Edward Peple's first effort, "The Prince Chap," proved such a drawing card that it was moved from the Madison Square theater to Weber's Music Hall, in order to allow it to continue its run.

A playwright's name is not much of a drawing card and has almost no perceptible effect in influencing patronage. This season we have seen George Ade's "The Bad Samaritan" succumb to the public's indifference, not to mention the rapidity with which Bernard Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island" was withdrawn. Thanks to audiences more discriminating in their judgment of plays than ever before, we shall find the managers and playwrights more than ever desirous of presenting plays worthy of intelligent patronage.

## THE SMOKE OF A CITY

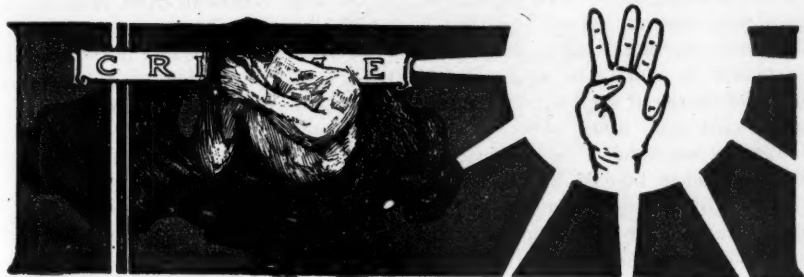
AS SEEN FROM AN ELEVATED TRAIN

By Edith Livingstone Smith

BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

UP from the altar of a City's shrine,  
A cloud of smoke as incense rises far,  
To gently yield itself unto the sky  
While hours creep from dawn to evening's star: —  
And ever 'neath the maze of roof and arch,  
Weaving the threads—the warp and woof of Toil—  
Man's strength of arm and woman's patient hands  
Give work for bread—ask gold for their life's spoil:  
While they who see this cloud float on its way  
And feel the pulse which swings the censer high,  
Send wonder on a little sobbing prayer  
That some smile there, — and some, in hunger, cry!

# The K·K·K



By C. W. Tyler

PICTURES BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

V

A GRIEVOUS MISTAKE HAVING BEEN MADE, CERTAIN WELL  
DISPOSED PERSONS DO THEIR ENDEAVOR TO RECTIFY IT

THE old woman's tale spread through the community almost as rapidly as intelligence of the startling crime had done the night before. The excitement, which had begun to die out, was kindled afresh, and by nightfall a large crowd was again assembled on the ground where the house had stood. They lingered in groups about the decaying embers and discussed earnestly the latest developments in the shocking tragedy. All regretted now the untimely taking off of poor Sandy, and, as was natural under the circumstances, nearly every man displayed a disposition to shift the responsibility for this melancholy blunder from his own to the shoulders of someone else. This individual never had acquiesced in the hasty action of

the mob, but, being timid about speaking in public, had not raised his voice in protest against it; another had actually spoken out in favor of caution and a more thorough investigation, but in the general hubbub that existed at the moment nobody had overheard him. Everyone who knew anything favorable in Sandy's career now hastened to tell it, and the verdict of the previous night that he was a deep-dyed scoundrel was reversed almost as hastily as it had been rendered.

If expressions of sympathy, however, had now taken the place of execrations in the case of the unfortunate negro, exactly the opposite was true with the individual known to most people thereabout as Cross-eyed Jack. This fellow

had been one of the ringleaders in the frenzied assemblage that had done an innocent man to death for a fearful crime. Not only so, but he alone of all present knew the man was innocent who was being made to atone for the monstrous wrong done. This Cross-eyed Jack, they were all agreed now, was a diabolical scoundrel who should be compelled to suffer the agonies of a thousand deaths, if such a penalty could be inflicted upon him. What! burn a dwelling at midnight; murder an inoffensive old woman in cold blood; compel a young girl to hide from him like a partridge; and then hurry an innocent man to death for the crimes he had himself committed! Do all this and expect to escape the vengeance of a deeply outraged community! Where was he? Where was he? Mount your horses, you good men, and hunt the scoundrel down. Catch him, catch him, catch him! this malignant devil in human shape; and hang him, draw him, quarter him, burn him, send him out of the world as soon as he is caught by the very roughest road any mortal creature has ever been forced to travel. This was the angry sentence entered up against Cross-eyed Jack as the infuriated crowd stood around the ashes of the old Bascombe house and contemplated their own work of the night before and the shocking depravity of the wretch who had been foremost among them in the enterprise upon which they nearly all at the time were so heartily bent.

The villain who was now the object of their fierce wrath perhaps deserved all the anathemas that were being hurled against him, and more beside. In appearance he was such a man-animal as one may imagine roamed the earth millions of years ago, when human beings first began to claim ascendancy over four-footed creatures. In disposition he was, if possible, even uglier than in face or figure. No human being is perhaps wholly depraved, but if there was a

single redeeming feature in the character of this surly scoundrel, his mother had never been able to discover it. He was of foreign parentage, as his name, Johan Ankerstorm, indicated, but had been reared in the lowest quarter of one of our large American cities, from which he had been finally compelled to withdraw because his frequent infractions of the law had placed him on too familiar terms with the police. A few months before the tragedy at the Bascombe place, he had drifted into the Marrowbone Hills, and wandering about, working at odd jobs, he became known by sight to many of the good people of that section. His name being unusual—and a little more than a mouthful for some of his new acquaintances—they had saddled upon him numerous aliases, such as Cross-eyed Jack, Dutch Ankers, etc., for all of which the callous Johan cared no more than a stray dog would have cared if divers appellations had been bestowed upon him in a community as he shifted his habitat from place to place.

This was the creature, then, for whom anxious inquiry was now being made on all sides. The crowd were resolved to have him, and the crowd were resolved to make short work of him when they did get him. So they instituted hasty search, and up and down and across country they rode and they ran. They picked up scraps of information, and hastened back with each item to the surging mass of human beings who waited for the capture of the miscreant, and grew angrier with delay. A waggoner had brought Johan—Dutch Ankers he called him—from a cross-roads village in the hills the evening before and had set him down not far from the Bascombe place. Ankerstorm, however, when he left the waggoner, had gone toward the house of a farmer, named Dotson, for whom he had at one time worked a few days. He carried an ax on his shoulder and told the waggoner that Dotson owed him a bill which he wished to collect.



*Randolph Pearson*  
Drawn by M. L. Blumenthal



As soon as this news was brought, one was sent off post-haste to inquire into the matter, and soon brought back word from Dotson—who was an honest but cross-grained old chap—that he had not seen hair nor hide of Dutch Ankers, and, moreover, that anybody who said he owed them money was a liar. This showed that Ankerstorm had been loafing about in the neighborhood on the night of the crime, but his presence at the mobbing of Sandy proved that. The wagoner's tale proved further, however, that the fellow carried an ax, and this was a strong corroborating circumstance—if any had been needed—to strengthen the narrative of old Mrs. Bascombe. Much more to the point was the information, brought in later, that the man whose presence was so much desired had gotten dinner on the preceding day—Sunday—at a house not five miles away from the scene of the crime. After dinner he had lain down under a tree in the yard, like one wholly free from concern, and taken a long nap. When he woke he went off on foot toward Nashville, saying he was going to that place to seek work. From his conduct at this place, it was argued that the house-burner and double murderer was under no special apprehension, and might be overtaken if prompt pursuit was made. He no doubt rested under the assurance that the blow from his ax had rendered the old widow forever incapable of telling tales, and the execution of the negro by the mob would leave the public under the impression that the real offender had been punished. A half-dozen men now started on good horses to apprehend the scoundrel and bring him back. These were specially enjoined by the large crowd that still lingered on the ground—for they were coming and going all the time—not to despatch Ankerstrom when they caught him, but to fetch him back to the scene of his villainy, where the whole assemblage might have the satis-

faction of dealing with him. This was late at night, and many now stretched themselves out on the bare ground to sleep away the time that must intervene before the return of the squad that had been sent forth upon this mission.

It was in the forenoon on Sunday that Randolph Pearson first learned of the terrible tragedy at the house from which he had himself departed at bedtime on the evening before. He heard at the same time that the negro, Kinchen, had been hung for the crime by a mob of indignant citizens. Riding to the place as rapidly as he could, he found a large crowd assembled, the dwelling in ashes, and the widow Bascombe dying in a corner of her yard under an improvised tent. Pearson did not believe in mob law as a remedy for any evil, and even under these trying circumstances he plainly said to those whom he suspected of having been members of the mob that it would have been better to have turned the negro over to the courts, rather than deal with him themselves in such summary fashion. The courts, he said, were slow, and sometimes there was a failure of justice, but hurried uprisings at night afforded but a poor substitute for deliberate investigation, such as should be had when the life of a human being was at stake. Moreover, when good citizens advertised to the world that they had no faith in the laws under which they lived, they gave to the community in which they resided an unenviable notoriety. All this, and more, said Randolph Pearson calmly to his neighbors at a time when everyone supposed the negro, Kinchen, had met a just fate. That night, when the whole truth was out, and it was found that the hasty execution of Sandy had been a terrible blunder, Pearson indulged in no additional criticism on the conduct of the mob, but resolved that a second individual should not be hastily done to death for the same offense if he could prevent it. He was an earnest, conscientious man, was Ran-

dolph Pearson, much respected by all his neighbors; but when he announced the conclusion he had reached on this subject, he was met by a storm of indignation and many of his best friends withstood him to the teeth. There should be no delay—they said—in the punishment of the scoundrel whose crime was too black to admit of any thought of indulgence in his case. There should be no long legal investigation to wear out the patience of witnesses, and maybe result at last in the utter failure of justice. Mobs might sometimes make mistakes and hang the wrong man, but there was no doubt about the guilt of this fellow, and swing he should to the very tree on which poor Kinchen had died, just as soon as the squad that had gone to seek him could lay hands on him and bring him back.

Day broke, however, before the return of the squad that had gone forth in quest of the murderer. Many had left, wearied with the long delay, but others took their places, and by sunrise on Monday morning the assemblage was greater than it had been at any time before. Numerous persons were now present from a distance, for the news of the terrible tragedy at the old Bascombe place had spread far and wide through the country. All waited impatiently to learn something of the whereabouts of the murderer, but for many hours waited in vain. About two hours after sunrise the half dozen horsemen returned with the report that they had scoured the country for the missing man but had failed to find any trace of him after he left the place where he took dinner. This intelligence was most disheartening to the crowd, but not so to Pearson, who believed with diligent effort the fugitive could be apprehended, and in the meantime suitable precaution could be taken against his being swung up by the mob as soon as he was caught.

It was necessary to act promptly, and Pearson resolved, while the interest was

at white heat, to organize a band of determined men who would aid him in the double purpose he had formed, first to effect the capture of the fugitive, and, second, to see that he was not killed by a crowd of frenzied men as soon as overtaken. To apprehend the criminal, it was now evident, would be no easy task, but would probably require systematic search, in which it might be necessary to employ skilled detectives. The sheriff could ride the county, and the governor might be induced to offer a reward, but other means must be resorted to if it was expected to ferret out a hardened villain, who even now, no doubt, was making his way secretly out of the country.

Thus said Randolph Pearson to those who were now more than willing to listen to him, and it was agreed that a meeting should be held that night for the purpose of organization, none to be present except twenty or thirty active men, who were selected in advance, and who could be relied on to render material aid in the contemplated work. Upon one point the author of this plan was compelled to make some concession. Those who had agreed to band together were divided upon the question as to whether the fugitive should be turned over to the courts when caught, or dealt with by themselves. After some discussion, however, they concluded, first, to work unitedly for the arrest of the murderer, and when this was accomplished to leave his subsequent disposition to a decision of a majority of their own number.

The young gentleman who had given his name as Robert Lee Templeton was not among those who had agreed to organize for the purpose of apprehending and punishing the murderer. He was a stranger in the vicinity and could not have cooperated with the other members regularly, even if he had been made one of their number; and, besides, having little knowledge of his character and

habits, they were not disposed to admit him at once into full fellowship with them. He was undoubtedly a whole-souled, generous young fellow, however, and a task was therefore assigned him which he was glad to undertake as soon as he had received the suggestion from some of the older citizens present. This was to ride to the county town, a dozen or more miles away, swear out a warrant for the arrest of the murderer, Ankerstrom, and place the writ without delay in the hands of the sheriff. By giving the law officer a description of the personal appearance of Cross-eyed Jack, he could make sure of his recognition wherever found. Templeton, however, when this latter suggestion was made to him, declared he would not only give the writ to the sheriff, but would accompany that officer and help him arrest the murderer whenever they came upon him.

Before the large assemblage dispersed, Pearson and a few other charitable persons imposed on themselves another duty which they thought was demanded by simple justice under the circumstances. Taking advantage of the sympathy that was openly expressed for the innocent negro who had fallen a victim to mob violence, they sought to obtain substantial aid for the family he had left behind. Kinchen, fortunately, had not raised such a brood as is usually found around the cabins of members of his race, and therefore provision for his family could be the more easily made. His wife, Patsy, and his young son Pete constituted the entire connection that remained to mourn him, if we except the little fox terrier that came so near meeting death under the same gallows tree with his master. By heading a subscription list with a liberal donation of their own, and going first to those who were able and willing to contribute generously, they soon obtained a fund sufficient to buy a few acres of hill land as a permanent home for Patsy Kinchen, widow of the late Sandy. As the

opportunity for inquiry was favorable, they learned also of a piece of ground back in the uplands with which the owner was willing to part for a modest remuneration. This little tract had timber and running water, two essentials in that locality, but lacked a dwelling. Numerous individuals who sympathized with the object but lacked money, now came forward and offered to cut logs for the tenement and give a house-raising on the place one day during the following week. The necessary preliminaries being thus arranged, the bargain was struck, the land paid for and a binding agreement entered into for the erection of a substantial log residence for Patsy Kinchen; all within less than forty-eight hours after her husband's unexpected departure from this world. Sandy himself, while a sojourner upon earth, had come to forty years or thereabouts and had never accumulated any property but a dog. Viewed strictly from a business standpoint, therefore, his wife Patsy, though a loud and sincere mourner at his funeral, was not seriously a loser by the hasty action of the mob.

That night, after the veil of darkness enveloped the earth, and most good folk in the neighborhood were abed resting from the fatigue and excitement of the past two days, a score or more of energetic citizens met at a designated spot to form the organization that had been determined upon in the morning. They met out of doors because the night was pleasant, and they wished to avoid the notoriety that must have followed their assembling at any farm-house. A secret organization was preferable too, because by this means undesirable persons could be more readily kept out of the association and the determination to overtake the murderer and deal with him as they saw fit could be more easily accomplished. As very often happens in such enterprises, the original design to form a temporary union for the accomplish-

ment of a single purpose expanded as they conferred on the occasion of their first meeting, and they thought it expedient to unite themselves into a company of regulators, or patrolers, which should undertake not only to bring Ankerstrom to justice for his offense, but also to take some steps toward bringing about a more settled condition of affairs in their community. Lawlessness, if not rampant, had gotten to be quite common among them, and negroes were undoubtedly the principal depredators as far as minor offenses were concerned. Now and then they were unjustly suspected, as was shown by the terrible mistake in the Kinchen case, but their peccadilloes in the way of hog-stealing, hen-roost robberies and the like were sufficiently well established to make it expedient if possible to put some check upon them. In addition, there was among good citizens in the community a growing contempt for the law and a consequent disposition after every criminal offense to substitute hasty retribution for judicial investigation, and this dangerous tendency needed to be curbed in some prudent manner.

All things considered, the little group that met under the greenwood tree on this occasion thought it best to organize a band of regulators in their section, and as they cast about them for rules and regulations by which to govern such an association, they could stumble on no

better plan than to resurrect an old society that had exerted a great influence on their community shortly after the close of the Civil war. Times had greatly changed, but the purpose of the former order, as generally understood, did not differ materially from those now sought to be accomplished. Three or four members of this old secret society were present, and from these all the grips and pass-words were obtained, together with the substance of the constitution and by-laws as well as the latter had been preserved in faithful memories. Under the quiet stars, then, and at considerable distance from any human habitation, the mysterious order of the K. K. K. was revived, its ritual restored, its officers chosen and solemnly sworn, its members bound to secrecy by a vow so dreadful that the lightest among them would not dare afterward to violate his obligation. This done, they prepared to take action on some other matters they deemed worthy of their attention, perfected their plans for the apprehension of the murderer, and rode away, each man to his home, none other than themselves being aware of the fact that they had assembled at all.

The dead society which they had thus galvanized into life is perhaps worthy of passing mention before proceeding to the narration of what transpired subsequently.

## VI

"THE MOON'S ON THE LAKE, AND THE MIST ON THE BRAE;  
AND THE CLAN HAS A NAME THAT IS NAMELESS BY DAY."

ONCE upon a time in Tennessee, and possibly in some other states of the South, there existed an order which was called into being no one knew how, created a great stir for a season, and

then died away as mysteriously as it had originated. Its aims and purposes were widely misrepresented and misunderstood, for while unique in its organization and methods, it was, in the princi-

pal object sought to be attained, not different from those voluntary associations which good citizens in many parts of the wide country have often been compelled to form when they found the law in their particular locality insufficient for the protection of life and property. The order of which I write was known to the general public at the time as the Klu Klux Klan, or, more briefly, the K. K. K., and was so obnoxious to those in power during the carpet-bag reign in Tennessee that it was a penitentiary offense to belong to it; no citizen was permitted to sit on a jury or give evidence in court without swearing he was in no way connected with it; and hostile grand juries were given inquisitorial powers in the effort to drag to light the conspirators who assembled by night at its summons and obeyed its unholy mandate. Yet, in spite of all this terrifying prosecution, perhaps to no small extent in consequence of it, the midnight society grew and flourished apace, and during the brief period of its existence exercised a profound influence, at least, in those sections of the state to which its operations were confined.

In its main purpose—the preservation of order and the protection of life and property—this society of the K. K. K. did not differ, as I have said, from the vigilance committees and other like associations that at various times in our history have been openly formed in many of the states and territories of the Union. Its grotesque methods, however, its peculiar organization, and the mystery by which it was enshrouded, distinguished it from all of these and gave it a unique place in the history of such popular movements. Yet, these peculiarities were not, as may have been supposed, the result of whim or caprice on the part of its founders, but followed necessarily from the troubled condition of the times. The emergency that called the association into life was such as would have demanded anywhere the

banding together of orderly citizens for their own protection, and yet an open organization at the time was impossible, and, had it been possible, would have been far less effective than a widespread secret order whose very existence could not legally be proven and whose aims could only be guessed at.

For two or three years immediately following the Civil war, the situation in middle Tennessee may be fairly described as chaotic. Nearly all the white men there capable of bearing arms had sided with the South, and when those who survived the struggle returned home they found farms uncultivated, homes devastated, cattle and work-stock confiscated and the negroes emancipated. More than this, they found themselves disfranchised for their sins, the ballot in the hands of their late slaves, and William G. Brownlow in the governor's chair. This meant to the recently disloyal that they must look out for themselves, for they need expect neither aid nor sympathy from those in their own state who now held the whip-hand over them. Parson Brownlow, as he was familiarly termed, had been a noted character in Tennessee for many years. He was a man of personal integrity and of active mind, but seemingly without one drop of the milk of human kindness in his composition. As editor of *The Knoxville Whig* in the ante-bellum days, he proved himself to be a master of invective. Clinging with obstinacy to his own views on all questions, through the columns of his newspaper he berated as scoundrels all who saw fit to differ from him. If he had been domesticated in middle or west Tennessee at the outbreak of the Civil War, he would have most probably out-heroded Herod in his advocacy of secession; but, hailing from the eastern division of the state, he was a most bitter Unionist, and literally, by means of his paper, "dealt damnation round the land on each he deemed his foe." The restoration of federal author-



ity in Tennessee found this honest but exceedingly vindictive old man in the governor's chair, and he was about as much in place there as John Calvin would have been over a congregation of papists, or a devout Catholic ruler of the sixteenth century over a colony of heretics. When, soon after the close of the war, a demand arose for the restoration of the ex-Confederates to their civil rights, the governor of Tennessee replied in a public speech that traitors to their country had but two rights he was willing to concede: one the right to be hung in this world, the other the right to be damned in the next. This characteristic utterance at least was attributed to him all over the state, and, taking their cue from it, the carpet-baggers, scalawags and such disorderly negroes as these could influence ruled the roost in the fairest portions of Tennessee. They terrorized whole communities, and neither life nor property was safe while their sway continued, for none looked to the laws as then administered to protect good citizens under the ban of disloyalty or to punish evildoers who vaunted themselves as friends of the government.

The better class of the negroes in the state, to their credit be it said, did not sympathize with the lawless element that prevented their earning a support by peaceful labor, but their quiet protest was unheeded, as was that of the respectable white people among whom they dwelt. The example of a few lawless blacks in each community, however, soon had its effect on others of their race, and the idea gained ground rapidly among the recently emancipated slaves of the state that liberty meant unbridled license and the freedom to do as they chose. The times, indeed, were out of joint, and the returning ex-Confederates, who otherwise would easily have mastered the situation, seemed powerless to restore order. Nothing could be accomplished by them without united effort, while any open attempt on their part to organize

would, they knew, be regarded as an act of treason, and the leaders of such a movement subjected to instant arrest. It was under these circumstances that—whether in jest or earnest I cannot say—the singular society known as the Klu Klux Klan was mysteriously called into being. The general understanding now is that it originated as a practical joke gotten up by a few mischievous ex-rebels to frighten negroes and other superstitious persons in their locality. If so, the author of the plan must soon have been astonished at the startling proportions of the edifice of which they had laid the foundation. Their queer capers and ghostly garbs excited the terror of the negroes and induced them to remain indoors after dark. Rumor exaggerated their pranks, which doubtless were mad enough in themselves. Their example soon found imitators, and before a great while serious men adopted the fantastic idea and sought to apply it to a useful end. A formidable secret society was organized, numbering its branches by the hundred and its membership by thousands. The strictest secrecy on the part of the persons connected with it was easily maintained, since none of these dared to avow his fellowship with the order. Ghostly raiment and extravagant capers were found to be really useful features, striking more terror to the souls of the superstitious Africans than could the substance of ten thousand men armed in the proof. Perfect order throughout the entire organization was easily preserved, for nearly all the members had been recently discharged from the Southern army, and their leaders in the main were those whom they had followed through all the weary and bloody campaigns of the Civil War. Thus it came to pass that almost in a night there sprang into existence on the soil of Tennessee the most powerful and thoroughly disciplined secret society that has ever been known to exist on the American continent. Its

influence from the outset was widespread and beneficent. Good people breathed more freely when they knew there was a klan in their midst able to protect them, and the desperadoes who had infested the country in most instances fled before they were actually apprehended or molested.

I have spoken of the organization of the society as grotesque, and this was certainly true. Not only were the most astonishing performances among its regular exercises, but the titles bestowed on all its officials were outlandish and preposterous. The head or captain of each separate band was styled "The Grand Cyclops of the Klan." Above him was another official with a high-sounding title, controlling a dozen klans or so, and over all was the commander-in-chief, who was impressively styled "The Grand Dragon of the Realm." Each separate company of mounted men was called a "klan," and the men in the ranks were designated as "hobgoblins." The true name of the order was not "The Klu Klux Klan," but the master of ceremonies usually whispered instead on initiation night some very long, hard word in an unknown language, with a supposed very deep meaning, which all were forbidden to repeat and which none ever could remember afterward.

The peculiar feature of this order, however, and the one that distinguished it from all similar associations that I have read of, was a standing judicial tribunal of three men, which formed part of the organization of each "klan." Without the order of this court—which, if I am correctly informed, was termed "The Dreadful Ulema"—no member of the klan could be punished for infraction of its rules, nor could any obnoxious character in the community be made to pay the penalty of his crimes. But for this wise provision in the constitution of the order, there can be no doubt that many hasty acts of violence would have been committed by the members in

different sections of the state. It must be borne in mind that the leaders of the movement desired especially to avoid the commission of open deeds of violence, for a few such acts would have drawn down upon them the condemnation not only of the state, but also of the federal government. All the operations of the society were therefore conducted with the utmost secrecy and circumspection and its members at all times subjected to the strictest discipline. If one was arrested whom they thought the community should be rid of, the offender was not shot or strung up to a limb, but taken before "The Dreadful Ulema" for trial. The proceedings here were not conducted in the actual presence of the accused, and were usually brief, but extreme punishment was never inflicted if anything less would suffice. If the prisoner was discharged without bodily harm, as often happened, he could betray no more than that he had been taken at night by a company of very queer creatures, had been instantly blindfolded, and had been released after a while, with the injunction to betake himself speedily to some other part of the world. Sometimes this injunction was preceded by the lash, which, you may be sure, when ordered, was well laid on. Sometimes, in very rare instances, it was death. Then the community knew nothing more of the matter than that a certain obnoxious individual had mysteriously disappeared, and after diligent search by his friends could not be found. Whatever the sentence of "The Dreadful Ulema," it was obeyed; and without its deliberate sentence none was ever done to death or subjected to bodily injury by members of the klan.

It may be inferred from what has gone before that the author of this entertaining narrative was himself at one time connected with the secret order he has sought to describe; and while he is far from admitting such to be the fact, he does not mind stating to the generous

reader that he was at a certain misguided period of his life an open enemy of the best government the world ever knew. He wore the gray, the author did, during the years 1861-65—and by the way, a very ragged suit it was he had on when the end came. Having returned home in the latter year a sadder if not wiser man, and seeking to earn a support by tilling his mother earth, he found himself in the very midst of the disorders of which he has made mention and in the very locality where hobgoblins by night did cavort. This being so, and the author being neither deaf, dumb, nor idiotic, he was enabled to pick up a few scraps of information, which he now with pleasure imparts to the curious reader. Following the usual form of legal affidavits, he here avouches that those things which he has set down upon his own knowledge he swears positively to be true, and those things which he has set down upon information, he verily believes to be true, and, drawing his conclusion from both these sources, he wishes to go further and make the deliberate statement which is to be found in the following paragraph.

Though outlawed by the statutes of Tennessee, and denounced in their day from one end of the country to the other, no association was ever formed in this country with worthier motives than this secret order of the K. K. K. No kindlier band of gentlemen ever assembled after nightfall in the deep greenwood, or rode in queer disguises the lonely highway by the friendly light of the moon. There is a streak of humor running all through the Southern character, as plainly discernible to the eye of the moralist as a vein of fine metal in a rock to the skilled mineralist. The mystic order of which I write never could have come into being anywhere else except among these people. It never could have flourished as it did, mixing serious business with horseplay, except among these people. That just home from the

war, with their cause utterly lost, and wreck and ruin about them, they were able to extract fun at all from the situation, shows the wonderful elasticity of the Southern temper. But they did, and their merriment was honest merriment, while their earnestness of purpose at the same time, and along with it, was unquestionable. Now that the queer order is a thing of the past, and most of the ghosts that formed its rank have gone to genuine ghostland, I hope the reader will pardon this effort to rescue its memory from undeserved reproach. The author can say of a truth that while the society existed in his locality, he never knew human life taken by those subject to its mandate, nor any man robbed of his property, or any woman, white or black, treated with disrespect. That the hobgoblins when abroad were all armed and knew how to handle their weapons is not to be denied. That they were determined to protect their homes and loved ones and banish certain disorderly characters from their midst is not to be denied. Fortunately, the mystery that surrounded the order, and the general conviction that it was a powerful and resolute brotherhood, sufficed in themselves to attain the ends it had in view, and, this achieved, the members quietly disbanded. The dawn of day was then close at hand for Tennesseans, the time for the restoration of genuine peace had come, and the secret order of the K. K. K. disappeared from public notice as mysteriously as it had been called into being.

So it came about that when Randolph Pearson and his companions met the night after the Bascombe murder to form a league for the preservation of order in their midst, they adopted the constitution of the old order just described:

First, because they found it ready-made, and were saved the trouble of cudgeling their brains to devise another that might not have answered so well.

Secondly, because the younger mem-

bers present were pleased with the fantastic attire and grotesque ceremonies of the order they were about to revive, and hoped to extract some fun from a renewal of the same.

Thirdly, because Pearson and his comrades expected much good from the clause that provided a permanent court for the order. If this tribunal was composed of temperate men, mob law, in its most offensive sense, would be banished from the community. The new klan would be strong enough by prompt action to take charge of all persons suspected of heinous crimes, and no punishment would be inflicted until after a deliberate hearing. When the murderer, Ankerstrom, was apprehended, it would

be for the three judges to say whether he should be put to death at once or turned over to the regular state authorities for trial. Pearson was fully resolved that, if possible, the latter course should be pursued. He knew the infuriated people of his vicinity were bent on stringing the wretch up as soon as they laid hands on him, but he made up his mind that when even so despicable a villain came to pay the penalty of his crimes, the sheriff of the county, and none other, should act as hangman.

It was therefore with satisfaction that Randolph Pearson, when the organization was effected, accepted the position of chief of the advisory court of the klan, which was unanimously tendered him.

## VII

### YOUNG MR. TEMPLETON SALLIES FORTH TO UPHOLD THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW, BUT COMES NEAR FORGETTING THE ERRAND UPON WHICH HE IS BENT.

TEMPLETON, riding at a brisk gait, covered the distance he had to travel in about three hours, and reached the county seat before noon. Going at once to the jail—which contained apartments for the sheriff's family, he found the officer away, but his wife, a pleasant-spoken woman, said he would return some time during the day. Thinking it advisable to await his coming, the young man proceeded uptown, and, making the necessary affidavit, procured a warrant of arrest from a justice of the peace against the absconding murderer. Placing this in his pocket so as to have it in readiness when the sheriff returned, he next inquired for the newspaper office of the village. It was only a few yards further off, on the same street, and dropping in, he found a little old dried-up man perched upon a high stool setting type. As there was no other occupant

of the room, Templeton bowed to this individual and politely inquired for the editor.

"I'm him," replied the person addressed, without for a moment suspending the business he was at.

"Excuse me," said Templeton, politely, "I mistook you for the printer."

"I'm him too," said the dried-up man on the high stool, proceeding calmly with his work.

"Oh," said Templeton. "I see how it is. So you are both editor and printer, are you?"

"I'm the whole push," said the little dried-up man, taking off his spectacles now and wiping them with his handkerchief. "I'm the establishment, that's what I am," and he came down from his stool, and walking up quite close to where Templeton stood, he viewed him critically. His manner would have been



*"'I'm the whole push,' said the little dried-up man"*

Drawn by M. L. Blumenthal



impertinent had not the visitor recognized it as that of a man who was at the same time both near-sighted and habitually on the hunt for an item.

"Whar you from?" inquired the dried-up man, approaching as close to Templeton as he could without treading on the latter's toes. "What's the news?"

"I thought possibly," answered the visitor, "that you might wish to know something about the Bascombe murder."

"And the hanging of that nigger?"

"Yes."

"Got it all set up. Paper be out to-morrow. Full confession and everything. Whole thing in to-morrow's issue. Price, five cents."

"Whose confession have you got in the paper?" asked Templeton, turning interrogator.

"The nigger's, of course. Whose else could it be?"

"How do you know he confessed?"

"Oh, they always do; and if they don't, we fix up one for 'em. Part of our business, you know. We fix up one for 'em and we fix it up right. The fellow that's hung ain't in a position to dispute a word of it, and the fellows that hung him they feel vindicated, and are well pleased, and come round and subscribe for the paper—see?"

"But, the fact is," said Templeton, "the negro did not confess in this case, as everybody knows. He died protesting his innocence, and the old lady, Mrs. Bascombe, revived before her death and charged another man with her murder."

The little old dried-up man who said he was the establishment here seized Templeton by the arm, and, without a word, dragged him to the rear of the room.

"How's that? how's that?" then inquired the little dried-up man, cocking his ear round curiously at the speaker.

"The negro made no confession; and the old woman before she died charged a white man with her murder."

The editor forced him to be seated on

an inverted goods box that stood near a dingy window. Taking a stool himself on the opposite side, he seized a lead pencil and some sheets of crumpled paper that were lying loose upon the box. "Now go," he said to Templeton, when these hurried preparations were complete.

The visitor understood by this that he was to proceed with his tale, which he did in a plain, straightforward way, and the combined editor and printer dashed ahead, covering sheet after sheet of paper, and so amplifying the details that Templeton hardly recognized them when the story came out in print twenty-four hours later. When he finished—and he wrote more rapidly than the speaker could dictate—Templeton handed him a dollar and asked him to mail copies of his paper to different parts of the country, in order that the public might be put on the watch for the murderer. The dried-up man pocketed the dollar cheerfully, and, following his visitor to the door, informed him confidentially that just back of the town there was as good a tree for the hanging business as heart could wish, and when the real villain was caught he would take pleasure in pointing it out. "I'll make it all right and regular," he said to Templeton. "Startling confession—mob completely vindicated. Tell 'em to have no fear on that score."

Templeton thanked him for his kindly assurance, and, having no further business in the newspaper line, sought to amuse himself by another stroll up and down the streets while awaiting the return of the law officer. Desiring to interest as many persons as possible in the capture of the murderer, he told the story of the crime to more than one group of listeners, and soon the whole village was familiar with the facts.

About sundown the sheriff came jogging into town on a flea-bitten gray horse and the warrant of arrest was handed him. When he had read it he alighted

in front of the store of Dixon & Dix—he had been halted as he was passing there—and, with the bridle rein over his arm, perused the document again. Having inspected it sufficiently, he looked around over the little group that had gathered about him and remarked:

"Well, consarn that fellow; I met him just now in the road."

"Where? Where?" inquired several of the bystanders at once.

The sheriff was a tall, thin man of serious demeanor and slow-spoken. He might have been mistaken for a preacher but for the fact that most of the preachers in those parts were Methodist circuit riders who were not of austere deportment, but usually chipper and free with their jokes. Sanderson—that was the sheriff's name—was a man of subdued manner, and though not unsociable or uncommunicative, was inclined to take life solemnly.

"Where did you meet him?" they inquired again.

"Back yonder in the road," replied the sheriff, meditatively turning the paper over in his hand as he spoke.

"What did he say?"

"Nothin' much, nothin' much. We howdied, and talked a little about one thing and another. Well, consarn that fellow." The sheriff here whistled softly between his teeth for a while and then inquired: "Who swore out this warrant, anyhow? Who is R. L. Templeton? I thought I knew every man in the county, but he's a new one on me."

"I'm Robert Lee Templeton," said the young gentleman, coming to the front. "I swore out that warrant."

"You swore it out?"

"Yes, on the statement of the old lady, Mrs. Bascombe."

"This nigger that was hung," said the sheriff, eyeing him critically, "what did he have to do with it?"

"Nothing in the world," the young man answered. "He was hung under a mistake. There was great excitement,

and no legal officer to take charge of the investigation, so they hung him without inquiring fully into the matter. It was just an excited mob, with nobody in control. I was there, and——"

The sheriff looked at him inquisitively.

"I was there," pursued Templeton. "but I didn't have anything to do with the hanging. I—I, in fact, was opposed to it."

"You stick to that, young man," said the sheriff, gravely, because there's a law in this country."

Templeton hesitated at this and displayed some embarrassment. He was among strangers, and could not tell what construction they might put on his admissions.

"You just happened in, I s'pose," suggested the sheriff, "not knowin' what was on the bills?"

"That was just about the way of it," replied Templeton.

"And being there from curiosity, or in some such fashion, you was bound to see things without takin' a hand in 'em?"

Templeton acquiesced in this, feeling that it did not express the entire truth, but was sufficient for the occasion.

"Now you stick to that," said the sheriff, raising a long forefinger and pointing it at him warningly, "because there's a law in this country."

Those present eyed the young man closely, and several nodded gravely to signify that the sheriff had given him good advice, which it would be well for him to heed.

After whistling again for a little while softly between his teeth, the officer remounted his flea-bitten gray nag and turned its head in the direction from which he had come. "I'm a-going after this here Dutchman," he remarked to those present. "Does anybody care to go along?"

Two or three volunteered, among them Mr. Bob Lee Templeton. Darkness was enveloping the earth as they wound their way down from the eminence on which

the town of Ashton stood. It was now Monday night and forty-eight hours after the burning of the Bascombe house.

"He must be doubling on his tracks," said the sheriff after they had proceeded some distance in silence. "Looks that way to me."

"Why doesn't he try to get out of the country?" asked Templeton, who was riding by the officer's side. "I don't understand his hanging around here this way."

"Well, you see," replied Sheriff Sanderson, "the nigger's been hung, which shows pretty conclusively that folks took him for the guilty party. The old woman, though, didn't die right away, and she might tell tales before she died. So Cross-eyed Jack just dodged out of sight, bobbing up at first one place and then another to make believe he wasn't hiding. That is the way I happened to meet him in the road."

"He'll find out pretty soon that the world knows the truth. Then he'll leave the country in a hurry."

"Maybe he will, maybe he will," responded the sheriff, dubiously. "There's no telling."

"I thought the instinct of a criminal was to flee as far as possible from the scene of his crime?"

"That was in the old time, when a fellow had only to outrun them that was behind. Now they send telegrams on ahead, and then follow on his track by rail. The sharp rascals understand this and their usual plan is to lie low until the hue and cry dies out, and then steal off as quietly as they can. I knew a fellow once," pursued the sheriff, growing reminiscent, "that robbed a mail train. He was a boss hand at his trade, that fellow was. One night he bought a ticket for some place and boarded the train like any other passenger. When they had gone a few miles he rose and went forward to the express car. The agent was sitting by the table, and there was a loaded pistol in the drawer, within reach of

his hand. He'd been told always to keep a loaded pistol in that drawer, and he always kept it there. He was sitting by the table adding up a long column of figures. When he looked up he saw a man standing in the door with a shiny pistol pointed straight toward him. The man's aim was very steady and his voice very calm as he told the agent to rise and fetch him the money bag. The agent was in the habit of obeying orders, and he obeyed orders this time. So would you if had been in his place. He picked up the bag and such other things as he was bidden to pick up, and laid them down in a pile close to the stranger's feet. Then he went under orders to a corner of the car and stood there with his back to the stranger and his nose stuck as far into the corner as he could get it. The stranger pulled the bell cord and the train stopped. The stranger jumped off with his bags, and the agent explained to the conductor as soon as he got a chance. They searched high and low, and they sent for bloodhounds, but they didn't catch the stranger. The bloodhounds got on the track of a nigger fiddler and run him five miles and treed him, but that didn't help the situation much. Big rewards were offered, and the police picked up a dozen different fellows in a dozen different towns, but they didn't get the right man. Where was he? Why, he didn't go a mile from the place of the robbery before he stopped and went into camp. He picked a snug, out-of-the-way place, close to water and lived on scant rations there two or three weeks. Then he walked away and got clear out of the country without trouble.

"How did you find all this out?"

"Why, in the easiest way imaginable. As soon as the fellow got a long way off from the scene of his crime, and thought he was entirely safe, he treated himself to a big drunk. It was in Kansas City, and as he undertook to run the town, the police locked him up. They found three or four pistols on him, and more than a

thousand dollars in money. Being a stranger, they ask him where he came from. He told them a lie, and a rather clumsy lie, being drunk. To make a long story short, they held him a few days on suspicion, and then, having obtained sufficient evidence, sent him back to Tennessee to answer for the train robbery. He pleaded guilty when his trial came and took fifteen years in the penitentiary. He's there now, I reckon, and a very so-cialable fellow he is, barring his trade."

As the sheriff beguiled the journey with this narrative, the flea-bitten gray horse went steadily along at a fox trot toward the spot where his rider had encountered Cross-eyed Jack the evening before. After the lapse of an hour or more they reached the place, which Sanderson pointed out to his companions. They made a brief halt here and then followed on down the road in the direction the murderer had taken.

"Maybe he's found out by this time he's badly wanted, and maybe he hasn't," said the sheriff, musingly. "I don't think he knew it just now, or he would have tried to dodge when he met me unexpectedly on the road. No telling, though; no telling. Some criminals are naturally scary, and some are bold as the devil. Maybe he knew the truth was out, but counted on my not knowing it."

It was now past nine o'clock, but the stars were all shining, and they made their way without difficulty. The sheriff, after narrating the incident from his personal experience just given, lapsed into silence and began whistling softly between his teeth, which was a way he had when he was cogitating.

Presently they heard galloping horsemen behind them. They reined up, and in a few minutes a half dozen young farmers joined them. These riders had searched the country far and near for Cross-eyed Jack, they said, but had discovered no certain trace of him. Some person answering his general description had passed along the road they

were now traveling, but they were not sure it was the scoundrel they were looking for. An imprudent member of the sheriff's squad informed them that it was certainly Ankerstrom who had walked boldly along the highway a few hours before, and on receipt of this news they stayed no further question, but set out at once to overtake him. "We've got a rope," said one of the party as they separated, "and we mean to hang the rascal as soon as we lay hands on him."

"There's a law in this country, gentlemen," remonstrated the sheriff, gently.

"So there is," replied the fellow, "and the very minute we are through with Cross-eyed Jack we'll turn him over to the law. You may have his corpse, Sanderson, if you want it."

Going some distance farther, the sheriff and his friends came to a large frame house by the roadside. It was lit up invitingly, and from within floated the pleasant voice of a young lady singing to an accompaniment upon the piano. Here they halted, the sheriff said, to make inquiries.

"'Light, gentlemen, 'light!' cried a rather portly old gentleman, advancing briskly to the front gate.

"Haven't time," responded the sheriff; "haven't time, major."

"'Light, 'light!' persisted the old gentleman, who from his hearty voice and manner evidently meant what he said.

"Get down and come in, one and all. Come in all of you and stay all night."

"Haven't time," responded the sheriff; "haven't time, major."

"Get down," reiterated the old man, as if he hadn't heard the officer. "Get down and come in, gentlemen. Here, Bill, Jim!" lifting his voice so as to be heard all over his premises. "Come right along, you lazy rascals, and take these horses."

"Well," remarked the sheriff at this, "I reckon we'd as well surrender," and he alighted from the flea-bitten gray, the tired animal giving itself a good

shake as soon as he quitted the saddle.

A sleepy looking negro fellow now made his appearance, followed soon by another, and the horses were led to the stable. The music ceased as they drew near the house, and quite a stylish looking young lady made her appearance in the front door. Templeton had begun to regret that his zeal in behalf of justice had prompted him to take such a wearisome night ride, but now, beholding the stylish young lady, and being young and rather susceptible, he congratulated himself that he had come along with the sheriff.

After a hearty welcome had been extended all round, and an ample supper partaken of, the major, the sheriff and two or three other members of the posse comitatus engaged in friendly conversation on the front porch, while Templeton and the young lady drifted accidentally

into the parlor, where they soon became quite congenial. It was, of course, the duty of the young lady to assist her father in the entertainment of his guests, and being a very conscientious girl, and a very capable one to boot, she discharged her duty on this particular occasion so thoroughly that I am quite sure no feeling of self-reproach disturbed her after she had bidden her visitor a pleasant adieu for the night. As for Mr. Templeton, I speak nothing to his discredit when I say that before the young lady rose and bade him goodnight he had entirely forgotten the matter that had brought him to the house, and after seeking his couch and sinking into the kindly arms of Morpheus, he dreamed not of Cross-eyed Jack or the gallows-tree but of a certain fresh young face that was fair to see, and his slumbering soul was soothed by the music of a voice ever soft and low, an excellent thing in woman.

## VIII

### IN WHICH THERE IS GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL

THE next morning early Sheriff Sanderson took a turn about the place to see if he could learn anything as to the whereabouts of the slippery individual for whom he had a writ of arrest. He found the negroes all posted concerning the hasty hanging of poor Sandy, and the discovery of his complete innocence after the mischief had been done and could not be undone. They were informed, too, as to the active part Cross-eyed Jack had taken in the proceedings, and from the rumors that had reached their ears were disposed to saddle on the shoulders of this villain the responsibility for all that had taken place. A few of them knew the fellow by sight, but most of them did not and had no desire to cultivate his acquaintance. They regarded him now as more

devil than human, and feared it was his purpose to lie concealed for a while, and then bob up somewhere unexpectedly and in their midst with his appetite whetted for murder.

"You mout as well s'arch for a needle in a haystack," said a wise old darkey, "as try to find that furriner twell he git ready to make hisself known ag'in. He's hid out somewhar, round here, and jess zactly whar he is de good Lord I specks knows, but I doesn't. Mebbe he done gone in a hole and pulled the hole in after him."

At this not very original attempt at humor the old man laughed heartily, and Sheriff Sanderson, who was polite to high and low, laughed too. "I'm inclined to think you're right, Uncle Davy," he



answered, "about his being hid out round here somewhere, but the devil is more apt to know where he is than the good Lord."

"Dat's the trufe," responded the old man, shaking his head and laughing again. "Dat's as true a word, marster, as ever you spoke. Dis here Cross-eyed Jack and de devil is buzzum friends, an' dat why he ain gwy be so easy kotch. When I was a little boy in Firginny I heerd talk of a flyin' Dutchman dat was buzzum friend to the devil, and dat Dutchman dey never could ketch. Folk seed him, but when they come to lay hand on him he wa'n't thar."

"Mebbe dis here's de flyin' Dutchman," said a little negro boy who had been an interested listener to the conversation.

"Son," rejoined the old man, solemnly, "I got de same notion in my own head. Las' time de moon was on de change I dream 'bout dis flyin' Dutchman, and de nex' news I heerd Sandy Kinchen was dead and gone."

The breakfast bell now rang loudly, and Sheriff Sanderson returned toward the dwelling-house of Major Habersham, having elicited no information of consequence from the negroes on the place. When he reached the mansion house, he found the squad which had ridden by him the night before was on hand, awaiting breakfast. They were all weary and hungry, but brought no tidings of the missing man. He had vanished completely after his chance interview with the sheriff on the preceding afternoon, and nothing could be learned of his subsequent course, except that he did not keep to the highway. When Sanderson heard this he announced his intention to return home, and advised the rest of the posse to do the same thing, as the rascal they were in search of was probably out of the neighborhood by that time. The fact was the sheriff had concluded that no matter where Ankerstrom was, the search for him should be conducted by quiet

effort that would not alarm him. He therefore deemed it best to act as if he believed the fellow was not in the country, and at the same time to keep an incessant watch for him, so as to be certain not to miss him if he proved to be still lurking about in the vicinity of his crime.

At the breakfast table the whole array, some twenty hungry souls in all, were sumptuously entertained upon fried chicken, hot biscuits, strong coffee, rich sweet milk and other acceptable eatables and drinkables; and not having a cent to pay, arose from the feast with charity for all and malice toward none, except Johan Ankerstrom, who was mysteriously at large and would not give himself to be hung. As they mounted and rode off, they bade goodbye to all, and received cordial adieus in return from the members of the family, excepting Matilda the housemaid, who was distant in her manners. Sheriff Sanderson, on his fox-trotting nag, was among the last of the party to leave the premises. When he had departed no one was left behind except Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, who still lingered with the major and his daughter at the front gate.

Mr. Templeton lingered at the front gate because he had a different route to travel from that pursued by the others, being bound now for his home in the adjoining country. He lingered also because he found himself in pleasant company, and one as a rule does not like to leave pleasant company. As he stood at the gate chatting and exchanging pleasant remarks, preparatory to taking his departure, the major suggested that it would be better for him to remain over that day and take a fresh start next morning. Mr. Templeton replied firmly that he had pressing business awaiting him at home and was bound to go. The major in rejoinder said that he, Templeton, must be somewhat fatigued from the travel of the preceding day, and his steed likewise must be off his mettle, and therefore not in trim for another day's ride. Mr.

Templeton in sur-rejoinder admitted that his nag might be leg-weary from the previous day's use, but insisted that his business at home was of such a pressing nature that he must go forward at once and look after it.

As Mr. Templeton thrust aside the major's urgent invitation to abide longer under his roof, and was in the very act of lifting the latch of the front gate preparatory to passing out and riding away, it so chanced that he caught the eye of the major's daughter. Miss Polly Habersham had previously seconded the request of her father that he should postpone his departure till the following morning, but she had done this in such a nonchalant, off-hand fashion that the guest didn't really believe she meant what she said. At least he had been impelled by her indifferent manner to the conclusion that she didn't seriously care whether he went or stayed. Now, however, as he lifted the latch of the gate, turning his head slightly to one side at the same time, it came to pass that—as the saying goes—he caught her eye. Precisely what he read there I'm not able to inform you, but certain it is that the very moment he caught her eye his fingers relaxed their hold upon the gate latch.

"Stay, stay," persisted the major. "If you start for home dead tired, you won't be in any fix to attend to business when you get there."

"One day more won't hurt," said the young lady, in the same careless tone she had used before. Then she leaned her elbow on the top plank of the yard fence and gave the young man what they call an expressive glance.

"Major," said Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, impulsively, to the head of the establishment, "I'll be candid with you, sir. I would like the best in the world to stop over with you another day, and I'm going to tell you why. Last night, sir, you delivered, as I am informed, an excellent discourse to some of the gentlemen of my company upon the state of the coun-

try at large, and I have therefore concluded to stop over, and—ah—inform myself."

"Quite right, quite right," quoth the major, heartily. "How can a man vote intelligently if he doesn't inform himself?"

"I should say so," chimed in Miss Polly Habersham. "It seems to me, if I were a man, and couldn't inform myself before offering to vote, I wouldn't vote at all."

The young gentleman's perfect candor on this occasion made a favorable impression on the major, as perfect candor always has done and always will anywhere in this deceitful world. The horse that had stood at the rack was sent back to the stable, and Mr. Templeton's contemplated journey homeward was postponed till next morning.

Several lectures were delivered by the major in the course of the day on the subject of the state of the country at large, to all of which his visitor gave flattering heed. At odd times he relieved his mind by light discourse with Miss Polly, who, though not as deeply learned in statecraft as her father, proved herself to be fairly entertaining in her way. With music and chat, strolls and all that, she and the stranger within her gates whiled away the time till the sun went down and the stars peeped out and the lamp-lit hours slipped blissfully by, and the evening and the morning were the first day.

When Mr. Bob Lee Templeton did mount his horse the next morning, and did ride away from the premises, he felt exactly as if he was leaving old and dear friends behind. The major remarked to his daughter that the young gentleman was a very promising pupil, and would soon come to know as much about the state of the country as he himself did. And the daughter remarked to her father that he was a nice young man to boot, and quite a pleasant addition to her list of acquaintances. Uncle Davy, the hostler, publicly proclaimed that the depart-

ed guest was the most thorough gentleman who had visited the place since Miss Polly came on the carpet. "I'm gwytell you how I know," said the old man, "and den yo bound to own I 'm right. Bekase when I hilt de horse for him to mount he gin me a dollar. Right dar is whar he showed his raisin'. A picay-uny white man would gin me a dime, or mebbly if Miss Polly had made him feel right proud o' hisseff, he mout a squeezed out a quarter. A tolerable nice beau would er let a half-dollar or sich matter slip through his fingers, but this here up-headed young marster he pitched me a dollar like he used to flingin' away money. Hit minded me of the old times way back yander in Firginny, when my young marster went callin' on de ladies in his gig, and I tuck de middle of de road on a high-steppin' horse behind him, bofe un us dressed to kill. Lord, Lord, dem was de days when quality folks walked right over poor white trash, and gentleman's body sarvant didn't bemean himself by no kind of labor.'"

Sheriff Sanderson, as he took his way homeward, laid plots in his mind for the capture of the fugitive murderer, and deviated more than once from his direct path to put this or that trusty friend of his on the lookout. A good reward had been offered for the apprehension of the absconding scoundrel, and if there had been none at all the whole community was bent on catching him if he stayed above the ground. Randolph Pearson in his quiet way rendered the law officer all the aid that was possible under the circumstances. The members of his newly organized band were assigned to duty wherever it was thought they could be of service, and a general and systematic search was instituted throughout the entire country. Telegrams were sent off to distant parts, letters were written giving a full description of the person of the murderer, and the police in many different cities were notified that a cross-eyed

villain, called Johan Ankerstrom, was badly wanted in the Marrowbone Hills, and a round sum of money would be paid for his apprehension.

But though the sheriff kept his eyes open, and his ears open for several successive days, and Pearson and the members of his vigilant band did the same thing, and numerous noisy volunteers with dogs and ropes scoured the country, not a thing could be learned of the whereabouts of the slippery individual they were anxiously seeking. The impression came to be general that he had gotten entirely away, and would have to be sought for in some other part of the world. The sheriff reached this conclusion and announced it to his coadjutors over the country. The vigorous search was almost abandoned, and the minds of the people were becoming gradually occupied with other matters, when suddenly an incident occurred that at once threw the whole community again into the wildest excitement.

At a lonely farm house some distance away from any public road, there lived a man named Hopson, with his wife and three small children. The poor man was a consumptive, too much debilitated to perform manual labor. He lived in a small cottage sadly out of repair, and possessed almost nothing in the way of worldly goods. Indeed, his lot was one of such bitter poverty that but for the charity of his kind neighbors he and his household must often have suffered for the necessities of life. The folk about him, though, were very attentive to his wants, and the Hopsons were worthy people who deserved all the sympathy that was accorded them. The good wife, Martha Ann Hopson, was a cheerful and industrious body, laying to with a will at some kind of work every day, and skimping all around in the management of household affairs as only a hard-pressed woman can.

A basket meeting had been going on for two or three days at a church not far



*"He motioned toward the bare table"*

from the Hopson place of abode, and Mrs. Hopson with her three young children had managed to attend the place of worship, the elder boy, a lad of nine years, remaining at home with his father. On the last day of the meeting, after dinner, some charitable soul proposed that the fragments be gathered up and donated as a lot to Sister Hopson. This proposition meeting with universal favor, several baskets of provisions were taken by zealous friends that afternoon to the Hopson place. The good woman's cupboard was not only filled to overflowing, but many tempting things were left over, and these the three children set to work to devour, in order that nothing might be wasted. The two younger, having surfeited at the basket meeting, could not accomplish much in furthering this frugal intent, but the older boy did his duty nobly. He disposed, indeed, of such a quantity and so great a variety of edibles that when he retired to bed he displayed symptoms of uneasiness that did not fail to catch the ear of his vigilant mother.

It was owing to the above circumstance, as she afterward related, that she was unusually wakeful on this particular night. A little after midnight, hearing some disturbance among the fowls in the yard, she arose and started forth to investigate. The murder at the Bascombe place—not above four miles away—had made her nervous, and she undid the bolt softly and peeped out of doors before venturing beyond the protection of her roof. As she did so a man with a long knife confronted her, pushing the door open with his unoccupied hand in spite of such feeble resistance as she could make. She retreated a few steps and, following her into the room, he ordered her in gruff tones to strike a light. This command she promptly obeyed, making no outcry, for she knew that neither her little children nor her weak husband could render her any assistance. When the lamp was lit she saw that the rude intruder had unusually long arms for

a man of his stature. He was bareheaded; his uncombed hair was filled with small particles of leaves and dry twigs, and she shuddered when she observed that his eyes were badly crossed, for then she knew she stood before the demon who had burned the Bascombe house and murdered the good old woman who dwelt there. He carried now in his hand a common tobacco knife, but as these are intended to sever at a stroke the tough stalk of the plant, he could not have procured a more dangerous weapon. Raising his hand in a threatening manner he demanded food, and the poor woman without hesitation opened the door of her cupboard and showed him all her precious supply.

When she had disclosed her stores to his greedy eyes, the villain motioned with his sharp knife toward the bare table, and understanding this to be direction to place food thereon she brought an abundant supply and covered the board with victuals of every description. While she was thus engaged her husband began to cough, and the murderer went on tip-toe to the bed, and displaying the keen blade of his knife, commanded him to lie back on his pillow, to which order the poor sufferer yielded trembling obedience. The three children all slept in a trundle bed together, and it was evident from the agitation of the cover that they were now awake, though dreadful fear kept them all as still as mice. From beneath a corner of the thin cover one eye of the little girl might have been noted, keeping constant watch upon her mother as she moved about the room. Now did the brutal scoundrel seat himself at table, and, without ceremony or compunction, proceed to devour like a ravenous animal such things as had been set before him. While with both hands he conveyed bits of food to his mouth, his hungry eyes roved over the numerous other good things with which the board was spread. When he had stuffed himself to his satisfaction, he rose, and taking from the



shelf a figured bedspread, which was the poor woman's pride, he opened it upon the floor and piled promiscuously on it as much food of every description as he could pack off. Going then up to the wife and mother, he held his sharp knife close to her throat, while a murderous gleam lit up his tangled eyes. He spoke no word, but she said afterward that he somehow conveyed to her his meaning—that they had better remain perfectly still in the house after his departure or he would return and destroy the entire family. Then he went away, carrying his entire stock of provisions on his shoulder.

They were all hushed for hours after he had left; indeed, they did not dare to stir until the darkness of night had fled and the sun of the following day was high in the heavens. Then, one of the neighbors happening to drop in, the fearful tale was told, the alarm was given, and the whole community again was thrown into fierce convulsion.

A great crowd in a few hours thronged and surged about the Hopson cottage as it had surged about the Bascombe place a fortnight before, when the old lady lay dying in the yard. Great was the tumult, loud and angry were the voices that arose on all sides, but vain was the endeavor to trace the midnight robber to his den, which, they knew, could not be far from the scene of his persistent outrages. The sheriff came as soon as he heard of the affair and began a fresh search, but could not unravel the mystery of the outlaw's lurking-place. Barns, haystacks, hollow trees, every possible place of concealment was subjected to minute scrutiny, but none gave up the villain whom all were seeking. No trace of the robber, house-burner and murderer could be found, and a feeling akin to consternation spread itself abroad in the community. None could guess

into whose house the deadly scoundrel would next seek to thrust his ugly visage at night without warning. Doors and shutters were fast bolted when the sun went down, and not opened again during the dark hours except at the summons of some well-known voice from without.

The negroes of the vicinity were, of course, more demoralized than the white people, and apprehension of being confronted with the now famous murderer accompanied them at every turn. In the somewhat lonely cabin of Patsy Kinchen there was especial trepidation, for the widow of the late Sandy was convinced the murderous foreigner had sworn vengeance in his wicked heart against the entire Kinchen family.

"I done told Pete," said Patsy, the lad's mother, to Pearson, when the latter stopped one day to see how they were getting on, in their new abode—"I done told Pete not for to go meanderin' up and down de country wid no business on his mind, but to take the warnin' by his daddy which is dead and gone, Lord help his soul! If Sandy had been in de bed dat night, whar he oughter been, he wouldn't a got kitched out from home and hung. 'Stidder dat he must be up and gwine, bound for nowhares in particular, with dat little dog, Jeneral Beauregard, at his heels. As for dat dog, Marse Ran, I hates to say a hard word of de dog, but he never set no good example for Sandy, and he don't exercise de right kind of influence over my boy now, no he don't. De dog ain't feerd of nothin', and Pete he ain't feerd of nothin', so, spite of all I kin do and say, here dey bofe goes, up and down, and cross country, and everywhere. One of dese days—mind what I tell you—in some out-of-de-way place, with nobody else in hol-lerin' distance, dey gwy run right slap on dat Flyin' Dutchman. Den whar'll they be?"

[To Be Continued]

# T H E H O M E

## LEAVES FROM AN OLD ALBUM

By Junia McKinley

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

IN a quaint, old-fashioned album, owned by an intimate friend of President Roosevelt's mother in her girlhood, are inscriptions by many of his maternal relatives. Among the first pages is found a favorite selection by his mother, Martha Bulloch, signed "Mittie," her pet household name, and after that, verses by his aunt, Anna L. Bulloch (afterward Mrs. James K. Gracie of New York) and a little verse with affectionate counsel signed "M. B.," inscribed by Martha Bulloch the elder, who was the president's grandmother. Further on are some original verses by Stewart Elliott, half-uncle of President Roosevelt. In the album are inscriptions original and quoted, by noted southern bishops, clergymen, statesmen and men of letters, and representative women of the old

South "before the war," written in the early fifties by people of the same exclusive social class to which the Bullochs of Georgia belonged.

Both Mittie (Martha) and Anna Bulloch were noted beauties and their favorite selections in verse were written in girlhood days in their girl friend's album while she was a Summer guest at Bulloch Hall, the family residence in Roswell, Georgia. The Bulloch girls were members of a strict Presbyterian household, where all the children were reared to care for the spiritual in contradiction to worldly aims in life. So, in these lines written by the young girls, it seems that all the glories of that glorious southern Summer, the bright days under cloudless skies, in sweet companionship with cherished friends, only reminded them of the deeper things of life and the joys of immortality. Truly were they lovely, dutiful and good, those gentle southern girls whose years of womanhood were destined to leave national impress. Mittie Bulloch, beautiful and queenly, to be blessed among women as the mother of a

*But they who kneel at Woman's shrine,  
Breathe on it as they bow.  
They may fling back the gift again  
But the crushed flower, will leave  
a stain."*

*Mittie Bulloch.*

*Roswell July 13<sup>th</sup> 1853.*

PHOTOGRAPHIC FACSIMILE OF VERSES WRITTEN IN AN OLD ALBUM BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MOTHER HALF A CENTURY AGO.

"The object of our fancied joys"  
 "With eager eye we keep in view."  
 "Possession, when acquired, destroys,"  
 "The object, and the passion too."

-----  
 This, dear young friend is true when  
 the object is entirely of a worldly nature.  
 But let your object, reach higher than  
 earth, and your aspirations be elevating  
 and spiritual, and you will find  
 that you will never experience  
 disappointment in pursuit, or dissatisfaction  
 in enjoyment.

M. B.

Roswell, July 13<sup>th</sup> 1853

PHOTOGRAPHIC FACSIMILE OF VERSES AND PROSE INSCRIBED IN AN OLD ALBUM BY THE  
 PRESIDENT'S GRANDMOTHER

great ruler whose name as president of the United States of America is honored among the nations of the earth.

Below are given selections from the old-fashioned memory book. Every page is full of the tender grace of the beautiful long ago, the balmy breathings of the fragrant blossom, love, "that, watered by the dews of loveliness and thought, maketh glad the garden of the heart."

The purity and delicacy of the favorite verses signed Mittie Bulloch reflect the character of the writer:

"I wouldst that thou mightst ever be  
 As beautiful as now;  
 That time would ever leave as free  
 Thy yet unwritten brow.  
 I would life were all poetry,  
 To gentle measures set;  
 That naught but chastened melody  
 Should dim thine eyes of light.

I would — but deeper things than these  
 With woman's love are wove;  
 Wrought by intenser sympathy and nerved  
 by deeper love.  
 By the strong spirit's discipline,  
 By the fierce wrong forgiven;  
 By all that wins the heart from sin  
 Is woman won to heaven.  
 The silver stars may purely shine,  
 The waters taintless flow,  
 But they who kneel at Woman's shrine  
 Breathe on it as they bow:  
 They may fling back the gift again  
 But the crushed flower will leave a stain."

[Inscribed by Martha Bulloch, mother of President Roosevelt.]

Then comes the little verse and affectionate advice to her daughter's cherished friend, and hers, signed M. B. (Martha Bulloch) grandmother of the president:

"The object of our fancied joys  
With eager eye we keep in view;  
Possession, when acquired, destroys  
The object, and the passion too.

"This, dear young friend, is true when the object is entirely of a worldly nature. But let your object reach higher than earth, and your aspirations be elevated and spiritual, and you will find that you will never experience disappointment in pursuit, or dissatisfaction in enjoyment."

M. B.

Roswell, July 13, 1853.

[Inscribed by Martha Bullock the elder, the President's grandmother.]

A few pages more, and one finds these lines inscribed by Anna L. Bulloch, written on that fair mid-Summer day so long ago, when all the beauty of blue skies and fragrant flowers seemed to her a radiant promise of never ending joy:

'The earth, all light and loveliness, in Summer's golden hour  
Smiles in her bridal vesture clad, and crowned with festal flowers  
So radiantly beautiful, so like to heaven above,  
We scarce can deem more fair that world of perfect bliss and love.

"Is this a shadow faint and dim, of that which is to come?

What shall the unveiled glories be of our celestial home,

Where waves the glorious tree of life, where streams of bliss gush free,  
And all is glowing in the light of immortality?

"To see again the home of youth, when weary years have passed,

Serenely bright, as when we turned and looked upon it last,

To hear the voice of love, to meet the rapturous embrace,

To gaze through tears of gladness on each dear, familiar face.

"Oh! this indeed is joy, though here we meet again to part,

But what transporting bliss awaits the pure and faithful heart,

Where it shall find the loved and lost, those who have gone before,

Where every tear is wiped away, where partings come no more."

Roswell, July 13th, 1853.

ANNA L. BULLOCH.

[Inscribed by Anna L. Bulloch, President Roosevelt's only maternal aunt.]

It remained for Stewart Elliott, half-brother of Mittie Bulloch, and son of former United States Senator Elliott, to give almost the only gleam of humor in the whole album in the following original verses written "just to please the girls" and signed Mathew Mattox.

#### THE MATHEMATICIAN TO HIS LOVE.

##### ADDRESS OF

I. PERBER LOYDE, ESQ., TO MISS POLLY NORMAL

Oh Polly Normal, cruel damsel,  
Whene'er I ask you to be mine  
You straightway fly off at a tangent  
And leave the room without a sine.

"Go mind my Ps and Qs," you murmur,  
"Make myself minus, vanish, fly."  
Why P and Q? in this equation  
There enters only U and I?!!

Behold these features thin and wasted  
Eliminating day by day  
In geometrical progression,  
Fractions vanishing away.

'Tis love for thee that has reduced me  
To lowest terms—so thin and spare,  
No longer rational — a surd!  
It that was once a perfect square!

When weary day with feeble step  
Hath gone to rest in evening's lap,  
No sleep for me—oh monstrous thought!  
I. Perber Loyde without a nappe!

I and U and all the world  
Am less than — o (minus sign)  
A function indeterminate  
As  $x$  or  $y$  (let  $xy = 9$ ).

Then cease this method of exhaustion;  
Extract the root of fell suspense  
From my poor bosom, darling Polly!  
And list to love and common sense.

MATHEW MATTOX,

Author of the "Differential Calculus in Hexameter."

[Inscribed by Stewart Elliott, half-brother of Martha Bulloch Roosevelt, the president's mother.]

Further on, these good, good wishes —

"As soft as falls the silken shade  
May every sorrow be,  
Which grief, or care, or hope delayed  
May ever cast on thee —  
And let each joy be pure and bright  
As dew on infant flowers,  
Some tender theme of new delight  
To cheer your pensive hours

And sweetly glide your hours away,  
 As music from the strings  
 Of woodland lyre, while o'er it strays  
 The pleasant gales of Spring —  
 And as a soft melodious lay  
 Dies on the still of even,  
 May your rapt spirit pass away,  
 And mingle into Heaven."

June 26, 1856.

H. C. S.

And this little goodbye from a "Summer girl" of fifty years ago:

"An adieu should in utterance die,  
 When written, faintly appear;  
 Only heard in the breath of a sigh,  
 Only seen in the fall of a tear."

## GARDEN HINTS FOR MARCH

By Eva Ryman Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

**E**VERY person who intends to have a garden, large or small, for flowers or for vegetables, should decide during this month what it shall contain, and every magazine or paper that ever treats of such subjects will be publishing advice of all sorts for the benefit of those who have land enough for a fairly large garden.

Because this is true, my hints for the month are intended for the thousands of National readers who live in cities and have but a tiny back yard, or perhaps not a foot of land, and think they cannot grow a few flowers; while they would laugh outright at the idea of attempting a vegetable garden.

The only requirements of a garden are good soil, moisture, sunshine and a little labor, and the one who has a fence, a wall, a door-step, a window-sill, or a bit of accessible roof where boxes may be placed, may order a load of good soil from some farmer and have a good vegetable garden in boxes.

Where the fence is of the close kind frequently seen between back yards in a city, put brackets near the top and place the boxes on them, to bring the garden up where it gets better light.

Radishes may be grown in such a garden and by putting in a few seeds when radishes are pulled for use an almost continuous crop can be maintained, or by sowing seeds of

both early and late varieties at the same time the same result may be obtained.

Dwarf peas, string beans of the dwarf variety, onions and other small stuff, including parsley and the kitchen herbs so invaluable to the cook, may be grown as easily as the radishes, while deeper boxes, or barrels, make "beds" in which tomatoes and cucumbers of the finest quality may be grown.

The cucumbers which ordinarily creep over the soil will trail over the sides of a barrel and make it decidedly ornamental, while the Japanese climbing variety grows as its name indicates. Tomatoes, too, may be had in climbing varieties for growing where they can be trained against a fence or trellis.

If the light will be right but the soil is poor, along a fence, dig it out deeply and replace with good, then plant seeds of such things as are wanted. Either pumpkin or squash vines will, with very little training, clamber all over a fence, and their luxuriant foliage and large yellow blossoms make a fine showing. Later, the fruits growing from day to day and changing from green to gold challenge the admiration of all, and at last furnish delicacies for the table.

This is not merely a pretty theory but a perfectly demonstrated fact and what was done in my neighbor's garden last year may be done as easily in yours this year.

Some of the climbing vegetable beans are as ornamental as the ones grown solely for their beauty and, like the things already named, serve a double purpose by furnishing enjoyment for both eye and palate.

It must be remembered that plants grown in boxes require watering oftener than those in the ground, but if never allowed to dry out they require less care in other ways. Usually they are planted more closely and cover the ground more completely so that weeds have less chance, and the ground being shaded by the plants, needs less cultivation.

If flowers are preferred to vegetables the same kind of garden is adapted to their culture, but never give up and feel that it is impossible to have a garden of some kind while it is possible to put an earth-filled box or barrel in any nook or corner, high or low, where it can be tended, and enjoyed.

Plant what you will, but for your own sake and that of others plant *something*, even though you live in a flat and have only a window-sill at your command.



## LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, **YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER.** You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

## DRYING RUBBER BOOTS QUICKLY

By L. G. VAIL  
Ravenna, Ohio

When your rubber boots get wet on the inside, to dry them quickly, thus saving temper and discomfort, fill them with dry oats. The oats should be first heated in an oven to thoroughly dry them. If very wet, replace the oats two or three times. The oats serve to absorb the moisture. A quick and effective way.

## TO CLEAN PANAMA HATS

By GRACE E. HARMER  
Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

Of equal portions of precipitated sulphur and oxalic acid mixed, take half a teaspoonful and dissolve in half a tumbler of cold water, then dip a clean sponge (not too wet) and pass over the hat until perfectly clean, then place in the sun to dry, after which the hat will look like new. Ten cents will cover the entire cost.

## BED-MAKING MADE EASY

By M. L. P.  
Avoca, New York

Put two loops made of strong tape or cloth, through which you can insert your hand, on each side of a mattress, and see how much more easily it can be lifted or turned.

## WATERING LITTLE CHICKS

By MARIA H. CLARK  
Galena, Ohio

The best way I find to water little chicks, is to fill a fat tin nearly full of pebbles, and pour in water. The chicks drink in the little pools between the pebbles and are kept from getting in the water with their feet.

To be successful with little chickens you must keep them dry and warm.

## WHEN CREAM IS THIN

By MISS BARTIE E. SCHOOLER  
Fairfax, Missouri

When cream is rather too thin or difficult to whip, add the white of an egg to each pint of cream; the whipping can be accomplished much more easily, and the flavor of the cream not changed in the least.

## NATURE'S WAY

By E. J. P.

Ipswich, Massachusetts

If those troubled with constipation or inactive bowels will try this remedy, much distress and doctor's bill will be avoided. Mix two cups of fine wheat bran with one cup of pastry flour. Then add one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoon saleratus dissolved in one and one-quarter cups sweet milk. Mix well. An egg improves but not essential. Bake in gem tins and eat one gem at each meal or twice a day as needed.

## REVERSE THE BOBBIN

By MISS E. M. DARRINGTON  
Yazoo City, Mississippi

If, when sewing on a machine, the upper thread keeps snapping without apparent cause, reverse the bobbin in the shuttle; i. e., take the bobbin out and put it back the other end foremost.

## COMBING BLANKETS

By ADA CRANDALL  
Union City, Michigan

We are all partial to the soft, fleecy blankets in cold winter, but alas, they soon lose their beauty by the fleeco wearing up in little rolls. They can be removed by taking a clean, coarse comb and combing lengthwise of the blanket, to a smooth, fleecy blanket again.

## MAKES SOLES LAST LONGER

By MRS. J. L. RITCHIE  
Northfield, Ohio

To make shoe soles last, soak them in linseed oil for one or two days; do not get any oil on the uppers, as the oil makes them stiff. This will make them last twice as long as they otherwise would.

## MAKING STOVE-PIPES FIT

By ALLEN EARLY  
Waco, Texas

If you should have an odd size stove, and your piping is too large for it, cut a slit about five inches up one end, lap over the ends and fasten with a brad. This is an easy, simple and very effectual manner to make the piping fit.

## TEACHING BABY TO KICK

By MRS. J. C. H.  
Buffalo, New York

Make baby's night gown long and put a draw string in the bottom instead of fastening the bed covering with safety pins.

## IMPROVES THE POPCORN

By MRS. J. W. YALE  
Middletown Springs, Vermont

To pop corn that has become dry and hard, shell the corn and soak in cold water for fifteen or twenty minutes; drain off the water (have a very hot fire) and put in a small quantity of corn or your popper will overflow. The kernels will be large, flaky, tender and crisp.



# **Note and Comment**

## **By Frank Putnam**

### **A FEW REMARKS ON THE EXPOSURE INDUSTRY**

**I**F you have read and thought upon the six chapters of Michael A. Lane's social study lately published in this magazine, under the collective title *Man in Perspective*, you have probably formed a clearer, kinder judgment of the faults of modern society than you otherwise would have formed. For Mr. Lane has made plain to us, as no other contributor to current economic discussion has done, the causes of the good and the bad conditions in the social organization of our time. Remove causes and you make cures possible.

#### **I**

On every hand we hear the roar of "exposures" and prosecutions—every one of them, as far as I can learn, amply warranted by the facts developed, and every one beneficial to society. To particularize:

Everybody's Magazine exposes corruption in the big life insurance companies and in the vast stock companies floated from Wall Street to absorb the

surplus savings of the people not already gathered into the coffers of the life insurance companies or other benevolent enterprises projected by the Hydes, Harrimans, Ryans, McCalls, McCurdys, Rogerses and their ilk.

Success Magazine treats us to an exposure of the mad and heartless extravagances of the very rich.

In McClure's Magazine we learn how so-called "business-men" join with cheap politicians to plunder the cities; how the railways, in criminal partnership with the larger commercial and industrial monopolies (the Standard Oil Company and the Chicago Beef Trust are examples) make a mock of the right of every citizen to equal privileges with every other citizen in the use of these our public highways, and levy vast, unjust charges upon all the people.

Comes now the Cosmopolitan, guided by the strong hands of Wm. R. Hearst, its new owner, and Bailey Millard, its new editor, and proposes to expose "The Treason of the Senate"—otherwise known as The House of Stealth.

Senators and the huge corporations they really represent, jealous and fearful of President Roosevelt's popularity with

the people, instigate exposures of public works going forward under his direction; of the misdemeanors of his household servants; of the policy he adopted to restore order and peace in the negro republic of Santo Domingo; of the Panama canal-digging (where, if there are any political incompetents holding jobs, it is safe to say they were jammed in by club-swinging senators—as happened when the army lists were stuffed with sapheaded “sons of their fathers” during the war with Spain) and so forth. Right here it is worth noting that most of the people and the papers that are yelping about Roosevelt’s “imperialistic tendencies” would never utter a yelp if he were running with the System instead of against it.

This probably does not exhaust the list of the exposures, but it will serve to indicate their wide range.

## II

Our appetites grow with what they feed upon. There is still a lively demand for more exposures and more exciting ones. The public seems desirous of hearing the worst as soon as possible. I have often been reproached because the National “did not do its share” of the exposing.

Bless your hearts, dear brother kickers, the National *has* done its share. We were not satisfied merely to stake out a particular group or party or class of sinners and expose them. We went right down to bedrock and in the quiet, simply written but profound chapters done by Mr. Lane we have indicted the whole human race. We have exposed human nature. If you thought that, amid the general crash of systems and wreck of reputations, you could escape, you were mistaken. Everyone of us is included in the general indictment.

It is charged against us,

- 1—That, rising from a strenuous but fairly prosperous career on all-fours, we are inherently selfish, and that

our generous impulses and “human” instincts are acquired;

- 2—That our selfish instincts are still so strong that anyone of a very great majority of us, if he had the brains of Rockefeller, say, and Rockefeller’s chance (were born in the right place at the right time) would have made precisely as bad, and possibly worse, use of his powers as Rockefeller has made of his;

- 3—That when we expose the wickedness of other, stronger men, we expose a wickedness that is inherent (and seldom dormant) in ourselves, lacking only the imagination and force of the stronger man to launch us upon society, there to prey as plously and as joyously as these our most prominent pirates have preyed upon us;

- 4—Finally, that upon the above showing of facts it is found to be not safe for the majority to trust anyone of us to exercise the enormous power that some few of us now do exercise.

## III

I doubt if Mr. Lane meant to expose us in this fashion. He is one of the quiet but dynamic breed whose passion is to gain facts at first hand from every open source, in order that, generalizing these facts into truths, we may know ourselves. He and his kind are content to allow others practically to apply the knowledge they uncover. In his *Man in Perspective* he has written for us (as he might have written it for children, knowing how busy we all are in doing the non-essential things) the story of what and who we are, whence we came, how we got here and what we are up to, now that we are here. If he adventures a forecast of where we are going, what conditions we may arrive at on this earth, he does so in the calm, logical temper of the scientific investigator, who has no ax to grind, no material interest to serve with the conclusion that he will arrive at.

His exposure explains and justifies all the others—the little local exposures conducted by our contemporaries. Men still do savage deeds because they are still savages, and for no other reason. We have kept the way open to the commission of the crimes of greed that we see are taking place all around us, not because we believed them to be moral and praiseworthy deeds, but because we wanted a chance for ourselves or our sons to do these deeds and reap such rewards as their doers have reaped.

And if now a majority of us agree that these deeds (the private monopolizing of public highways, for example) are no longer bearable by society, we reach that agreement only because we do not any longer see a chance for ourselves or our sons to do the monopolizing.

We now oppose the scattering and sheep-like self-protecting selfishness of the stupid majority against the aggressive selfishness of the wisely organized minority who are the present monopolists.

But, since we see that none of us is honest enough, or unselfish enough, to be trusted, either as man or chartered corporation, to own and operate the public highways, what shall we do with them when, exercising the right and power of a majority—of even a very stupid majority, and never forget that, my masters!—we take them out of the hands of the men who now pretend to own and actually operate them?

Plainly, the only answer to that is,—we must have common and equal control of them, and our theoretical right of equality must rest upon the solid, practical fact of common and equal ownership. And that fact must in turn rest upon the character of the individual: the individual must be sane and he must be honest. At present it is seriously doubted, (by the men who manage his estate for him) that he is either sane or honest. They think he is a good deal of a fool, inasmuch as he doesn't greatly

resent being deprived of the finer pleasures of life, nor seeing his family so deprived, alongside the wealth and luxury of his managers and their families. And they know he isn't any more honest than they are because they notice that whenever an uncommonly able member of his class rises into the managing class, he promptly develops the same sort of appetite that they have, and adopts their identical methods of satisfying it.

The managing class is content to let matters stand as they are—they managing, we managed. The majority of us appear to be not satisfied as well as the managing class, and to desire a change. If our vitality as a people is exhausted, we shall never escape from the clutches of the present monopolists, but will fall constantly lower in their estimation and our own; if we are still vigorous, still fit to be free we shall find a way.

#### IV

So with those other monuments to the wise selfishness of the thinking minority and the stupid selfishness of the merely emotional majority of us,

**1—The so-called protective tariff system.**

**2—Our murderous despotism in the Philippines.**

The wise minority knew that the "protective" tariff would protect *them*—from foreign competition; and they knew it it would *not* protect the stupid majority (makers and consumers of "their" products) from extortion at *their* hands—after we, artfully persuaded by the wise minority, had denied ourselves the most elementary natural right and the most powerful agent of civilization, Freedom of Trade. The minority never intended that the *laborer* should be protected against the competition of cheap foreign labor, and they do not intend that he shall be today, if they can prevent it: witness the importa-

tion ("encouraged" immigration) of millions of Europeans in an ever-descending scale of fitness for free citizenship, and for the sole and only purpose of beating down the wages of the laborers in the "protected" industries. Witness, too, the rising demand of the wise minority that we shall now open our gates to admit the cheap labor of China. Is this not Satanic irony, the wise minority's devotion to "protection" against foreign products and its equally fervent advocacy of free trade in foreign labor? Mark Twain never created a situation one-half as funny as this.

The wise minority, (which never heard of the Philippine Islands until Dewey smashed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay (thought it saw a chance to get richer by robbing the Filipinos with one graft or another. The stupid emotional majority of us thought we saw in the same situation a chance to get something for nothing, even though we knew (by that subconscious process that with us of the majority serves instead of thought) that we should get that something only by proxy. So, in a wild hurrah of hungry greed, all hands charged across our outer walls, trampling the Constitution of the United States, the charter of our own liberties, into the mud as we ran, and we took possession of the Asiatic islands.

I judge from certain benevolent intimations—certain solemn reminders of our high duty to humanity—now proceeding from organs and spokesmen of the wise minority, that in the Philippine deal the w. m. has decided to take its loss and quit. The w. m. seems to have made up its mind that in this instance it *bought* the gold brick; and that the best thing we can do is to sell it to some other sucker and hike home with the proceeds.

There are even signs that painful and unaccustomed thought is fermenting in the thick skulls of the stupid majority

of us, on this question. It slowly dawns on us that the best we have ever got or can hope to get out of the Philippines is a steady dirty job without salary, and paying all our own expenses. The white man's burden begins to gall us where we live—in our pockets. We of the majority, being quite as hypocritical in our stupid way as the wise minority, will presently proclaim our deep conviction that under our leadership and the guidance of an all-wise God the Filipinos have reached a point in their development where they may be trusted to walk alone among the nations. And we will shake their hands affectionately on the front doorsteps, wish them long life and happiness, and wink one eye at John Bull peering around the near corner of the house. What John does to them after we leave will be John's fault, not ours. We will be satisfied to have got rid of them, and we may by that time have got sense enough to invest our "benevolent assimilation fund," or what there is left of it, in developing the home farm. Then we will spend the rest of our days laying the blame for the Philippine fiasco on each other and in swearing *we* never had any lot or part in it, save god-like protest.

Jesting aside, I always regretted our siezing the Philippines, (you see I mean to beat the rest of you to a disclaimer) and there has not been a day since we did take them, until very lately, when I believed we might be induced to let them go. Today it does not seem impossible. There are murmurs of disgust with the job, in a good many quarters. Men of the flag-forever sort—so patriotic they can't help bragging about it at every opportunity—are quietly saying they "don't believe anyone would kick very hard if we did drop the load." One of these men is well acquainted with sentiment at Washington, and he tells me it is a feeling generally shared down there.



What we ought to do, he says, and I agree with him, is to let the Filipinos set up a republic—the first in the Far East—and make a joint agreement with Germany, Japan, France and Great Britain—our natural allies on most international propositions—warning other nations to keep hands off them. We would win their love and the world's admiration by such a course—incidentally saving several hundred millions of dollars, and getting back to a reign of law on our own account. Kings and sycophants would sneer at us—but the real men in every land would think better of us for it. If Theodore Roosevelt should lead the nation to this step, his fame would shine bright forever. With all our faults, we of the great stupid majority love the memory of just men, generous men. My little son, slowly stumbling his way one evening through a history of the American Revolution, looked up to me with flashing eyes, and in tones of savage hatred and contempt, he said: "What a villain that Arnold was!" Even as now we teach our children to loathe the memory of traitors, so shall the little children of the future be taught to loathe the memory of "conquerors"—the fierce ravagers of mankind. I like the man Theodore Roosevelt so very much that I ardently wish he might crown his fame with successful action in this, the noblest opportunity that has been offered to any American president since Lincoln's day.

### V

Although we have thought it needful thus to expose human nature in the mass (if for no other reason, then merely to explain the whirling host of little local exposures in the pages of our beloved contemporaries) and to cite certain specific proofs supporting the exposure, we do not despair of the race. We believe in man—with some limitations as set forth above. Our optimism is founded in such long-range observations as we

find expressed in a certain quaint and merry little rhyme wafted to this desk by some anonymous hand a day or two ago, and which reads as follows:

### MISTER HOMO

Yesterday he sallied forth, ax in hand,  
for slaughter;

Skin-clad, hunger-mad, ravening for  
prey:

Note him now at Vassar, visiting his  
daughter,—

"Dear Dad—so glad to have you here  
today!"

Pretty good for Homo, eh?—weighing  
circumstances?

How he rose, God knows; the rest of  
us forget.

Some think he's going back; / like his  
chances,—

Hustle, Mister Homo, and we'll all  
be happy yet.

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THE federal courts of the United States outshine even the federal senate in the service of plutocracy at the expense of plain democracy. In his book entitled "The New Star Chamber," Edgar Lee Masters tells you how and why the federal courts have come to be the main reliance of organized wealth. Mr. Masters is a lawyer, partner of Clarence Darrow (celebrated alike as author, lawyer, trade union defender and advocate of public ownership of public property) and he strikes straight from the shoulder in this book. Now, a lawyer who denounces the judiciary is either a fool or a patriot. I will not consider here the opinion of those pliant persons who regard the two terms as interchangeable. The average reformer fights like a writer; Mr. Masters writes like a fighter. You should get this book and read it. He does less than justice to Roosevelt, in my opinion, but he calls the turn on the worst "Enemies of the Republic" in our day more, precisely and forcefully than any of the magazine "exposers" have done. (*The Hammett Publishing Co., Chicago.*)

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# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII.

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**Notice to Contributors:** We are always glad to read stories, poems, essays and illustrated articles on American themes, especially those by new writers, and we make every effort to return mss. offered for our examination; but we cannot be responsible for unsolicited contributions. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope to insure the safe return of your manuscript.

Frank Putnam, Managing Editor.

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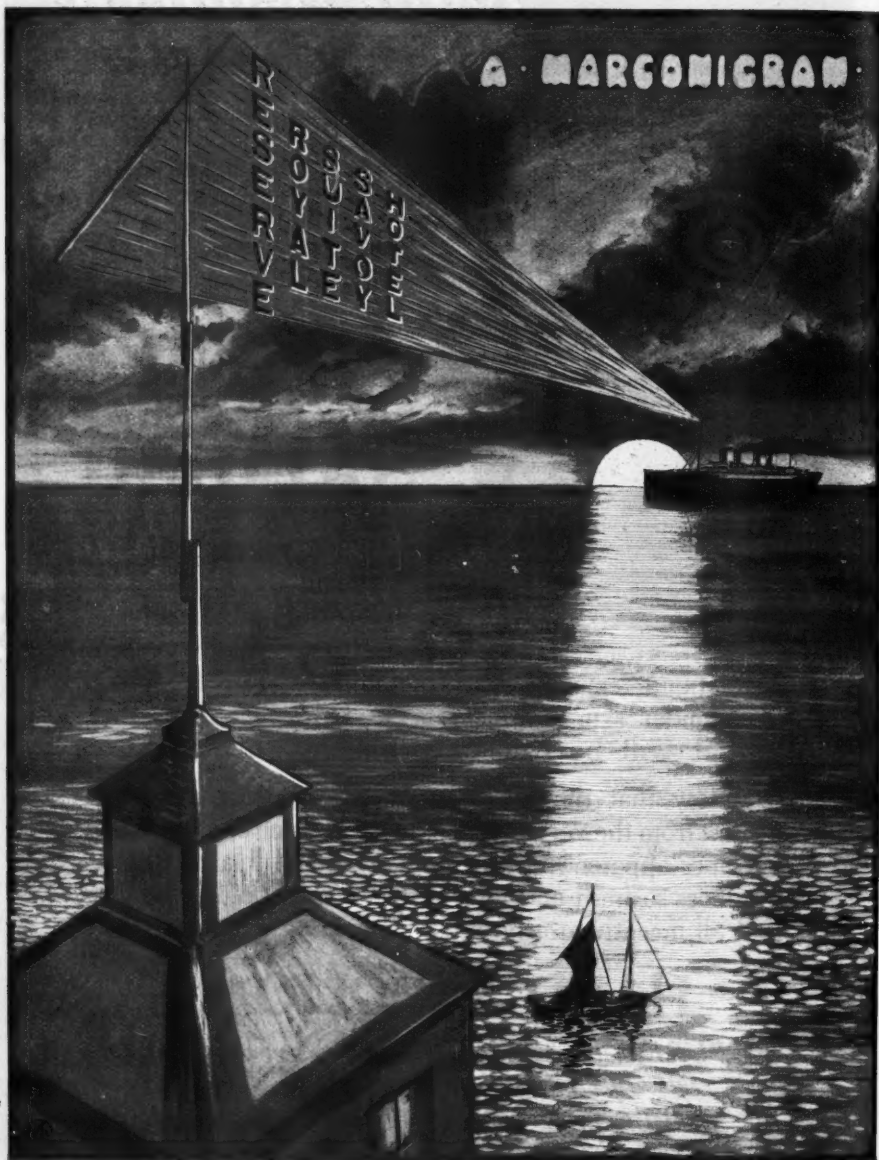
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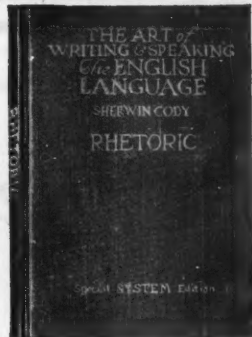
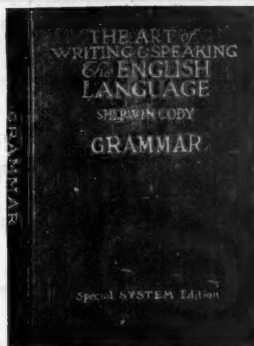
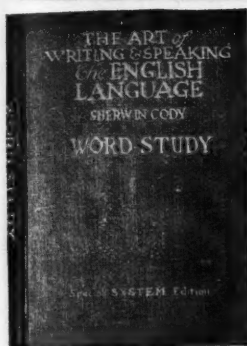


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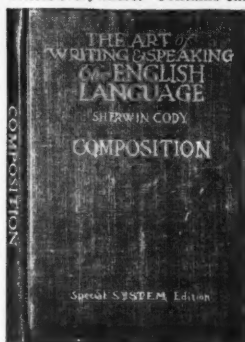
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T. I. BISSELL.

BOSCAWEN, N. H., Jan. 2, 1906.

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WYANDOTTE, I. T., Jan. 8, 1906.

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SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, Dec. 30, 1905

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DEPARTMENT OF PROGRESSIVE ADVERTISERS

# NOTTAHOOK

## Garment Fastener



It's in  
the SLIDE

Have You SEEN Them?  
Have You USED Them?

They are something new and the very best garment fastener you can buy. Cost no more than the ordinary kind.

They slide shut and *stay* shut. "Just slide them open."

They are flat, strong and on the garment altogether invisible. Cannot catch or tear the garment.

Guaranteed not to rust.

Cuffs and Collars fit snug and secure if you use Number 60, the smallest Nottahook.

Number 25 on tape as a skirt supporter holds your skirt and waist together without the least sagging.

For the placket and back or front of waist, Number 55 on tape (mercerized) is perfect.

The reason we advocate the use of Nottahook tape goods is because the Nottahooks are riveted to the tape by machine at the Factory. All you need to do is to sew the tape on your waist or placket and it outwears a dozen waists or skirts. Being riveted on tape there are no threads that will cut or pull loose.

With Nottahooks in the house you have a Garment Fastener that does away with the use of Hooks and Eyes, Pins and Buttons. You have a Garment Fastener that can be sewed on

1st YOUR PLACKET

2nd YOUR WAIST

3rd YOUR COLLARS AND CUFFS

4th YOUR CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

IF YOUR DEALER WILL NOT SUPPLY YOU WITH NOTTAHOOKS

send 12 cents in stamps and we will send you by mail prepaid sufficient Nottahooks for your Placket, also one Nottahook Tape Skirt Supporter—OR—Send 50 cents in stamps and we will send you sufficient Nottahook Skirt Supporters for four Waists and two Skirts, Nottahooks to sew on your Placket and enough for the front, collars and cuffs of a Waist. **STATE COLOR WANTED.** Sew-ons in Black and Nickel-Tape Goods in Black, White and Gray.

With the *50-Cent Assortment*, if you will send us your *dealer's name* and the name of your dressmaker we shall send you **FREE** a beautifully embossed Panel 5 x 18, handsome enough to frame and hang on your parlor wall. State color of panel wanted—Gold, Bronze, Helle.

Canvassing agents can make good money by selling Nottahooks. Correspondence from dressmakers solicited.

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## What're Your Brains Worth



**D**OES your head help make money for you, or are you on the treadmill of business, forced to keep step with others who exist on the pay received for machine-like work?

Every normal man is born with HIS SHARE OF BRAINS, just as surely as he is born with two eyes. The USE he makes of his brains marks the DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HIM AND THE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL MEN of the world who have put themselves under our instruction for a THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF ADVERTISING.

No matter what vocation you may choose, a knowledge of advertising is an absolute requirement for you to make a success of it. Whether you expect to be a merchant, manufacturer, financier, a professional man, or a PRACTICAL ADVERTISEMENT WRITER, COMMANDING FROM \$25.00 TO \$100.00 A WEEK, you must have, first of all, the knowledge of advertising we give, by mail. Our preparation places you on an equality with men who have spent a lifetime "working up" to their present position. It enables you to forge rapidly ahead, because the untrained man of the "working up" process cannot compete with the scientifically trained PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE. This has been demonstrated time and again.

Just see the way Mr. C. L. Buschman of the METAL ELASTIC MANUFACTURING COMPANY, of Indianapolis, has built up his factory through his advertising knowledge gained with us. Here is his letter:

Page-Davis Company, Indianapolis, June 20th, 1905.  
Gentlemen: I did not know a thing about advertising and was of the opinion it could only be done by "witty" persons or those who possessed some peculiar knowledge. I now believe any person who goes through the common schools can learn to write good advertisements. I LEARNED MORE IN SIX MONTHS WITH YOU THAN IN TEN YEARS IN BUSINESS. Thanking you for all the benefits and wishing you much success, I am  
Sincerely yours, C. L. Buschman.

If, like Mr. Buschman, you are interested in a business which you are anxious to develop, you will find that our advertising course will help you to push it rapidly ahead.

You realize that advertising is the GREATEST BUSINESS IN THE WORLD, but perhaps you have no definite idea just how you can enter the field after learning it. Acquire the knowledge and the way will open up just as it did for J. B. Fisk, in the little town of Escanaba, Mich., who took the stand that if others could make more money by learning advertising he could do the same, even though he couldn't figure out just how he would apply this knowledge. He is now advertising manager for one of the largest establishments in Michigan.

The man who leaves his home and his business friends to go to a distant city where he believes better opportunities await him, will meet with greater success if he has a knowledge of advertising. There is George Wilson, an Englishman, who had little idea of what he should do after he found he was but one of hundreds seeking every position that opened as bookkeeper. Fortunately for him the advertising business was brought to his notice. Read how this was done:

Page-Davis Company, Spokane, Wash., June 6th, 1905.  
Gentlemen: Just two years ago I landed on American soil, from England. Within a week after landing, I could have had a position as ADVERTISEMENT WRITER in a DEPARTMENT STORE AT \$100.00 A MONTH, but was not capable of filling it.  
Determined that I would be capable some day—I took a course with you—graduated in due time—and am now holding down a better position than the one I could not accept at first. Need I say that I am enthusiastic over the PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL? Need I say that on every possible occasion I tell my friends that the PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL is absolutely reliable—that it fulfills to the letter every promise made? To sum up, the PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL transformed me from a book-keeper with very little success ahead of me to a practical advertisement writer with prospects unlimited.  
Yours sincerely, George Wilson.

We will gladly send you, free, our large prospectus about OUR SCHOOL, write you concerning OUR OWN OPPORTUNITIES in the advertising business and give our opinion of it—the whole matter gratis. Write today and you'll hear from us by return mail.

### PAGE-DAVIS CO.

Address either office  
90 Wabash Avenue  
CHICAGO  
150 Nassau Street  
NEW YORK



**FILL IN NAME AND ADDRESS AND SEND THIS COUPON**  
Page-Davis Company. Send me, without cost, your prospectus and all other information.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State..... 34

**RUBIFOAM**  
The Perfect Liquid Dentifrice  
**REIGNS SUPREME.**

Its Consort:—  
**THE TOOTH BRUSH.**

Its Subjects:—  
**THE TEETH.**

Its Domain:—  
**THE WIDE WORLD.**

Its Motto:—  
**"BEST for ALL;  
ALL  
for the BEST."**

## WOOLEN HINTS

FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS  
and see how **CLEAN—  
SOFT** and **FLUFFY** your  
Woolens and Flannels will  
be. Wash Woolens and Flannels  
by hand in lukewarm

# Pearline

suds, Rinse thoroughly in warm  
water, Wring dry, Pull and  
shake well, Dry in warm tem-  
perature, and they will **KEEP  
SOFT** without shrinking.



# All Woolens Need Pearline



## SOUTHWARD ON THE SEABOARD AIR LINE

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

**Y**OU remember in your old school geographies one date which stands out prominently and cannot be obliterated from your memory—that is “1492, Columbus discovered America.” The next remarkable date that comes to mind is when Ponce de Leon discovered Florida.

A glance at the old geography and the sting of the biting blasts of Boreas suggested it, and, as naturally as in Spring-time “the young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,” did my thoughts turn southwards to Florida and the charming climate of the tropical Winter. A study of a railroad folder intensified the conviction that it was about time I was discovering Florida. Readers of the National, cosily gathered about the stoves, registers, radiators and fireplaces of the North will like to read

of the American Riviera. It is difficult to repress the old, old longing, but I deny that I followed the impulse of Ponce de Leon, who went to Florida to search for the fountain of perpetual youth—for who could lose youth and hope with such associates as our readers! In fact, I have concluded that the fountain of youth, vigor and enterprise will not be found in the tropics, but rather in the temperate zones, where activity is more easily kept up.

Standing on Broadway in New York City my decision was made to go South, for it was here that I engaged in the study of a highly colored poster showing a palm grove and a train dashing through it. There was a thermometer, too, that cleverly suggested what a variety of climate may be experienced by the traveler of our age, in the Winter months, within

## SOUTHWARD ON THE SEABOARD AIR LINE

a period of twenty-four hours. Shortly after high noon the journey was begun on the Seaboard Air Line, and at evening we passed through the national capital, then on to Richmond at a somewhat swifter pace than that at which General McClellan and his army moved in the years gone by.

The traveler begins to feel romantic when he touches Virginian soil, for the history of the old Dominion State is replete with great events, and in Richmond, as you look out upon the red soil and forests of the landscape, memories come surging up of Washington and the seven presidents whom this state furnished the nation and it seems as though the curtain had been drawn back for a glimpse of the past and the stormy events of a bygone century. From the handsome Richmond terminal, elevated far above the streets, in the few moments which the train remains, one obtains a bird's-eye view of the city that has played so important a part in American history.

Visions were called up of the dramatic day when Abraham Lincoln went to Richmond and walked with bared head to the White House of the confederacy, recently vacated by Jefferson Davis. From the car window at Fredericksburg we looked upon that disastrous battle scene, where the defeat of Burnside took place in 1862. Below Richmond, at Petersburg, memories of Stonewall Jackson and Barbara Frietchie come to mind. The old brick mills near the track are deserted and the bitter memories of the Titanic struggle at Petersburg have been swept away or effaced in the tide of prosperity flowing into the new South of today. It was in this city that General Winfield Scott was born and raised, in sight of the old church built in 1738 of brick brought from England. This was one of the oldest churches in Virginia, and on the ruins someone has inscribed:

"Lone relic of the past! old mouldering pile,  
Where twines the ivy round its ruins gray."

One cannot pass through Virginia, nor even mention the name of the state, without recalling Robert E. Lee. What more thrilling pictures are there in history than his inspiring career afford, or what more vivid contrast can be found than his later days, when he looked peacefully down from the teacher's rostrum into the eyes of the sons of those soldiers who followed his fortunes during the war! No wonder that the Southern women economized and made every possible sacrifice to have their sons educated at the old Washington and Lee university.

Here, too, the traveler seems to hear faint echoes of patriotic Patrick Henry's impetuous declaration,

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

What American boy or girl has not heard of that scene in old St. John's Church as the ringing tones came from the pew where the orator stood, while listening people afterward declared that they felt "sick with excitement." How often since have these words been heard from the lips of "young America" all over the country, and how often will they thrill generations yet unborn, making them better Americans and better men and women!

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At Petersburg I was interested in noticing that the old embankments which in former years were used for warfare and carnage are now capped by the gleaming steel of railways, which presage the prosperity of the new South, and this prosperity is very apparent in Henderson, N. C., the old tobacco center, which is the scene of industrial enterprise.

It was delightful to stop off at Norlina



## SOUTHWARD ON THE SEABOARD AIR LINE

for an evening meal in the old hotel. The pines and magnolias outside seemed to whisper a true Southern welcome. Of course there were hot bisuits, ham and eggs, mince pie and milk. The line from Norlina to Richmond has been constructed within the last seven years, and this connection has done a great deal in bringing the South and North into close contact, bridging the chasm of Civil war. This little link has made the great systems of the South an important factor in welding and unifying the nation, for the thrifty Yankee is working wonders in the South, bringing prosperity not to be so easily secured in any other way, and vice-versa, the Southerner in New England soon comes to see how necessary each section is to the other in the upbuilding of the "Union—one and inseparable."

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A long stop at Raleigh, N. C., where, occupied by colored people stands a cabin in which Andrew Johnson was born and from which he ran away to the wilds of Tennessee. At Waxhaw, N. C., the traveler may look upon the birth place of Andrew Jackson, whose birthday was being celebrated in all parts of the country the day I passed through this city on my way South. The governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina were not present the day we crossed the border into the land of Sumter and Marion, where the rice fields brought the first dawn of prosperity to the American colony, but the fertility of that hospitable and historic country is apparent. It was at Camden, S. C. that Baron De Kalb was killed and buried, and it was here that Lafayette laid the corner stone of the De Kalb monument in 1824. Everywhere are relics of Colonial days, and part of the entrenchments of Cornwallis are also visible, where lies the grave of "Agnes of Glasgow." She was the Scottish lassie who came to America in

search of her soldier lover. She reached the camp only to learn that he was dead, and when she herself soon passed away within the lines, the soldiers carved upon the stone all they knew of her, "Agnes of Glasgow."

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These old times have passed forever, and the very conductor on the train gives a glimpse of the character of the New South. Ever courteous, with the most mellifluous of voices, delightful as George Ade's "College President," our conductor gave me information without stint, and every passenger in the train was made to feel that he was the guest of the company on that trip, whether the traveler happened to be the holder of a first class ticket or occupier of a seat in the "Jim Crow" car. The courtesy of the smooth faced man, with the two gold stripes on his uniform, was indeed refreshing.

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At Southern Pines a large contingent of the passengers left for Pinehurst. Now when you mention GOLF you must always think of Pinehurst, that incomparable retreat which has become the popular rendezvous of wealth and fashion during Winter months. I had not my golf sticks with me, so I did not stop off. I don't mind letting you into a secret and admitting that if I had golf sticks they would not have been of much use to me, as the only golf sticks I have ever learned to handle are the axe, the hoe and the rake—I can use a broom if necessary. I sometimes think if the same amount of energy that is expended in golfing were applied upon the cultivation of the soil, the land would all blossom as the rose, while the cultivators would have fresh air and exercise, and not have to work much harder than they do now in pursuit of pleasure. However, the axe, the hoe and the rake have not yet become fashionable, though the use of the golf sticks is certainly an approach toward it and may be regarded



## SOUTHWARD ON THE SEABOARD AIR LINE

as a step in the right direction, for it brings the players into the open air and indicates an appreciation of the value of muscular development.

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In Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, there are many memories of the tragedies of the Civil War and of Sherman's march to the sea. After its destruction the city arose from the ashes and is now one of the most charming in the South. The old State House was one of the few buildings not destroyed by fire, and on it appear the marks of Sherman's cannon balls. It seems as though the facts of history are never clearly grasped until one has visited the scene of the events chronicled. I was interested in learning of the strong loyalist feeling which existed in the South in the days prior to the Revolution, and it is singular that out of this same South should have come the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence—evidently "extremes meet."

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Entering Savannah it was difficult to believe that this city was held by the royalists for nine months, prevailing against Count Pulaski and other allies fighting for the American cause and the freedom of the country: the final battle may be called the Bunker Hill of the South, being one of the bloodiest of the entire campaign. The people of Savannah feel just pride in the fact that some of the powder used in the battle of Bunker Hill was sent from their city, having been taken from the government stores.

When Oglethorpe founded Savannah and lived on Bay Street—every Southern town seems to have its "Bay Street"—he intended the new city as a refuge for the imprisoned debtors of England; his relations with the Indians form one of the bright pages in the calendar of our dealings with the red men.

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It was to Savannah that John and

Charles Wesley came in 1736, and it is claimed that the Sunday school which they opened there was the first in America.

It was here that Charles Wesley wrote many of those hymns which are still sung throughout the world.

Twenty-four hours after leaving the chilling blasts of New York, I found myself on the streets of Jacksonville, the energetic and thriving "gateway of Florida." Well paved streets, skyscrapers and a harbor filled with shipping are among the characteristics of this city. The war vessel Florida was in the St. Johns River. Little evidence remains of the terrific fire of 1901, but everything appears to date from that. The visitor is given information regarding the scourge of fever in '88, and the shocking massacres in early days are not forgotten, but "the fire" is the inevitable date for all local history.

With three great trunk lines centering here, Jacksonville is truly an important port and distributing point on the Atlantic coast. The city owns its own lighting and water plants, and as we passed by the water works it was remarked, "There is no graft there."

So, of course, we all took a second look. The spirit of enterprise is manifest on every side. Electric power is furnished for seven cents per kilowatt. Municipal water and light have proved a successful venture and have been operated by the city with much profit.

Here was a glimpse of palm trees.

Palmetto Road is a beautiful boulevard with double rows of trees beside the grass plat which runs down the middle of the roadway. The handsome residences on either side make up a street of rare beauty.

Along the line from Savannah I was interested in the great turpentine groves. A box is first made in the trunk of the tree and then the bark is trimmed off year by year to about six or eight feet high, but care is taken not to entirely

## SOUTHWARD ON THE SEABOARD AIR LINE

girdle the tree as it will continue to grow so long as the depleted ring does not entirely encircle the trunk. The great forest of turpentine trees looked as though wearing knickerbocker stockings, as seen from the car window.

There are swamps, of course, and one can look upon the rice fields and the cotton fields near by, which are drawing the wealth of the world, for cotton we must have. On either side of the train at night, through the Carolinas, one looks upon the brilliantly lighted factories of the South. It may be that there are some crying evils in these factories,

but regulations can mend them and the development of the people has been marvelous along industrial lines, owing to these enterprises. For what was their condition before as compared with now?

The dull and hopeless isolation which deadened all ambition has been dissipated, and the children need no longer grow up in the dense ignorance shown by the alarming figures of illiteracy in the South. Give them a chance to earn a livelihood and come into contact with their fellow beings, stimulating ambition and resolution.

## TALES OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN CITY

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

**T**HERE was evidence on every side that the tourist season had begun. Jacksonville is an important terminal point, for here the through trains stop and here one looks upon the bright yellow cars of the Florida East Coast Line, which has won the reputation throughout the world of being one of the best equipped roads yet built. When you traverse the East Coast of Florida in luxury, you begin to realize that railroads are the revolutionary force of the world. On every side there was much to suggest the advent of the New South. I had reached the land of magic, and no wonder I retired with a keen anticipation of what I might see on awaking, for I was now entering enchanted Florida.

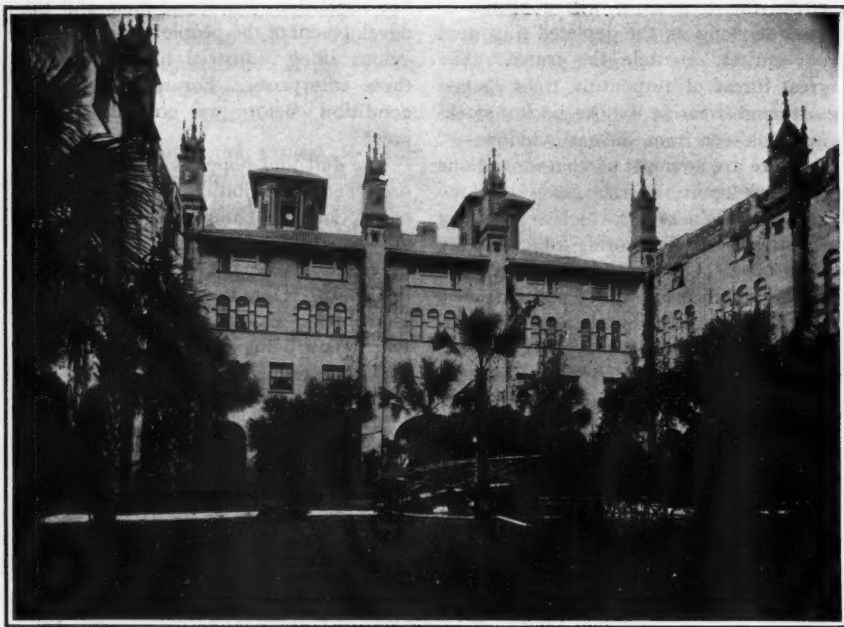
On the handsome parlor cars of the Florida East Coast line I left Jacksonville in the afternoon for the oldest city in the United States, possessed with a feverish anxiety to look upon this quaint old town with historic memories. The

moment I boarded that train I thought of the man who had made possible all this exodus to the South. This is his railroad. This is the great country which he has helped so largely to develop. Florida, Flagler and Vim seemed to paraphrase in my mind the "F. F. V." of the South, for all these systems reach out far into the South, converging toward Florida, the Paradise of America.

In the afternoon glow, I looked upon the great forests of stately pines, behind which was the orange flush of the sunset. Forests were on either side of the track, recalling the fact that almost every inch of this ground had been stubbornly contested with the ancient, incorrigible Seminoles, who retreated to these glades and never were conquered by the use of firearms. Twenty years ago a man with a purpose in his mind came to the South—he conquered. He dreamed dreams which he has lived to see realized.

Yes, here was St. Augustine. Over-

## TALES OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN CITY



THE BEAUTIFUL TROPICAL COURT OF THE ALCAZAR

head were arches of electric light, shining on the white-painted station, swept by the tempered breath of the Gulf Stream. Clean, neat, thrifty, everything seemed to breathe comfort. Through the park I walked, with the rustle of real palms overhead and the glitter of electric light upon the trees. Down the clean well-kept streets to the hotel I passed. It was moonlight, early in January, but as sweet scented as a Massachusetts May day. It was the night preceding the opening day of the Ponce de Leon Hotel, and there stood that massive pile of masonry, dark and silent, nestling in a setting of rich tropical foliage, waiting to be called into action for another season.

Across the way was the Alcazar, with its twin turrets, touched by the magic of Moorish moonlight. I walked up the great court along a winding pathway lined with neatly trimmed hedges and

overhung with palms. It seemed like entering another land, and I almost expected to hear the twang of the Spanish guitar and see the haughty dames of the court of Isabella. Truly if the historic Queen of Spain could have realized that in the far-off land discovered by Columbus there was a country destined to outshine even the glory of her Castilian court, she would have sent the messenger after the retreating form of Columbus long before she made that momentous decision which led to unfolding the scroll of a new world.

The rustic arched bridge, beneath which was the gurgle of the playing fountain, and the soft rustle of the tropical foliage carried me far from modern life,

"Dark and deep lay the palm shadows on the turf, so still they seemed but pictured gloom."

As in a dream, I gazed and gazed,

## TALES OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN CITY

reluctant to turn away from the glories of the tropical night, even for such a dinner as can be found only in a Flagler hotel.

After I had dined I wandered out once more into that quaint and ancient city, lying steeped in the witchery of moonlight, and I could well understand the fascination such a country must have had for the early Spanish explorers. Across the street were the beauties of the Ponce de Leon, silent and dark like some vast, enchanted castle. It was difficult to believe that in a few hours the spell would be broken and all would be life and movement.

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To me Florida is not simply a reminder of the Riviera. It is rather a renaissance of Spanish glories, which surpasses the brilliancy of the original. It is a complete innovation, not modelled on the great resorts of the Mediterranean, which it may well claim to outshine. It can hardly be believed that when a man looked upon this site twenty years ago he saw nothing but a swamp. He said, "Here I will build a living picture which shall become one of the great achievements of the age."

The glory of the present age is the work of such men. It is like magic. We have had great warriors, poets, statesmen, dramatists but ours is distinctively the age of industrial courage.

Down through the old Plaza I wandered, looking upon the post office, a reminder of the days of English possession. I passed on through courts walled in by well trimmed hedges and yews, and encircled by houses adorned with red-tiled roofs. It is not in any one thing, but in the welding of the ancient and modern that one sees the best monument of present day benefits. In the Plaza is the monument which was erected when a constitution had been granted to the colonies by Spain—afterward withdrawn. It was written in

Spanish and I tried to decipher the words in the moonlight. After the constitutions were revoked the tablets were torn down in most cities, but St. Augustine has preserved hers. I saw the sharp-pointed spire of the old Episcopal church and the facade of the old cathedral, with shadows playing upon the oldest place of worship on the American continent. I had a desire to see all that I could in the glamour of the moonlight, for who does not remember the charm of "the witching hour" in looking over Melrose Abbey and other historic spots which figure in the tales of Sir Walter Scott!

Down on the old sea wall I wandered, where the lighthouse flashed out—like a living watch tower of Time—a warning to the mariners at sea. Along this old wall are many reminders of earlier days, but I passed on by the old fort. It would be difficult to describe the emotions awakened by these grim walls, built like a four-pointed star, each point looking like the bow of a great vessel, heading into the greensward. The drawbridge and the moss-covered walls, built of coquina, give a touch of romance. Outside the moat is a cluster of trees. This great stretch of greensward is now used as golf links, with the moat as the hazard.

From the watch tower one can look far out to sea and fancy how the soldiers of old would watch incessantly for the black flag of Captain Kidd and his pirates or the more cheerful colors of a home-coming ship. When the Indians were kept in the fort not many years ago it presented a picturesque sight as they sat upon the parapet attired in their gaudy robes, looking upon the land which the white man had taken with no better right than a gun.

The moat reaches from the bay to the river Sebastian and entirely surrounded the fort with water in the days of ever-present danger. In the old fort gateway were the apertures where the gates had

## TALES OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN CITY



TOWERS OF THE ALCAZAR ABOVE THE TROPICAL GARDENS

swung, for they are now down. Many young couples moved about among the shadows, for the romance of the spot makes it an ideal place for youthful dreams.

From here I wandered down to the north gate of the old city, with its six-foot-square pillars still standing. Then

on down that little old street, where the over-hanging balconies across the narrow roadway made even a prosaic Northern editor feel like a Spanish cavalier. I expected every moment to hear a guitar, for it seemed hardly possible that I should reach the hotel without meeting some Romeo serenading his lady. What



## TALES OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN CITY

a thrill it gives one to look upon these scenes, to realize that even the old knockers on the doors have beaten a call for generations of hands long since crumbled to dust. On my way back I met ladies with lace mantillas, and the only thing which seemed to strike a false note was the "infernal red lights" strung on the tower of the Alcazar. One dreams of the fierce loves and fiercer hates of the old days, and anything modern seems out of place for the moment. But American civilization is making sad inroads on the romance of all these places, and the tendency is to supplant the quaint old grays of age with new and gaudy colors.

The Cordova, now an annex of the Alcazar, is an interesting study as an example of Spanish architecture. Down the street is a club house, a reproduction of an old Moorish building, now called the "Zorayda." At the back of the Ponce de Leon is the beautiful memorial church, built by Mr. Flagler in memory of his deceased daughter. Its mosque dome is in keeping with the picture, which is a complete ensemble of Spanish architecture.

Back to the hotel—to music and modern life! People were still gathered about in the great hall in social groups, some standing, others reclining in chairs, but everyone just where he or she pleased, chatting and listening to music—no stiff rows of chairs for concerts—just a pleasant evening, when you dislike to think of retiring and leaving it all.

Next morning at sunrise I looked out from my window on the court. The sunlight glanced on the water and the red-tile roofs; the reds and bronzes of the sky seemed to be reflected on earth; the red-bird, in gay plumage, bowed a good morning on a near-by casement. I went for an early morning stroll toward the old sea wall and barracks, which was formerly a monastery, and came upon the Methodist Church, which was given

by Mr. Flagler and is another fine specimen of Anglo-Spanish architecture. The north gate of the city is situated near the fort and has an old sentry box on either side. Just outside the gate is the Huguenot cemetery and inside the gate is the Spanish cemetery, with its green-tinted, mossy tombs. Another visit to old Fort Marion; and now that the spectres of night had passed we went down to see the ghostly dungeons, which suggested the Spanish inquisition. These were constructed three centuries ago and the material used was coquina, a stone made of portions of shells and coral cemented together by the action of the sea waves.

As we walked around the outside walls of the old city, I saw the live oak trees, which are not a species of the real oak, but have branches extending out 100 feet, while the trees are less than sixty feet in length. They are overhung with moss, and are among the most singular and beautiful trees of the world.

In the orange grove of Dr. Garnett I had the pleasure of picking tangerines from the trees, and also tasted other varieties of tropical fruit, all of my "own picking." Since the great freeze of '94, piles of wood are kept throughout the orchard, and the minute the cold wave is signalled the fire is kindled and the smoke and warmth keep off the frost. The hedges of "Spanish bayonets" are a curiosity. This is a plant most appropriately named, because it is almost impossible for anyone to force a way through such a hedge without uprooting it. What a contrast it was to look from this hedge upon the Marshal Neil roses and oleander bushes—in the middle of January.

Later in the day I walked across the street with Mr. Flagler to the Ponce de Leon. I wish I could describe the simple majesty of the man as he looked upon his own creation. We stopped in front of the gate, on either side of which are lions' masques. These are already

## TALES OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN CITY

covered with the mould of nineteen Summers, but the projector insists that it shall not be disturbed, so the mark of antiquity is left where nature has seen fit to place it.' The hotel is built in the Spanish style of architecture, and yet is distinctively and purely an American interpretation of Spanish grandeur. Mr. Flagler remarked that the best thing about it was its absolute honesty. Everything is thorough and there is no pretence of anything being other than it is. It is certainly a satisfaction to know that every detail of this building is complete. The lion's masque is introduced in memory of Leon, the Spanish town which stood out against the Moors so long, and it is also the emblem of Ponce de Leon, who was proclaimed "Leon" in name and in heart. Above the gateway is a stag's head, the sacred totem of the Florida Indians. Inside the gate we looked, in the daylight, upon those great towers, suggesting the Mohammedan

mosques and peculiarly adapted to their surroundings. From this tower the view is magnificent. In the center of the court is the fountain, where terra cotta frogs are defiant, and behind it is the massive front of the hotel; carved in relief is the legend of Ponce de Leon, the principal events in his life being depicted on the walls. It is a rare treat to visit this hotel with Mr. Flagler, for he knows that it typifies the integrity of worth and merit on the part of builder and architect.

Leading out on either side of the gate is the loggia. In the dolphins of the fountains there is a special significance, because St. Augustine once bore the name of the River of Dolphins, and the dolphin motif is repeated again and again. The idea of the sea is carried out in the door knobs, which are modelled after sea shells. The decorations of the rotunda were to me as intensely interesting as anything I had



OLD SPANISH CATHEDRAL FACADE AS BUILT IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

## -TALES OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN CITY

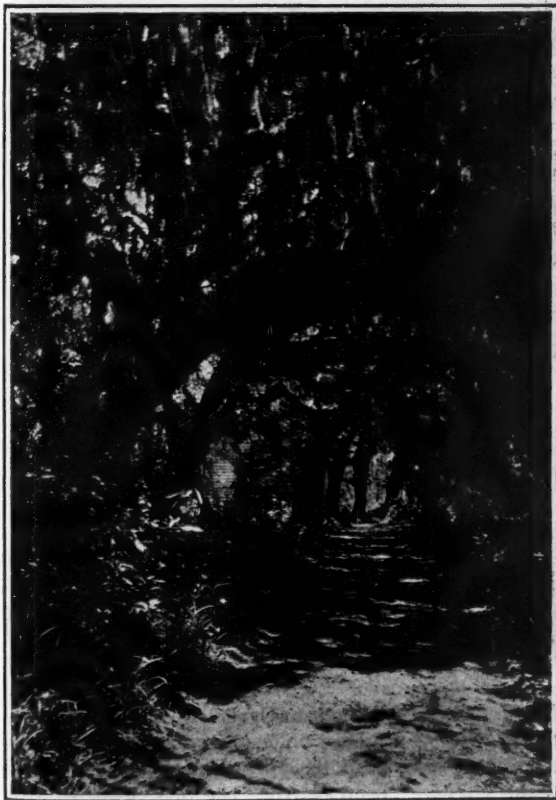
seen at Versailles or about the courts of Europe. Done in the Spanish renaissance style, there were figures representing Earth, Air, Fire and Water and other allegorical representations. Throughout the decorations is the masque of the sun-god of the Florida Indians, which looks like the beaming face of a happy Cupid. In the entrance is a broad stairway of Mexican onyx, which leads to the dining hall, which is without doubt not excelled in the world in its richness of decoration. On the floor, in mosaic, may be read the touching words of Shenstone,

"Who'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn."

Leading from the great central dining room are two spacious circular alcoves, and the dining room throughout is unequalled as a specimen of mingled modern and Spanish decoration. On the walls are pictured the caravels of Columbus under full sail, but what especially impressed me was the richness of everything. In each of the four corners of the domed ceiling was a crab sailing in a background of solid gold-leaf. The columns of the rotunda are handsomely carved figures. In fact, every detail of this palatial structure is an art study, and it is no wonder that guests remain there for weeks at a time to study the decorations of this unrivalled modern

palace, which is the possession of the great caraven of guests who come and go through the season. As I sat on the stairway, looking down, I thought of how the thousands of visitors coming to this hotel enjoy all these beauties and luxuries with as much pleasure as the owner, minus his responsibility.

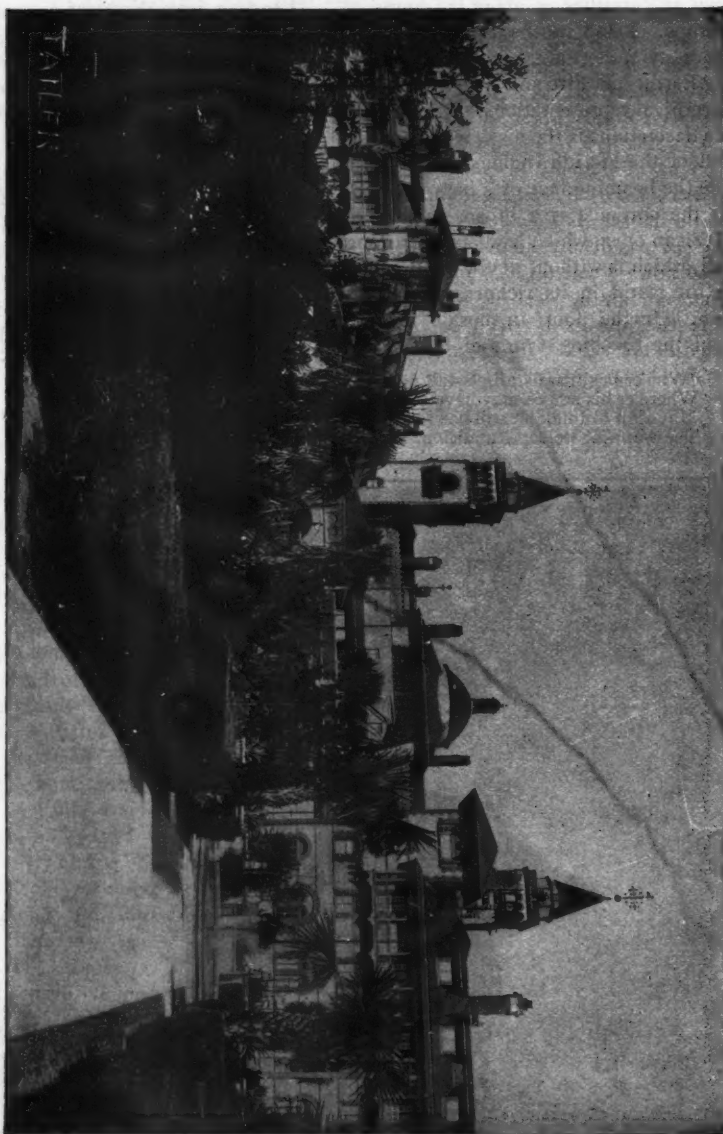
Ponce de Leon is the great radiating point for Florida tourists, and is opened every year with varied ceremonies. It is the annual event in St. Augustine, and I had the pleasure of witnessing the nineteenth opening. Long before three o'clock, the hour of the opening, the waiting throng filled the streets. It was a cloudy day but it was evident that nothing could dim the enthusiasm of the St. August-



A DRIVE IN DR. GARNETT'S ORANGE GROVE, ST. AUGUSTINE

## TALES OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN CITY

MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PONCE DE LEON HOTEL, ALAMEDA OF THE ALCAZAR HOTEL IN THE FOREGROUND



tinians in the opening of their palace. The fanfare of trumpets was greeted by a signal from a culverin, fired by Miss Kenan, Mrs. Flagler's sister. Close by stood the war-scarred veterans,

Lieutenant-General Scofield and General Brooke. The great iron gates swung upward, held by massive weights, as the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the old flag on the staff in the



## TALES OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN CITY

corner was unfurled to the breeze. The moment the gates swung up in thronged the people—boys first of course. There was a goodly representation of the school children. In fact, the whole population of the city seemed to be present on this great occasion. They surged in, admiring the palace as they have done year after year, as deeply interested as though in their own domiciles. I found an old "mammy" sitting near-by, attired in a white cap and as I talked to her she added to my store of information:

"Yes, I done mak' dis yer cap special—same as I does every yea'—for Mista Flagler's opening."

Strange as it may seem, this is the first of these events at which Mr. Flagler himself has been present, but the hotel, under the able management of Mr. Murray, has long taken rank without an equal in the world. Upon its register are names of world-wide renown; thousands of celebrities have been entertained here, and it was only last October that President Roosevelt was a visitor at this famous hostelry. A Boston chef has been engaged for the present season; as the management insist on having everything of the best at the Ponce de Leon—this was regarded as a great compliment to the seat of learning and culture.

If there is any one feature of Florida life which especially recalls the original mission of Ponce de Leon, it is the renewal of youth incidental to the festivities of the mid-Winter season, which is at its height about February, 22. It is amazing to note by statistics the number of people who go to Florida in the Winter, which indicates something of the activity of the American people. Florida is today full of Winter homes. The necessity of a Winter vacation has become fixed in the minds of our people, and in cases where it is not possible to take two vacations in the year, it is often the Summer one which is abandoned in favor of a holiday in the cold months.

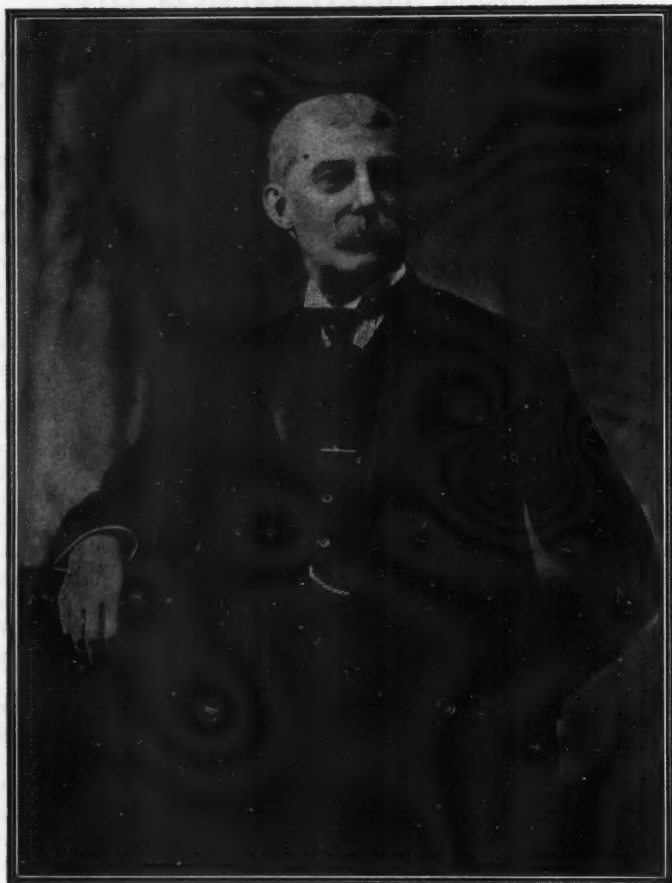
The big Casino at the Alcazar surrounds the huge swimming tank. It was in this section of the hotel that an event took place which especially awakened my interest and enthusiasm. It was nothing else than "A housewarming at 'Ruffhouse Lodge'" Mr. Flagler and his wife were present and the bill of fare was certainly worthy of consideration.

It was delightful to meet the young people who took part in the games, most of them not over sixteen or seventeen years of age. I was much amused by the game in which the young ladies started, ran across the room, picked up a piece of paper and a pencil on a line, and got right down and wrote a love letter and rushed back with it to one of the waiting youths. Some of those love letters were classics. I bethought me if Editor Bok knew of this unique sport the readers of the Ladies Home Journal would have a new amusement for Winter gatherings. The young people reading the National can try it.

Then there was the old "grab bag" game, where each one stood blindfolded with a bludgeon ready to strike, after having taken three steps and turned around three times. It was amusing, to note how the bump of locality varied in the several different players some of them striking wild at all angles of the compass; but at last someone hit the bag a thwack, which brought forth the trophies of the occasion.

The "egg and spoon race," "the potato race," and the "fancy spasms" were all amusing and so was the "hungry hustle." It was just an old-fashioned, happy time, with a number of new games, and it seemed as though everybody in that room had suddenly become about the same age—and no one was over twenty that night. I was afterward privileged to meet a large number of the good people of the city, at a reception of the St. Augustine Yacht Club, and I shall never forget the cordial hospitality of the South on these occasions.





MR. HENRY M. FLAGLER, THE GENIUS OF FLORIDA

## AND HERE THE TROPICAL CLIMAX

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

**I**T seemed like a great world-panorama unveiled. In a single night's journey the transformation was miraculous, for after the freeze of '94 the great patron of Florida pushed on farther South to carry on his life ambition, and the trip following the wake of his footsteps is one of

marvelous interest. There is the hotel at Rockledge, on the picturesque river, and the hotel at Ormond, with the vast stretch of beach where the automobile races have broken all records on the hard-packed and raked sand of the Atlantic coast. This year it is expected to

## AND HERE THE TROPICAL CLIMAX

turn the wheels at the pace of two miles a minute. It is six miles from Ormond to Daytona. All along the line of the Florida East Coast are evidences of the great absorbing purpose of Henry M. Flagler. While these hotels are without equals in the world, and are the rendezvous of people who spend money with a lavish hand, it is not in his hotels that the projector takes the most pride. As he remarked to me:

"It is not for the tourist, but for the people who stay the twelve months of the year in Florida, that we are building up the great Peninsular State of the South."

At Fort Pierce and Daytona are thousands of homes of persons who come from the North for the Winter, but there is a constant influx of people who have come to make permanent homes and have succeeded in fulfilling the ambition of the average American—to have a good dwelling place. Now, it would not be honest to say that Florida is a golden land, where oranges grow as freely as grass and beautiful homes subsist without the strenuous effort necessary to support them elsewhere, but it is certainly "a delightful land."

On either side of the railroad pineapple farms and fields of bananas grow, and what delicious bananas may be found in Florida! Pineapples grow out in the fields on small bushes, which look somewhat like cactus plants and are about four or five feet high. These are protected by sheds, or chicken coop arrangements of lath, about six feet above the plants, which keep off the frost. It is a peculiar fact that frost does not pass beneath these sheds of lath.

Every mile on the well-equipped and well-ballasted train of the East Coast Railroad furnishes a scene of varied interest. To the left is the great St. Johns river, which follows the East Coast of Florida. This is the great rendezvous for the house boats, and on the river may be seen many of these floating

houses in which the people live during the Winter and move about as the desire may impel, enjoying an idle, leisurely life.

One peculiarity in the Flagler hotels is that they are built for the railroads. The beach hotels have switches that run the train right to the door of the hotel, which eliminates all difficulty with baggage. An Englishman remarked to me:

"By Jove! It is as easy to travel in Florida as to go from Trafalgar to St. Paul's."

The climax of this scroll of picturesque tropical splendor is reached at Palm Beach. There you get the full warm breath of the Gulf Stream and the balmy breezes that speak of Summer in the midst of Wintertime.

Acres and acres of soil were brought here from outside, for Mr. Flagler decided to make this one of the greatest Winter resorts of the world, and many acres of the picturesque cocoanut trees now greet you on every side. Along the beach is located the famous hotel called "The Breakers," and no more suitable name could possibly be found for it. In this great caravansary gather thousands of visitors in friendship and amity. It is a delightful place to stay. The beach is a constant source of pleasure, with the white surf breaking on it, suggesting a marine picture by the immortal Turner. This is the true lotus land, and the traveler finds himself murmuring,

"O, rest ye brother mariners, we will not wander more."

Near the hotel are the swimming pools, in which the waters of the ocean can be utilized in the open air by those who prefer this to surf bathing. Near-by are a number of picturesque cottages and villas, and it was here that Joe Jefferson passed many pleasant hours with his friend Henry M. Flagler.

The idea of Palm Beach seems to be

## AND HERE THE TROPICAL CLIMAX

that at least once a year here shall be gathered all the ultra wealth of the country, for "you have to be quite wealthy to play the game at all" at Palm Beach. The hours of pleasure there are measured largely by the amount of money one is able to spend, but there is nothing lacking in this great Florida Newport and even that famed and fashionable resort in its palmiest days could not rival Palm Beach. The environment, the climate, all are most desirable for the pleasure seeker and provide one ceaseless round of amusement.

Not far from The Breakers is the Ponciana Hotel, which is perhaps, the center attraction in a tour of the Flagler Hotels. On entering the great rotunda the visitor finds Fishtail Palms adorning the center and music softly floating through the air. The wide corridors seemed to me to extend as far as the eye could see. The double decked balconies suggest the South, but every where is the neatness of a New England Priscilla. Great credit is certainly due to Mr. Fred Sterry for the way in which these hotels have been managed.

Lake Worth is one side and the ocean on the other side of Palm Beach, and West Palm Beach is the name of the thriving city on the opposite side of the lake. It is a prosperous little Florida city and wherever you go you find the spirit of H. M. Flagler, for everything is kept with

the same thoroughness and dispatch which characterizes all the undertakings with which his name has been identified. It was amusing to hear one old inhabitant hold forth on the delights of his native place:

"This is one of the most healthiest

BATHING DURING JANUARY AND FEBRUARY AT PALM BEACH IN FRONT OF THE BREAKERS HOTEL



## AND HERE THE TROPICAL CLIMAX

spots on God's earth. That can be proved by facts. There was only seven deaths in Palm Beach last year—two was caused by drowning, two was folks that came in sick from the North, two committed suicide and the seventh died of old age. Now there you are, how's that for a health bill?" he wound up triumphantly.

It appeared that no one ever had a cold but all were happy and content in this favored spot. Of course it became hot in the middle of the day, but my old friend assured me that they got accustomed to that, just as we do to the cold of the North. Well, I began to think that perhaps Ponce de Leon was about right when he searched Florida for the fountain of youth, for it was truly a difficult thing to find an undertaker or a doctor anywhere in this Southern city—and if no one died, of course youth must be eternal.

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The real climax of my visit I have kept for the final page, not

"Because this verse must be the last,  
And that's the reason why I've kept it to  
the end,"

but because what I saw here impressed me most of all. On a peninsula projecting into Lake Worth is the favorite home

of Henry M. Flagler, which is called "Whitehall" and of all the beautiful places I have ever seen on this terrestrial sphere, this one is simply superlative.

The house is flanked on either side by pergolas. Here and there are Washington palms, royal palms, cocoanut palms and the verdant poinsettias. A wide range of the flora of Florida is represented here. On this balmy January day, when the bleak blizzard was blowing across the North, I was privileged to fondle the tender blossoms of Springtime; here the air was redolent with the rich fragrance of Floridan flowers, for there were flowers and flowers to spare, beneath the ever graceful yet crooked cocoanut palms, that waved a greeting on every side.

The entrance to the home of Mr. Flagler is a very large, stately hall of rectangular shape. The stairway projects on either side and the great marble columns and Venetian tables, the tapestries and rugs make a picture of splendor which I had not witnessed even in the palace of Versailles. It suggested the time when art flourished and the glory of Louis of France was at its height. Yet there was such an artistic and simple touch in it all that a visit here was equal to a day's study in an art gallery.



# CLIQUEOT GINGER ALE

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



THE STONE IN THIS DEPOT CAME  
FROM ALL PARTS OF THE  
COUNTRY

I HAVE not drunk deep of the empyrean springs, but it occurs to me that I have sipped the waters of Carlsbad in Germany, taken deep draughts of Vichy water, in France, visited Leamington Spa, in England, been on the very spot where Appolinaris water gurgles forth, and have quaffed Poland water in its native haunts, to make no mention of the Hunyadi water consumed at Buda Pesth. Hold on! I said to myself all this knowledge of waters is but another reason why my curiosity should be excited concerning temperance drinks of all kinds, for, goodness knows, I never needed to seek all these waters for my health. Much had I heard of another drink and one that I desired to know more about,—it was Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. So to Millis I went to see where the Clicquot spring is located and that famous ginger ale is made. It is twenty-two miles from Boston, a beautiful ride by steam cars through the Newtons.

The railroad station at Millis is unique and will particularly interest tourists seeking wonders among Boston's suburbs.

Mr. Lansing Millis, to whose enterprise the town owes much, conceived the idea of building the railway station of rock specimens gathered from all over the world. In addition to his own collection, he was tendered many others cut with the initials or monograms of railroad lines in this, and other countries. The effect is artistic and sets one's fancy into action, thus warming the blood for the sparkling and cooling Clicquot Ginger Ale we had come to enjoy.

A little way from the station and near the track we observed the prosperous looking buildings of the Clicquot Club Company. Even the distant view impressed one with the thrift and enterprise of the institution. The bottling works were located at this spring seventeen years ago, after the water had been given exhaustive tests for purity and chemically analyzed for the elements



THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY WHERE THE COMPOUNDING IS  
DONE WITH THE EXACTNESS OF SCIENCE



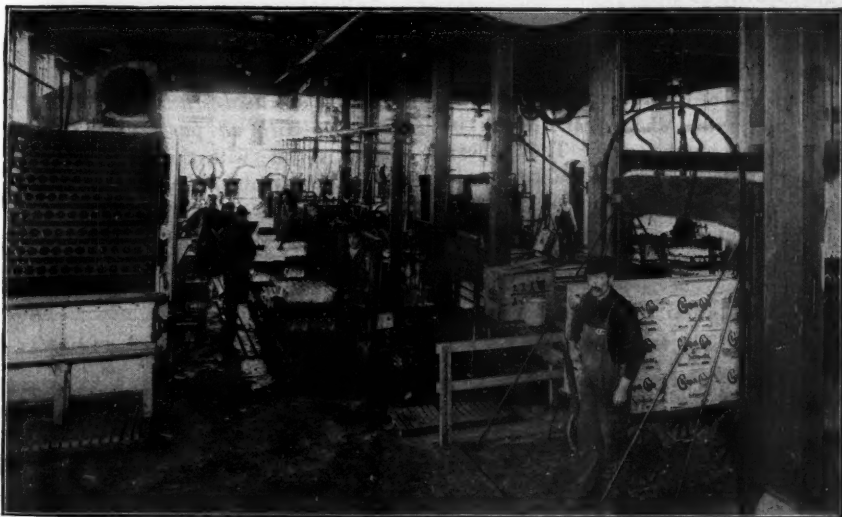
## CLICQUOT CLUB GINGER ALE

essential for retaining the carbonate or soda gas with which the bottles are charged. All the desired elements are contained in the waters of this spring; consequently a bottle of Clicquot Ginger Ale will, when opened and poured out, bubble and effervesce for an hour or more. Another singular feature of the water is, that it is both laxative and diuretic, thus offsetting the astringent agencies of ginger.

Now Clicquot probably is recognized as the superlative ginger ale of America

stomach as plain cold water would do when the drinker is in a heated condition.

The secret of the success of Clicquot may be expressed in a single sentence. The very best ingredients are used from start to finish, compounded with this chemically pure water so well adapted for carbonating purposes. For instance, the very finest cane sugar is used for all syrups and their Blood Orange soda water is flavored with Oil of Orange costing \$60.00 per pound. The Jamaica



THE TEN LARGE CARBONATORS ARE IN THIS ROOM, AND THE MACHINE (60 FEET LONG) FOR WASHING THE BOTTLES, WHICH ARE ALSO THOROUGHLY STERILIZED.

and of the world today; for I drank Belfast Ginger Ale in Belfast, and partook of Clicquot at Millis and can solemnly aver, if I may be regarded as a connoisseur of such drinks, that the American Ale is better. It is possessed of properties that are both wholesome and refreshing. You may remember how in the harvest fields under the hot sun, ginger water sweetened with molasses is always served; and how football players and athletes are given ginger ale to drink because it does not injure the

Ginger used is the choicest grade and comes direct from the West Indies. The best of everything in fact is secured irrespective of cost.

As I sampled the many kinds of carbonated drinks that are prepared here, it seemed as though I was drinking enough to upset the stomach of anything, save a duck or a fish, and yet I drank on and suffered no nausea. Among the beverages beside Clicquot Ginger Ale which the firm bottles and puts up, may be mentioned Lemon, Blood Orange, Birch,

## CLICQUOT CLUB GINGER ALE

Sarsaparilla and Cyc-Kola, a nervetonic, rapidly becoming a very popular drink. In all these beverages it seemed as though there must be a cream or a rich oil, so soft and mellow were the blendings arranged.

The Clicquot Club Company is capitalized at \$250,000. Its plant consists of three buildings with a floor space of 45,000 square feet. Its capacity is already 3,000 dozen per day and soon to be

increased. In the warehouse I saw about a quarter-million cases stored, for this is one of the few factories which run nearly the whole year through in order to supply the trade. They believe in aging their stock and allow ample time to test the contents of every bottle. I could picture in my mind's eye as I looked at those cases, the many picnic parties, the scenes at sea-side resorts, on hotel piazzas and at home tables, where the contents of these bottles would serve to quench the Summer thirst of thousands; however, Clicquot is not only a delicious Summer drink, but it has become the popular table beverage for every month in the year.

Entering the bottling works I saw a large machine, sixty feet in length that is used in washing the bottles, which are all thoroughly sterilized before using. Ten large carbonators supply gas for the bottlers as they seal the stoppers on the bottles; finally the bottles are labeled with all the daintiness and neatness bestowed on the best champagne. The whole establishment from the engine room to the shipping room sparkles with the neatness of a New England kitchen, it fairly shines with cleanliness. It means a great deal to the consumer to know just how the product is made, and from whence it comes, as well as all the



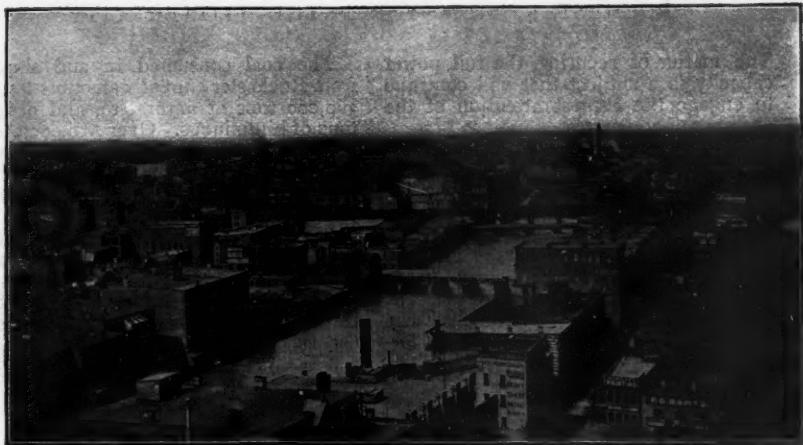
MAIN BUILDINGS OF THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY.

conditions of manufacture. *It is notable that in Clicquot Ginger Ale no preservative is used. It is guaranteed to comply with all pure food laws.* And it is made with the strictest and most careful attention to having it chemically wholesome. Pure, piquant and popular are the three words which epitomize Clicquot; and it is said that there is more real satisfaction in one large (and they are large) bottle of Clicquot than in twice the quantity of ordinary Ginger Ale.

It was late in the afternoon when I left the factory. I had been shown about the plant by Mr. C. W. Sanford, secretary of the company. Mr. H. Earle Kimball is treasurer, and Mr. H. A. Kimball, of Providence, R. I., is president. They certainly have reason to be proud of their plant and the production of an American Ginger Ale which is superior to any in the world.

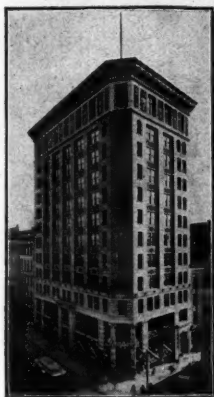
This information will appeal to teetotalers, for it can no longer be urged that champagne is the only sparkling drink which may grace the banquet board.

Let us pledge you heartily in a glass of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. Here's to your good health, and your family's good health. May you live long, and be refreshed in the sultry days to come with Clicquot Ginger Ale, America's drink, par excellence.



ROCHESTER—LOOKING NORTH TOWARD LAKE ONTARIO—GENESEE RIVER DIVIDES THE CITY

## ROCHESTER, NEW YORK—THE FLOWER CITY



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING

THE population of Rochester is at present about 200,000. It has 120 churches, eight hospitals, and some 2,750 manufacturing establishments. The employees in factories and work shops are estimated at 60,000. There are over twenty-four fire companies, with a system of extension in hydrants, apparatus, and employees, the latter numbering about 225. The city has an area of 11,365 acres; there are 325 miles of open streets and 126 miles of improved streets. It has an excellent electric street car system of 103 miles, tapping various other systems with ramifications that extend to or are in process of extension to Buffalo, and Niagara Falls on the west, Syracuse and the intervening towns on the east, Auburn, Canandaigua and intervening towns on the south.

These trolley lines are destined to be very rich sources of revenue to the merchants of Rochester, providing rapid transit to a prodigious area of produce raising country within a radius of 100 miles from the city, enabling farmers and stock raisers and their families easy access to Rochester. The city has about 280 miles of water pipes, about 230 miles of sewers. Eleven steam railroads enter the city. Ten bridges span the Genesee river within the city limits.

The Genesee river is capable of producing 50,000 horse power, about 10,000 of which by electricity is now in use.



MAIN AND ST. PAUL STREETS

## ROCHESTER, NEW YORK—THE FLOWER CITY

The matter of securing the full power capacity is a subject that will continue to engage the earnest attention of the chamber of commerce.

Rochester enjoys the purest water supply for domestic uses of any city in the United States; its Hemlock lake system delivering 22,000,000 gallons daily. It is hoped to reserve this water exclusively for household use by securing an adequate supply of other high grade water for manufacturing purposes, which should be of such a quality that in case any

The coal consumed in and shipped from Rochester annually amounts to over 360,000 tons of anthracite, and 640,000 tons of bituminous. Over \$50,000,000 is invested in manufacturing and the wholesale trades and the value of annual manufactured products exceeds \$70,000,000. It is the first city in the world for the production of photographic apparatus, optical instruments and nursery stock, the third city in the United States in the manufacture of clothing, fourth city in the manufacture of boots and shoes,



UPPER FALLS OF GENESEE—96 FEET HIGH

accident happened to the Hemlock conduits, the water for manufacturing supply might be used temporarily for domestic purposes with a minimum of risk to health.

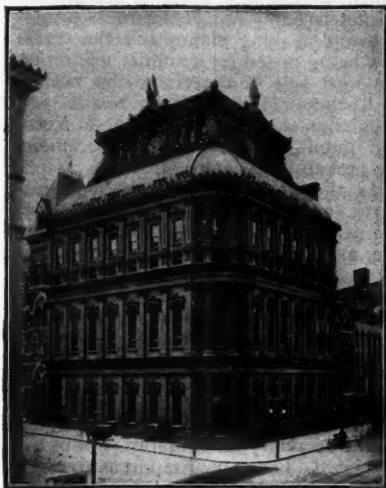
As the health of a city largely depends upon the opportunities given its inhabitants for the enjoyment of fresh air and recreation, the city is equipped with one of the best park systems in the country. These parks contain an area of 696 acres, containing as they do over 1,200 varieties of shrubs and foliage, and larger trees of almost every known species.

the combined amount of products of the two latter industries alone being over \$17,000,000 annually. It has the largest preserving establishment, cider and vinegar factory, lubricating oil plant and button factory in the world.

The educational advantages found in Rochester are of the best. The city boasts of thirty-eight public schools, with an average attendance of 19,000 pupils, supervised by 674 teachers. A Normal Training school, attendance 794. Two high schools attendance over 3,000. A Mechanics Institute with over 4,000 stu-



## ROCHESTER, NEW YORK—THE FLOWER CITY



ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK

dents. A university with 270 students. Wagner Memorial college, and the Rochester Theological seminary, under the control of the Baptist denomination. There are also eighteen parochial schools, two academies for girls, one academy for boys, and St. Bernard's Theological Seminary.

The church accommodations of Rochester are seventeen Baptist, two Christian, two Congregational, three Evangelical, two Evangelical Association, one Holland Christian Reformed, six Jewish congregations, thirteen Lutheran, fourteen Methodist Episcopal, one Free Methodist, fourteen Presbyterian, one United Presbyterian, twelve Protestant Episcopal, one Reformed Church in United States, seventeen Roman Catholic churches and a Cathedral, one Second Adventist, one Unitarian, one Universalist, beside a church each for Christadelphians, Church of the Stranger, First Church of Christ, (Scientist,) First Spiritual Church, People's Rescue Mission, Rochester Italian Mission, Second Church of Christ, (Scientist).

The hospitals include St. Mary's, City hospital, Rochester Homeopathic hospital, Rochester Hahnemann hospital, Infant's Summer hospital, new Municipal hospital for contagious diseases and a State hospital.

The library accommodations of Rochester are excellent, and continually in

process of extension. The Reynolds' library, the Central library, the University of Rochester library, the Rochester Theological seminary library, the St. Bernard Theological seminary library, the Fourth Appellate Division Law Library and the Powers Law library, with a total of over 200,000 volumes.

Rochester is pre-eminently a city of homes. The palaces of the rich and the cottages of the industrial classes are seen on every side. The majority of the people own their own homes, which accounts largely for the permanent prosperity of the city. The reason is simple, for the city has a greater diversity of industries than any other place of its size, and all can find employment with opportunities for advancement by the exercise of industry, prudence and patience.

For a period of nearly forty years Rochester has held the eminent position of being one of the great centers for the manufacture of boots and shoes in America. There are only three or four cities that surpass this city in the shoe trade. Although the shoe manufacturing industry has largely increased in the West during the past few years, it is a remarkable fact that during the past decade and more the establishment of new concerns for the manufacture of shoes has been a marked feature in the industrial growth of the city. Rochester is noted for the production of women's shoes and holds second place in the United States in their manufacture. Philadelphia alone is ahead in point of quantity but not in that of quality. In addition to women's shoes the Rochester output includes the best lines of misses', youths', boys', children's and infants' shoes, which are marketed in every large city on the continent. There are seventy factories, many of which are small concerns, making what are called cacks or soft soles. Over \$3,000,000 is invested in the shoe industry in Rochester, and nearly \$2,000,000 in wages are annually paid to employees. The value of the shoe product in this city is officially stated to be about \$10,000,000 per annum.

Rochester is experiencing prosperity surpassing all records. This can be most readily noticed among its banks. These financial institutions show an increase last year of over \$9,000,000 in their deposits. The deposits for 1905 were \$119,042,135.



## ROCHESTER, NEW YORK—THE FLOWER CITY

The city is almost free of labor troubles and because of this Cluett, Peabody & Co. left the seat of their trouble in Troy and now rank with the large concerns of Rochester.

Who is there in this broad land who does not know of Rochester made clothing?

The annual output of the Rochester clothing factories amounts to over twenty million dollars. In this Rochester is surpassed by but three cities in the United States—New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. But in the matter of quality and style Rochester stands first and practically alone, because the styles in clothing emanate from this city to a large extent and because on Rochester clothing more thought and pains and money are expended in workmanship, quality of fabrics and furnishings, than upon the productions of any other clothes manufacturing establishments in the world.

The clothing industry of Rochester has done very much to advertise and build up the city. The industry has made millionaires of some of its manufacturers and made others engaged in the trade rich beyond expectation.

A remarkable feature in connection with Rochester's clothing industry is the fact that many merchants residing in cities throughout the United States and in foreign countries have also grown rich by handling Rochester made clothing during many years. The reason is obvious. Those who wear the clothing are so satisfied with its quality and style that they always call for it in replenishing their wardrobes.

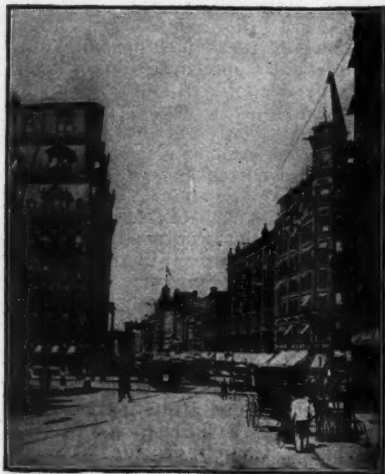
The census report shows close to 3,000 manufacturing and mechanical establishments employing close to 60,000 hands. Of this number about one-fourth are girls over sixteen in the many up-to-date stores and office buildings that line the principal streets.

The completion of the new public market and its quiet adaptation to the needs of the people has given satisfaction. The farmers have become accus-

tomed to the new order of things; the market is being run on business principles and making money and the cry is now being raised for a similar market on the west side of the river. So rapidly is Rochester increasing in wealth and population that the establishing of a second public market seems to be among the probabilities.

As the years roll by, bringing prosperity, wealth and renown to the city, the need of a convention hall becomes the more pressing. When the hall is secured Rochester will become at once a convention city, which means the visitation there of thousands of people during each year.

The chamber of commerce is putting forth every effort toward getting in touch with any manufacturing institution that wishes to change its location, and a card to the secretary for literature will be appreciated. The annual report as arranged by Mr. John M. Ives, secretary, is different from anything you ever read about any growing city. It would be well worth your while to write to him for a copy.



CORNER MAIN AND EXCHANGE STREETS

## EARLY SPRING FASHIONS

The early Spring is ever a season of sartorial interest, although as a matter of fact we do not, as a rule, need Spring clothing until April, and this year, Easter being a bit later than common, the time of change is likely to be put off until the last possible moment. Styles are, however, already established and tailors and dressmakers are busy making ready the costumes of the coming season, whether they will be needed immediately or will not. The short coat is to reign supreme. Etons, and what are known as "pony" jackets, share the honors, so that there is considerable variety, but the long, fitted coat seems likely to be relegated to morning wear, to travel and to occasions of a similar sort, all the dressier costumes being made with jaunty little creations that are exceedingly chic and exceedingly charming. For the street all skirts will clear the ground but for the carriage they will be made in what is known as round length, while for in-door occasions the round length and the train prevail for all except the extremely simple gowns, which are far more practical when the skirts do not quite touch. Gray is to be a prevailing color and is shown in exquisite suitings, both in mixtures and in plain tones, but there will also be a great deal of reseda and of the violet shades, while such stand-bys as brown and blue are always worn. White may be looked for both in reception toilettes and in the gowns of dinner and evening wear and for the seaside resorts will be seen in serge and the like, making coat suits that are alluring in the extreme. For in-door wear all soft, crushable silk and wool materials will retain their favor, while their number has been added to until it is very nearly legion.

In the illustration combining 5252 with 5233 is shown one of the prettiest gowns of semi-dress that the season has brought forth. The material is the favorite pongee in one of the lovely new shades of pinkish lavender, while the trimming is lace of the exact shade of ecru which harmonizes to perfection with the silk. The design is a simple one but eminently effective, the waist being made with an open square and with elbow sleeves, while the skirt combines a plain front gore with circular portions that are tucked over the hips. When liked, however, the waist can be worn with a

chemisette or can be made with the tucks extending to the neck and with long sleeves, so that really the design provides for several waists in one. For a



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

Tucked Blouse 5252.

Three-Piece Skirt 5233.

woman of medium size will be required, for the waist four yards of material twenty-one inches, or two yards if forty-four inches wide, with two and one-half yards of banding; for the skirt twelve yards twenty-one inches, or five yards if forty-four inches wide with one and one-fourth yards of all-over lace for the front gore.

The simpler gowns are for the most part made with blouse waists, many of which show the chemisette, that always is dainty and charming. (5259-5135) is adapted to taffeta, to veiling, to cashmere and to all similar materials, while also it will be found a most satisfactory model for linen and for the heavier cotton fabrics, which so many women are having made at this season of the year. The waist is made with a chemisette that

## EARLY SPRING FASHIONS

can be made of any contrasting material that may be liked and includes the very latest sleeves, which allow a choice of full or elbow length, while the skirt is seven gored, laid in two tucks at each seam, and can be made in walking or in round length. For the medium size will be required, for the waist three and one-fourth yards of material twenty-seven inches, or two and five-eighth yards if forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard any width for the chemisette and five and one-half yards of banding; for the skirt nine and one-half yards twenty-seven inches, or five and one-half yards if forty-four inches wide when material has up and down; seven and three-quarters yards twenty-seven inches or three and three-fourths yards if forty-four inches when it has not.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.  
Blouse with Chemisette 5259.  
Seven Gored Skirt 5135.

The plain blouse is one that fills so many needs that it is a very well deserved favorite. This one (5267) can be treated in a number of ways, so becoming the plain waist of daily afternoon wear, the low waist of the evening or

the fancy one of intermediate use. As shown white silk is combined with lace and the deep cuffs are used, but cuffs of less depth can be substituted or these can be omitted altogether and the sleeves finished with bands at the elbows, or again the waist can be cut out to give a square décolletage and made with the short puffed sleeves that are the very latest decree of fashion. For the medium size will be required three and one-half yards of material twenty-one inches, two and three-fourths yards twenty-seven inches, or one and three-fourths yards if forty-four inches wide with one and one-eighth yards eighteen inches wide and one and one-half yards of banding.

A great variety of skirts unquestionably will be worn throughout the Spring,



5255 Three-Piece  
Skirt, 22 to 30 waist

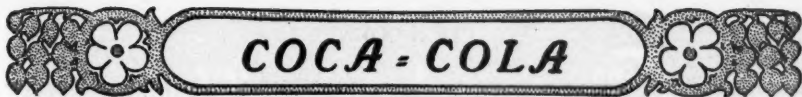
but there is, nevertheless, a marked preference shown for the variations of the circular model. In 5255 is given one of the best of these that can be made either in round or walking length. There is a front gore that is laid in inverted plaits and the fullness at the back is similarly arranged while between the two the skirt is plain over the hips but falls in graceful ripples at the lower portion. Cloth, wool suitings, silk and linen all are appropriate with trimming of any sort that personal preference may fancy. Material required for the medium size is seven yards twenty-seven inches, or four and one-half yards of forty-four or fifty-two inches wide. No wardrobe is quite complete without a pretty and tasteful house jacket, and the one illustrated (5265) is sure to find its own welcome. It is of pale blue cashmere trimmed with cream lace and is charming for immediate wear.



5267 Plain Blouse,  
32 to 42 bust.



5265 House Jacket,  
32 to 40 bust.



**W**HENEVER I go within hailing distance of a town where a well advertised article is made, I try to plan a stop-over and a visit to the plant. The interest in seeing and knowing all about the plant is whetted if one has personally tested and found merit in the products of the place—and so on a recent trip to Florida I stopped over at Atlanta.

Every magazine in the country, every periodical, every street car running on our streets has, I suppose, at one time or another contained the mystical words, "Coca-Cola," the same identical form of type that was initiated in the early campaign, by Secretary F. M. Robinson, and is still being used as the insignia of one of the most popular drinks in the United States, now called the National drink. In fact, when one stops to think about it, there is no other beverage that has so widespread a use in this country, which forces the conclusion that it must be a drink of unusual merit.

After a breakfast at "The Piedmont" I made my way to the viaduct and there met Mr. St. Elmo Massengale, the energetic and able advertising agent of the South. After a brief chat, Mr. Massengale used the telephone and in came a soda fountain boy with a waiter and we pledged a greeting in glasses of Coca-Cola—I tell you it tasted good. I was not long in discovering that the greatest soda water fountain city in the world is Atlanta, one of America's healthiest cities, and no wonder that Coca-Cola is in vogue there, for it is a most delightful effervescent drink.

The advertising of this product is very well managed. Who has not seen the lithograph portrait of Madame Nordica, as she appeared in grand opera, but holding in her hand a glass of Coca-Cola? This picture was the work of a Berlin house and it has appeared in many of our best magazines. To the advertisement a coupon is sometimes attached, and I noticed that the white robed vendors of the soda fountains were kept busy with coupon customers demanding drinks of Coca-Cola.

Now it is always interesting to analyze the success of a product. Asa G. Candler, President of the Coca-Cola Company, is one of the wealthy and substantial citizens of Georgia, and the handsome seventeen story building which bears his name is the finest in the South. It is

the success of such men and such enterprises as that of Coca-Cola that does so much toward advertising energetic cities like Atlanta. The traveler cannot remain there long without imbibing something of its enthusiastic spirit. Atlanta is looked upon as the great capital of the South, and is regarded by all the people of Georgia as one of the sights to see and the place of all others which it is essential to visit. The industrial exposition held in this city years ago did much to bring it to the front and give it the prominence which it enjoys today. We must not forget that this city was the home of Henry W. Grady, whose memory is kept green by a handsome statue. Atlanta is full of suggestions of Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus) and his doings, and here resides the sweet singer of the South, Frank Stanton.

Some two years ago, when the National Magazine party was in Jamaica, we found that the popular drink there was Kola. In fact, it was mixed with everything drinkable, from water to forty rod rum. It seemed to be essential in every hot weather beverage, and certainly contains refreshing and slightly stimulating qualities that are deemed necessary during the Summer. After my return, I found myself, whenever I approached a soda fountain, thinking of the kola in Jamaica; and thus Coca-Cola came to be a favorite drink. Then, too, it has such a subtle way of inviting you to it. There is always a conspicuous sign somewhere—perhaps it will be a changing plate, from which wink the words, "Coca-Cola."

Well, Mr. Massengale and I were not long in getting out to the home of this delightful drink, which is situated in a flat-iron building, on which the sign is prominently displayed. Inside we met Mr. F. M. Robinson, the secretary and manager of the advertising department, and the person who first produced the beverage and gave it the name "Coca-Cola." He is as pleasant a man as one could wish to meet, and has conducted one of the most notable campaigns ever inaugurated for a great national beverage which may be found almost anywhere that American enterprise extends—in Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and even in England, France and Germany, for when once introduced it is sure of gaining favor.

In the office of Mr. Robinson I was



## COCA-COLA

shown a number of Kola nuts about the size of small walnuts, though they look like large chestnuts. It is from these nuts, which grow, like the vanilla bean, inside a large pod, that kola is procured, and they are brought from the interior of Africa. It was through the natives of that country that the value of this product was known. During the strenuous days of Stanley's march—"Through darkest Africa"—he found the natives used these nuts, and discovered that they were not only refreshing and stimulating but that they also contained valuable food properties. The modern beverage is produced by mixing the kola with the coca leaves of South America. The nut is the identical kola of the Congo river country of West Africa, and the coca leaves are imported from South America, the best coming from Peru, where they have been used for centuries past. In fact these leaves are in daily use in Peru, Columbia and Brazil, and their wholesome and nutritive qualities have been fully proved. It is known that they have an excellent effect on the digestive organs. Thorough and rigid chemical tests have been made proving the virtues of these two ingredients which combined form one of the best temperance drinks of the century.

Less than a score of years have elapsed since the first Coca-Cola was sold at the soda fountain. This momentous event occurred at Jacobs' Drug store, on Marietta Street in Atlanta. The sale of the first year was less than one thousand gallons, but in 1900, 370,000 gallons were sold and the output has been more than one million, five hundred thousand gallons during the year 1905 meaning about 192,000,000 glasses. It was very entertaining to go about the factory where the syrup is made. In the warehouses I saw the barrels of refined sugar, which came from Boston and is the best to be obtained. In the great copper vats, capable of holding 12,000 gallons, I saw the drink in process of manufacture. Seven large vats have been added recently to the equipment, and on every side are evidences of greater growth. There are now 234 separate and distinct bottling establishments throughout the United States, where Coca-Cola is prepared for public use. The syrup is shipped from the factory in large, well made barrels, thoroughly sterilized—and that cleanli-

ness is regarded as essential in the entire manufacture is a comforting reflection for those who make this their favorite drink. There is something of irony in the fact that a great many whiskey barrels are used for the shipment of Coca-Cola. It is claimed by people who know the facts that this beverage is one of the most effective agents for temperance, because it satisfies the terrible thirst created by fermented liquor, while it leaves no deleterious after effects. What Glasgow people have done in establishing tea rooms and coffee rooms, the American people are doing by the encouragement of the use of effervescent drinks at the ubiquitous soda fountain, and it is claimed that many of these drinks are more beneficial than tea or coffee, Coca-Cola notably containing the constituents of both without the harmful effects. It is also claimed that it is a panacea for hypochondria.

An interesting incident is told of a certain popular lecturer who never appears upon the platform without a pitcher of Coca-Cola, choosing it in preference to the old time glass of water. This gentleman at times speaks upon temperance, because he finds it possible to state that he knows of a beverage capable of quenching thirst. Probably Coca-Cola is the only drink for which such properties can be claimed.

It always gives a man a broader view of his country to visit other sections than his own, and find that here, too the same hopeful and optimistic spirit prevails as in his own home, for we are sometimes prone to think of our native place as the acme of perfection and the only place where it can be found. No one can visit Georgia without leaving the dear old state with regret and the conviction that whether it is Coca-Cola or the stories of Joel Chandler Harris, everything is supplied with a free hand and the earnest desire to make Georgia one of the greatest states of the Union.

So now, whenever you go to a soda fountain for a refreshing draught, you need not stop to read the labels on the whole array of spigots and bottles, for if it is a popular drinking fountain there will be Coca-Cola there, and you can depend upon it that it will be the best and most approved beverage in their complete assortment.





WE do not agree with the present lament that America is altogether devoid of artistic taste, and is submerged in the making of dollars to the exclusion of all other interests. In a majority of instances the accumulation of wealth is simply the overture to the opening of the doors for artistic opportunity.

This brings to mind the comment made by several senators and congressmen concerning the question whether sentiment is in any way a barrier to business success and suggests making an effort to find out just what people think on this matter. We often hear the statement made:

"Well this is business, not sentiment."

The general impression prevails that sentiment is incompatible with good business ability. My observation is somewhat to the contrary, but still my ideas are more or less limited, though the following up of the splendid success of our Heart Throb book has been a revelation beyond anything we could anticipate. We wish for definite information on this matter, so we are offering two prizes, as follows.

We anticipate taking a trip to Honolulu in March, 1907. I desire to have two subscribers with me, and have decided to offer the trip for the two best essays on the above subject, but all articles published will be paid for at regular rates, so now is the time to start right out and do your thinking. The only pro-

vision is that you must give a concrete example of a man of sentiment who has become a business success. For instance, we should all like to know the sentimental side of James J. Hill or Marshall Field, but it is not essential that the examples of success be taken from prominent men, it will be all right for you to sketch the career of your butcher or your grocer, if they appeal to you as being men of sentiment who have made a success, proving that sentiment is not a barrier to commercial achievement.

The more I observe, the more I see that men who seem as cold as the Egyptian sphynx have succeeded in trade but I believe they have warm hearts, and that sentiment has contributed to their success. I may be wrong, but if so, I should like to know it.

YEARS ago Marshall Field, whose death has meant the loss of one of the greatest merchants of the world, as well as a personal friend, said: "To work is to work all the time and to keep constantly in mind your customers and your patrons, and their interests—serve them all the time, not during business hours but night and day. These are little things, perhaps, but it is the little things that people appreciate."

These thoughts come to me forcibly whenever I have a player of note in mind. I think of it as I wander into the theatre to see this player or that.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

Whenever I see the name of Willard on the boards I run up to the theatre.

It was at the New Amsterdam that I saw him once more, and it seemed like meeting an old friend as I looked at him over the footlights in "A Pair of Spectacles." What an interesting phase of human nature is revealed in that play and who but a Willard could give that sympathetic touch! Every time he put on the spectacles his entire nature changed. Of course there is always a winsomeness in Willard, but the best of all is that he is not one thing behind the footlights and another in person.

The night I went there was a double bill; the second piece was a powerful rendition of "The Man Who Was." Here was another rare display of Willard's genius. What a thrilling picture it was, a rare portrayal of English army life and what a powerful moment it was when the demented old soldier of the White Huzzars looked upon the face on the wall and recognized in those placid features the Queen, which rent aside the veil and restored lost reason and showed to his comrades in arms that like Rip Van Winkle he had regained the power to live. \*

All this cast a spell over me and I wandered down the aisle and behind the scenes and found my good friend still in the robes of the "man who was," but in the gleam of his eyes there was the real Willard. He is an artist to his finger tips, and an artist whom the people love. In his long and eventful career he has endeared himself to a loyal constituency of American playgoers, such as few actors of the American stage are privileged to possess.

Not long after this I had a chance to see another actor, William Gillette, who always has such a quiet, pleasant way, even if he plays Sherlock Holmes. He has a way of worming himself into one's heart, whether as Sherlock Holmes or in his new play, "Clarice."

William Gillette wrote this comedy-

drama, "Clarice," in the hills of North Carolina, and somehow it has the real touch and atmosphere of the Carolina mountains. It was produced by Mr. Frohman at the Duke of York in 1905 and ran with great success for four months. But the first American production was on the Colonial stage at Christmas. It met with a brilliant success and the management were obliged to cancel all out of town engagements to give the twelve extra matinees demanded at the Colonial. I would like to give the plot of the play, which is so subtle, and the love making which is so wholesome, but space forbids. There is not a moment in which the intensity of the dramatic situation is not manifest, even though a word may not be spoken. Gillette has that way with him. As he was picking to pieces a rose which Clarice, his ward, had given to him, even the silence was eloquent. The fight with himself to give up the young girl, because he thinks it for her advantage, and then the revulsion of feeling when the keen intuition of the woman knew and felt the intensity of that love, despite the cruel words and actions which belied the heart of the man, reveal a touch of sovereign love that is especially appropriate in these days of doubt.

It was stated at one time that the people would never tolerate William Gillette in anything but Sherlock Holmes, but he has triumphed in his own play and is revealing those heart touches which are more dear to the people than any achievement, whether it be that of an actor or any other artist.

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If every reader of the National Magazine realized how important it is to answer the advertisements in the magazine, I am sure there would be a flood of inquiries poured in upon all our advertisers. They want your attention and business, and it is certainly worth your while to get acquainted with them.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

We go through the ceremony of introducing you to them each month, and we should like you to keep right in touch with them.

The other day I was perplexed as to what to get for a birthday present. I felt I must have the very best obtainable, yet of course there was some limitation as to price. It did no good to wander through the shops down town. In my desperation I wrote to my good friend Mr. Hussey, of the Baird-North Company, of Salem, Massachusetts. In a few lines I told him of my predicament, and asked him to send me something for my wife's birthday—anything except a watch or a locket. That good natured man sent exactly the right thing. Mr. Hussey is in the business and knows just what people like to have.

I should like every reader of the National Magazine to know Mr. Hussey. You may all have perfect confidence in sending to him for a present for anybody for whom you desire an especially pleasing gift. If the article sent is not exactly what you wish, rest assured that the good reliable firm of Baird-North Company will see that it is made right for you.

I have had an argument with Mr. Hussey on this subject. I said to him that people would buy birthday, wedding and anniversary gifts at other times beside Christmas, but he insisted that it was useless for him to advertise except in the month of November in preparation for the holiday trade.

I suggested that statistics prove such events occur all the year round. Nor can I believe that our readers give presents only in December. So now, if you desire a present for a friend, sit down and write to Mr. Hussey just what you want and add another link to the chain that binds human nature together in the spirit of good cheer and cooperation.

Mr. Hussey's ad for the Baird-North Company, Salem, is on another page, but I think if you mention to him that

you want to buy something on the Joe Chapple special service plan, he will understand just what you desire. He has made a study of the tastes of the people in the matter of presents, and ideas will occur to him which we ordinary mortals never would have.

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DEAR BILLY! I knew it all along, though never a word was spoken on the subject. He was in the birth throes of getting out a book. He came to the National office one sultry August afternoon and we had one of those delightful chats, in which we talked over some of the great problems of life, both here and hereafter, and never for a moment was there a lack of that genial optimism, good cheer and wholesome love of humanity which defies analysis but is at once felt by everyone who comes into contact with Billy.

Since those days I have had placed in my hands a book called "Frozen Dog Tales and Other Things," by Colonel William Hunter, printed by the Everett Press. The pages are elaborately illustrated, and the book comes like a fragrant breath of Spring after a long and weary Winter. There is something in the description of the Frozen Dog Quadrille, to the tune of Money Musk, that sets one's feet a-going, while the tender feeling expressed in the little poem, "Leavin' Home" is something we have all felt. The book gives a wholesome touch of Western life and the broad sweep of the prairies, such as we have not had since the days of Bret Harte.

No strictly American library would be quite complete without a copy of Frozen Dog Tales. I feel you will all enjoy reading it because it is unique; it stirs the sluggish blood, giving glimpses of real pioneer life that read like a fairy tale to Eastern people. It is the experience of a man who has closely observed his fellows and given character of all kinds much thought and study. In

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

"The Editor's Vision" he measures up the various sorts of aristocracy and concludes that the aristocracy of brains is the only one of them all that will last, "He who belongs to the aristocracy of knowledge is the real man."

Occasionally a sound piece of advice is embodied in the commonest language.

"A fur collar on an overcoat is no evidence that the man has an under-shirt." His plea for "The Old Fashioned Home" is something that will appeal to every dweller in a city, while it will strengthen the love of home in the hearts of country readers.

The book abounds in homely aphorisms. "We hear a great deal about 'has-beens,' but our investigation shows they are 'never-wases.'" "An imitator can't make a success any more than a crow can be an eagle."

"The man who gets mad easily suffers more mental torture than the man he gets mad at."

"Grizzly Pete says, 'The man what talks too much is settin' traps fer himself.'"

"Link Duke says the college education often has the effect of making some fellows too smart to work and not smart enough to get along without working."

It is true that it may occasionally occur to the reader that the maxims of Frozen Dog do not quite agree with the practice of the citizens. In theory they believe in loving each other and doing unto others as they would they should do unto

them, but occasionally the Frozen "Doggers" sally forth and smite their neighbors "hip and thigh" for some minor offence, usually verbal, while "necktie parties" are so plentiful as to cause the Eastern reader to feel a cold chill run down his spine. But then where is there a community that is not more or less inconsistent?

Colonel Hunter is not only a business man, a writer and an advertising man, but is also an all-round good fellow with a legion of friends, and always with a hand outstretched ready to help the man who is down. I suppose we shall still continue to call the talented author Colonel William Hunter, because for my part I cannot remember the time when he was not a colonel, a member of the governor's staff in Wyoming, and I suppose there will not be a time when he will not still bear that title. But after all his other claims for popularity have been considered, I believe his fame will rest more surely on what he has given in this handsome little volume than on anything else he has ever done up to this time. But remember this is dated—there is no telling what Hunter may do in the years to come.

I found a favorite nook for Frozen Dog Tales in my library and when I want to have memories awakened of a trip over the Rockies, I take down that little volume and revel in the heart warmth of one of the best fellows I know.

---

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is to Meat  
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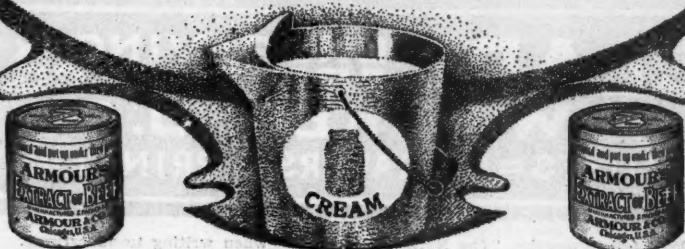
## Armour's Extract of Beef

has the flavor and richness of prime roast beef, concentrated and packed in convenient jars for household use. A small quantity added to soups or sauces gives them that rich, beefy flavor that comes only from good beef.

☞ Cooking without Armour's Extract of Beef is like making fine pastry without cream.

☞ Be sure you get ARMOUR'S Extract of Beef. There are a number of cheaper brands of inferior quality. Our Cook Book, "Culinary Wrinkles," tells how to use Extract of Beef in a hundred ways or more. It is sent free on request. All druggists and grocers sell Armour's Extract of Beef.

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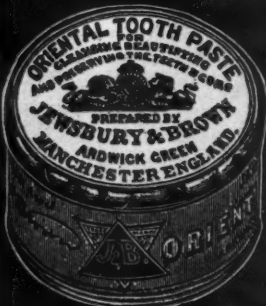
Regular pots, familiar to users of this celebrated dentifrice for more than one hundred years, are still sold everywhere at a half-dollar the pot.

**Oriental Tooth Paste** is principally vegetable in composition. It is the acknowledged standard of excellence the world over.

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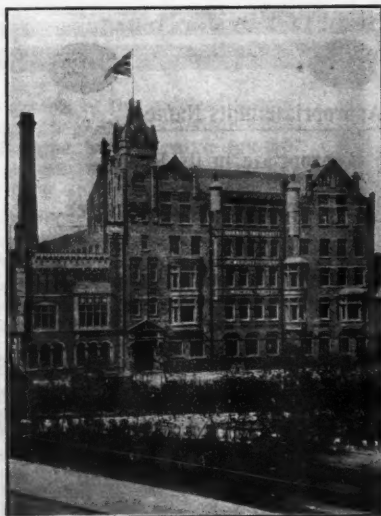
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One feels  
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**Lamson &  
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There is something in its  
combination of shape, ster-  
ling materials and good  
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## The New Spring Styles

are now procurable at all  
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Where dealers do not sell  
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appropriate hat direct, upon  
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that few possess, yet which anyone can have. Soft, clear, velvety skin glowing with the freshness and health of youth is easy for anyone to have, if the skin is but given a little care.

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by cleansing from all impurities the thousands of tiny pores, clogged with dust, dirt and hardened oily secretions. It softens—refines—feeds the skin tissues, and makes the skin smooth, fine-grained and transparent, giving it the freshness and glow of youth.

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Absolutely pure. For cleaning, polishing and preserving silver, jewelry, mirrors, cut glass, gold and silver plate, etc. It is positively guaranteed not to scratch or injure the finest gold or silver, and is used and endorsed by dainty housekeepers, leading jewelers, hotels, clubs and restaurants.

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Send us 10c (in coin or stamps) and your dealer's name, and we will send you postpaid a sample box. We want you to know how much better La Brillante is than other polishes and a trial will convince you that La Brillante is the best polish made.

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## The Best of the Best

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The standard of sanitary cleanliness obtained by using Sulpho-Naphthol is unequaled by soaps, powders or any other material. A general air of sweetness and purity pervades the entire home that is cleaned with it.

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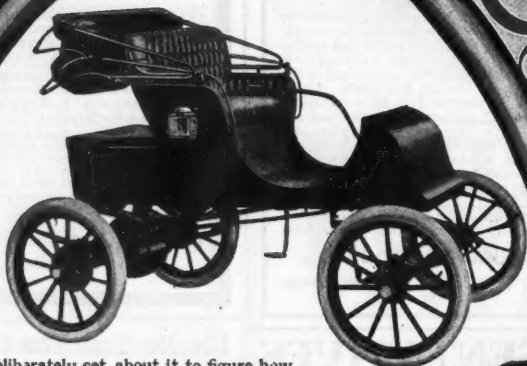
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These swift, silent, ever-ready electric carriages have become not only a luxury for which every woman longs; but an actual essential in the daily round of social engagements, shopping tours, trips with the children, and the hundred-and-one uses for which they are available.

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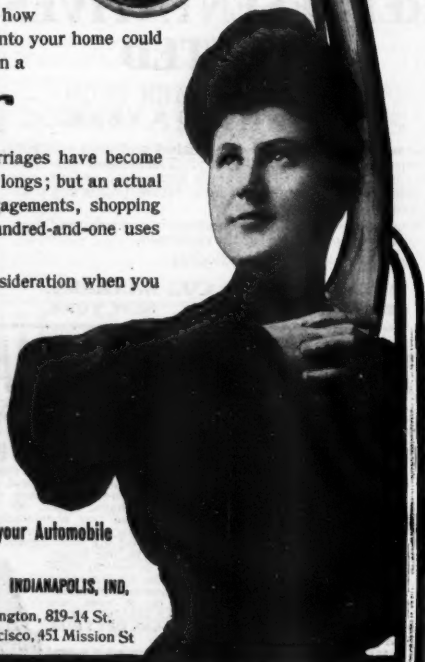
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¶ Is the harp your favorite musical instrument, or do you fancy the violin, or the piano? Perhaps the other members of your family like the mandolin or guitar or banjo.

¶ Sometimes your mood may run to classical music, at other times to "rag-time."

¶ Each and every instrument and all kinds of music are perfectly rendered, with exquisite expression, and absolutely free from grating or foreign sounds by the

New Mechanically Fed Taper Arm

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This is the only reproducing machine for disc records on which the needle is mechanically moved across the record and on which this motion is not dependent upon the needle. This absolutely kills that awful scratching sound and produces a pure clear tone. This new device makes it impossible to scratch the needle across the record and thus damage it. It is a great record saving device, increasing the life of the record 100%. Adjustable to operate all disc records of different sound waves. Our patents upon this device are very broad and it cannot be used on other machines. We do not operate under any shop rights or license from anyone

¶ All good disc records can be used on the new mechanically fed **Talk-o-phone** and the wonderful improvement in reproduction over the old style machines is truly marvelous—no scratching or grinding—just pure, sweet music.

**Talk-o-phones, \$18.00 to \$50.00**

¶ Send us your name and we will advise you where you can hear the new mechanically fed **Talk-o-phone** and also send you free, our booklet.

**TALK-O-PHONE CO., 10 Calumet Street,  
TOLEDO, OHIO.**





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outwear others. Mark your collars every time they go to the laundry and you will find this to be so. And here's why.

They are always full 4ply strength. But so they will bend more times without breaking, heavy interlining is removed where collars usually break in taking the laundry fold. Turned-in edges are bound to prevent inside raveling, and the "gutter seam" in standard styles prevents saw edges.

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Write for "Collar Kinks"—the new book of styles and correct dress.

**CORLISS, COON & CO.,**  
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**FREE**  
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**AFTER**



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By Using the

## Perfect Pants Presser



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Simplest, handiest and most economical method. Keep trousers in perfect order by placing them in the press on retiring, and by morning they will have that well-pressed, fresh appearance with a regular "tailor's" crease, no matter how wet, baggy or out of shape. The cost is saved many times a year, and provides a continuously neat appearance without recourse to tailor or hot iron. This is the day of the good dresser. Retain YOUR good appearance by sending for a Perfect Pants Presser. Use it 60 days; money returned if unsatisfactory. Circulars and full information on request.

Plain Wood, Mahogany Finish, Japanese Trim \$4.50  
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Result in Chicago or New York exchange, or money order.

**PERFECT PANTS PRESSER CO., 679B, Hookery, Chicago.**

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# GABLER PIANOS

have been known as expensively and carefully built pianos, although not the highest-priced.

It is this thorough-going, conscientious, high-class workmanship that has made the "Gabler tone" famous, not alone for its sweetness and power but for its permanence. Gabler Pianos are built for at least two generations of hard service.

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PLAN OF PURCHASE**  
An easy way to get the best piano built.  
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**Examination Before Armstrong Committee  
Did Not Hurt Newark's Big  
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The annual financial statement of the Prudential Insurance Company has just been issued and shows the corporation to be stronger than ever. The total insurance now in force, according to the report, is \$1,170,000,000, a net gain over 1904 of \$113,000,000.

This net gain places The Prudential among the first insurance companies of the world in the amount of insurance gained in 1905. The Prudential confines its business to this country.

The total number of policies issued and revived during the year was 1,672,770, making the total number in force 6,470,516.

The net assets of the company aggregate \$107,000,000, while the total liabilities are \$91,000,000, leaving a surplus of \$16,000,000. The company increased its surplus during 1905 by over \$2,750,000. The legal and special reserve to protect policyholders totals \$88,000,000, an increase over 1904 of \$14,000,000.

During 1905 the company paid out to policyholders \$14,000,000, making the total sum paid to policyholders since the organization of the company, including death claims, dividends and matured endowments, \$107,000,000.

Reference is made to the decrease in the expense rate, amounting to about two per cent. of the premium income. President John F. Dryden, in submitting the report to the Prudential field staff, says that the voluntary testimony of the company's officers before the Armstrong committee resulted in a strengthened confidence on the part of the public and policyholders in The Prudential.

## Souvenir Post Cards Par Excellence

One hundred views, entertaining, handsome, instructive; 25 cents per dozen, including list 250 collectors. Portrait cards made to order, dime for sample. Easter and birthday cards 6 for 25c.

**H. A. LORBERG, Publisher, PORTSMOUTH, O.**

Write  
To-Day

Catalogue  
Free  
with  
full  
information



### MOTSINGER AUTO-SPARKER Starts and Runs Gas Engines Without Batteries

No other machine can do it successfully for lack of original patents owned by us. No twist motion in our drive. No belt or switch necessary. No batteries whatever for make and break or jump-spark. Water and dust-proof. Fully guaranteed.

**MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.**  
32 Hale Street, Pendleton, Ind., U.S.A.

## SONG WRITERS

Your Poems May Be Worth  
**THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS!**  
Send them to us today.  
We Will Compose the Music.  
Hayes Music Co., 15 Star Bldg., Chicago.

## FREE GOLD WATCH & RING

An American Movement Watch with beautifully engraved Solid Gold Plated Case equal in appearance to a 25 Year Solid Gold Filled Watch. Fully warranted to keep correct time. Also a Solid Rolled Gold Embossed Diamond Ring, sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of a 100 diamonds, are given absolutely free to Boys & Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10 cents each. Order 50 pieces and when sold send us \$2, and we will positively send you both the watch and the ring, also a chain. Address **BOND JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 65, CHICAGO.**



Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



The above illustration shows a Steinway Parlor Grand Piano in the style of Louis XV., made to order by us for Mr. George J. Gould, as it appears in Mrs. Gould's music room at "Georgiancourt," Lakewood, N. J.

**W**E have in our warerooms at all times a fine assortment of Grand and Upright Pianos in the principal historic periods of architecture, such as Louis XIV., XV. and XVI., Renaissance, Gothic, Rococo, Empire, Early English, Colonial, Chippendale, Sheraton, Adam, Mission, etc., etc. We also make these instruments on special order, either according to our own designs or the designs that may be submitted to us by architects, to harmonize with the decorations or furnishings of any particular room or suite of rooms.

# STEINWAY & SONS

STEINWAY HALL, 107 AND 109 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK

# CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR



A  
Triumph  
in  
Sugar  
Making!

**Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!**

IMAGINATION COULD NOT CONCEIVE OF A HANDIER AND PRETTIER FORM THAN IS PRESENTED IN "CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR." NEITHER COULD THE MOST PARTICULAR PEOPLE ASK FOR MORE PERFECT PURITY OR ECONOMICAL PEOPLE FOR LESS WASTE.

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD.

BEST SUGAR FOR TEA AND COFFEE.

By grocers everywhere.

## **The Pacific Monthly**

**Guarantees an Average Circulation of**

**50,000 for the Year 1906.**

The only complete Pacific Coast circulation had by any periodical is that of **The Pacific Monthly**, which has forced its way into every town and every section of the country west of the Rocky Mountains.

**The Pacific Monthly** furnishes the most complete medium of circulation on the Pacific Coast.

**The Pacific Monthly** is forcing its way into Alaska and the Orient. Before many months it will have a wide circulation in every country bordering on the Pacific Ocean, in which a white man lives.

The attention of advertisers is called to the wide and complete circulation of **The Pacific Monthly** on the Pacific Coast, and to the rapidly growing breadth of its circulation.

\$1.00 per year; 50c. for six months; 25c. for three months' trial subscription; 10c. per single copy.

**The Pacific Monthly Publishing Co.,**  
Portland, Oregon.

# GRANDMOTHER SAYS

Nothing Cures  
Rheumatism or  
Kills Pain like

## Sloan's Liniment

Price, 25¢ 50¢ and \$1.00  
Sold by all Druggists

**DR. EARL S. SLOAN,**  
BOSTON, MASS. U.S.A.



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MADAM LAVINA  
Chief Instructor

# LEARN DRESSMAKING At Home By Mail

You can quickly learn to Design, Draft, Cut, Fit, Make and Trim any garment, from the plainest shirt-waist to the finest costume. We teach you to **Cut and Fit by Measure**. Nothing more than a tape-line, yard-stick and scissors required. If you are now a dressmaker or a seamstress, take a course in our school and increase your present income. Follow our instructions and fill **Good Positions at \$15.00 to \$100.00 Per Week**, or conduct a first-class business of your own. If you do not wish to do professional dressmaking, the cost is so small that you can well afford to take the course if only to **Make Your Own Clothes** better and cheaper. It is the Best, Cheapest, Easiest and Quickest system to learn, and **It Can be Readily Taught by Mail**.

## NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

Established in 1902. Thousands of satisfied students all over the United States. Write today for testimonials and large catalogue and terms FREE.

Columbian Correspondence Schools, 396 Globe Block, Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A.

\$43.75



# Buy This Rubber Tire Wagon

**Union Quality. Fully Guaranteed.** Best hickory wheels,  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. **Rubber Tire**, long distance, dust proof, high arched axles; oil tempered springs. First quality material and finish. Worth nearly double our **Factory Price**. We ship for your examination without a cent in advance, if desired, and allow

## 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Money refunded on all purchases not satisfactory. **You save dealers' profits.** We build 150 styles of Vehicles, from \$26.50 to \$150.00. 50 styles Harness, \$5.00 to \$60.00. Write today for our 200 page **illustrated style book**. Free for the asking.

UNION BUGGY CO., No. 36 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

## What Is Daus' Tip-Top?

### TO PROVE



that Daus' "Tip-Top" is the best and simplest device for making 100 copies from pen written and 50 copies from type-written original we will ship complete duplicator, cap size, without deposit, on ten (10) days' trial.

Price \$7.50 less trade discount of 33.1-30%, or

**\$5 NET**

THE FELIX V. DAUS DUPLICATOR CO.  
Daus Building, 111 John St., N. Y. City

# WANTED

1000 MEN  
WOMEN

Immediately, who wish to buy one acre each in our great industrial enterprise and make \$1000. Payments \$2.00 a month. Send 4 cents for References and full particulars.

MANHATTAN FINANCE CO., 33 Union Sq., N. Y.

# MORPHINE COCAINE OPIUM

and all other drug habits absolutely cured by Home Treatment. No suffering, no detention from business, no harmful effects. TRIAL SAMPLE FREE.

WE cure and cure forever the craving for morphine, cocaine, opium, and laudanum, and restore the system to health and strength. Our remedy has been tested continuously for many years by our associate physicians in their private practice. We can refer you by letter or in person to men and women who will gladly tell their happy experience with our treatment.

SEND FOR BOOKLET. Our letters and remedies sent without any outside charge. Privacy is complete.

DRUG CRAVE, 122 Hartford Bldg., 41 Union Sq., New York



# PERFECTLY DEVELOPED WOMEN BEAUTIFUL WOMEN! YOUR FORM AND FIGURE MADE PERFECT.

I give the greatest beauty secret on earth free to all women. I will show you the way, it is very simple. My perfected, natural method of treatment will actually and permanently develop and enlarge the bust from 5 to 6 inches and give that swelling and rounded, firm proportion of Nature—that queenly bearing so attractive to all. Thin cheeks, neck and arms made plump and beautiful. Crow's feet, wrinkles from around the eyes and mouth are scientifically removed. Do not despair on account of age. Beauty of form, flexibility and clearness of the skin, free from wrinkles, and freshness of youth always follow the use of my perfected, natural treatment.

Whichever you may lack in the way of perfect form of figure, Nature will generously supply for you if you use my treatment, as it rigorously and positively stimulates the developing forces of Nature and makes plump and beautiful the flat and sunken places and creates the most fascinating and beautiful curves. My scientific method must not be confused with the many quack drugs and remedies, or creams, because it has a purely scientific basis in strict accordance with physiological and anatomical principles. It assures fair, fresh skin, rosy cheeks, beautiful shoulders, an ideal figure, even in the most hopeless cases. I absolutely guarantee satisfaction. My new book containing "before and after" illustrations, and information how to develop yourself at home will be sent you free and prepaid. Address confidentially, Department 22, THE DELMAR ASSOCIATION, Delmar Building, 24 East 23d St., New York City.



# DEPARTMENT OF PROGRESSIVE ADVERTISERS

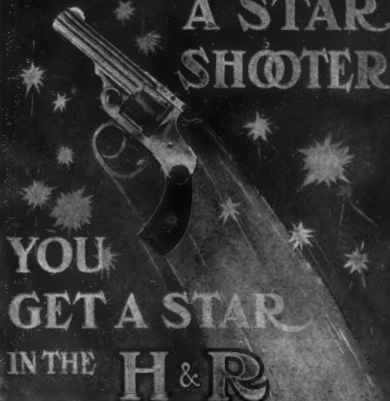


**Mothers!**  
**Mothers!!**  
**Mothers!!!**

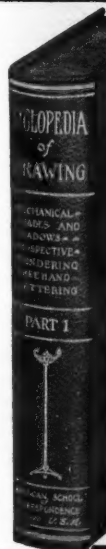
## MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

**WHEN YOU WANT  
A STAR  
SHOOTER**



**WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOG  
HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.  
370 PARK AVE.,  
WORCESTER, MASS.**



## Cyclopedia of DRAWING

New, enlarged edition,  
TWO VOLUMES

Bound in Half Leather, 1200 pages,  
(size 8x10 ins.) fully indexed; 1500  
illustrations, plates, engravings, etc.

SENT **FREE** FOR EXAMINATION

Both books sent on five days approval, express prepaid. If satisfactory send \$1 and \$1 per month for six months. Otherwise, notify us and we'll transfer the books absolutely free.

NOT GOOD AFTER OCT. 1

### BRIEF LIST OF SUBJECTS

Freehand Drawing  
Mechanical Drawing  
Shades and Shadows  
Rendering in Pen and Ink  
Perspective Drawing  
Architectural Drawing  
Rendering in Wash and Color  
Water Color Hints for Draftsmen  
Working Drawings  
Machine Design  
Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting  
Time-keeping  
Practical Problems in Mensuration

American School of Correspondence  
CHICAGO, ILL.

Mention National Mag.

## SOUVENIR POST CARDS

Send 10c for our handsome set of samples and complete catalogue listing subjects from all over the world at lower prices than ever sold before.

**NATIONAL POST CARD CO.,  
834 Logan Bldg., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

## The Lenox Hotel IN BUFFALO



NORTH STREET AT DELAWARE AVENUE

**High Grade Modern Construction. Absolutely  
Fireproof. Unexcelled Service Throughout**

**EUROPEAN PLAN**

Rates \$1.50 Per Day and Upwards.

Wire Reservations at our Expense.

**GEORGE DUCHSCHERER,**

**Proprietor**

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

# Try It At My Expense --Not Yours

If you are not a reader of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE I want you to become one. I want you to know what it is like, and to know at my expense if the magazine does not suit you. If it does suit you, and the price is right, you will naturally wish to pay for it. There isn't much in the theory of getting something for nothing.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is worth your knowing. It was MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE that led off a dozen years ago in the low price for magazines—ten cents a copy and one dollar by the year. It was the fight we had with a giant News-Company monopoly—that made MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE possible, and that blazed the way for all other publishers whose magazines are issued at the price of MUNSEY'S. But this is too big and too graphic a story to be told in this advertisement.

## Munsey's Magazine

Has the biggest circulation of any standard magazine in the world—much the biggest. And it has made it and held it solely on its merits. In a dozen years we have not spent a dozen cents in advertising. We have no agents in the field—not an agent anywhere—we have given no premiums, have clubbed with no other publications, and have offered no inducements of any kind whatsoever. We have made a magazine for the people, giving them what they want, and giving it to them at a right price—that's all. And the people have bought it because they like it and because they could buy it at a right price. Our object in advertising now is to reach a few hundred thousand new readers—people who are not now taking MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

### A Ten Thousand Dollar Magazine for Ten Cents

Though there are a good many three dollar and four dollar magazines in America, there is none better than MUNSEY'S, whatever the price—not one. There is no higher grade magazine, there is none better printed or printed on better paper, and there is none better or more carefully edited—none better written, and few, if any, so interesting. It costs in round numbers about ten thousand dollars a number to go to press on MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. That is to say, if only one copy were printed it would cost ten thousand dollars, but spreading this cost over an entire edition of 750,000 copies, the amount gets down very thin on each individual copy.

When I first made this price, a dozen years ago, everybody said it was impossible—said we couldn't live—said we were bound to fail. We did live, however, and today are publishing a thousand tons of magazines a month, which is fifty carloads. This is more than three times as many magazines as were issued by all the publishers combined of the entire country when I came into the business.

It is because I am so sure of the merits of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and so sure it will please you, that I am now offering to send it to you without any money in advance, and without any money at all if it does not please you. I can afford to take this chance, which, as I see it, is a very small chance, because I believe thoroughly in the rugged honesty of the people. The percentage of dishonesty among the citizens of America is far too small for consideration in a business proposition of this kind.

There is no trick in this offer—no hidden scheme of any kind whatever. It is a simple, straightforward, business proposition which will cost you nothing unless you wish it to.

### The All-Story Magazine Also Free

I will not only send you MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, as stated above, but will send you three months free, in addition, THE ALL-STORY MAGAZINE, which is another of our publications. I add this other magazine for two reasons. First, that you may have the choice of two magazines, and second, with the thought that you may want both.

If this proposition interests you, and I hardly see how it could be made more to your interest, kindly fill out the coupon in this advertisement and mail it to me, and you will get the magazines as stated herein.

**FRANK A. MUNSEY, New York City**

158

You may enter my name for one year's subscription to Munsey's Magazine, for which I agree to pay you one dollar (\$1.00) at the end of three months, providing I find the magazine to be what I want.

In the event that I do not care for the magazine, I will so notify you at the end of the three months, in which case I shall owe you nothing.

It is further agreed that in connection with this subscription you are to send me The All-Story Magazine free for three months, and that I am to have the option of changing my subscription, if I so desire, from Munsey's Magazine to The All-Story Magazine for the balance of the year.

Name

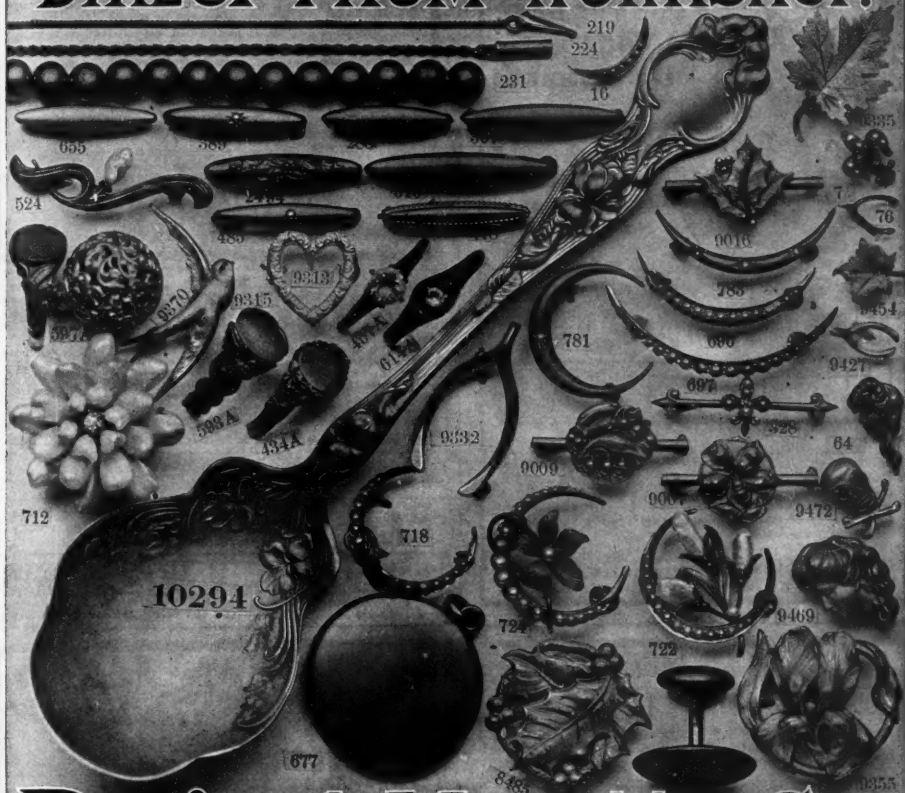
City

Dated  1906 State

**Frank A. Munsey, 175 Fifth Ave., New York**

DEPARTMENT OF PROGRESSIVE ADVERTISERS

# "DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP."



# Baird-North Co.

## Diamond Merchants, Gold and Silversmiths

<b>Stock Pins</b>		9313 Heart	-	-	\$ .25	724 Pearls, rose gold	-	\$4.00	<b>Scarf Pins</b>		
288 Solid gold, plain	-	9315 Swallow	-	-	.35	781 Crescent, pearl	-	1.50	7 Solid gold, pearls	-	\$1.25
307 Solid gold, plain	-	9323 Wishbone	-	-	.35	783 Crescent, pearls	-	1.50	16 Solid gold, pearls	-	1.25
310 Solid gold, plain	-	9335 Maple leaf	-	-	.35				64 Solid gold, whole pearl	-	1.50
328 Solid gold, pearls	-	9335 Iris	-	-	.50	<b>Solid Gold Rings</b>			76 Solid gold, wishbone	-	.50
329 Solid gold, pearl	-					434A Signet	-	\$3.50	9427 Sterling silver wishbone	-	.20
478 Gold plate, bead edge	-	<b>Sterling Silver Hat Pins</b>		8491 Hat Pin like 8485	-	598A Signet	-	\$2.50	8454 Sterling silver maple leaf	-	.20
485 Gold plate, pearl	-	9370 Perforated ball	-	.50	597A Signet	-	2.00	9463 Sterling silver head	-	.30	
524 Gold plate, baroque pearl	-	9380 Hat pin like 9335	-	.50	We engrave one letter free.			9472 Sterling silver, ruby eyes	-	.35	
655 Sterling silver, plain	-				Monogram, 50 cents.						
249 Solid Gold, holy	-	<b>Solid Gold Brooches</b>		690 Pearl crescent	-	437A Diamond	-	100.00			
<b>Sterling Silver Brooches</b>		697 Pearl crescent	-	\$2.75	614A Diamond	-	15.00				
8485 Holly, Chatelaine	-	712 Baroque pearl, diamond	-	23.00	<b>Solid Gold Neck Chains</b>						
9007 Handy pin, violet	-	718 Pearl crescent	-	2.75	219 Neck chain, 13 in.	-	\$2.00	134 Solid gold links	-	\$2.50	
9009 Lily of the Valley	-	722 Pearl and baroque	-	4.00	224 Neck chain, 13 1/2 in.	-	2.75	677 Solid gold locket	-	5.00	
9016 Handy pin, holy	-				231 Bead necklace, 14 in.	-	10.00	10294 Sterling silver sugar spoon, Violet pattern	-	1.25	
								Our catalog "V" pictures the complete "Violet" pattern.			

Our Catalog "T" will be ready for mailing about November 1st. The book contains 162 pages and illustrates over 9000 articles—Diamonds, Gold and Silver Jewelry, Leather, Ebony, Toilet Goods, Watches, Rings, Table Ware, etc.

We can give the best service possible: we guarantee every article we sell; we assume all risk; we return your money if you ask it. Most important of all, we save you one-third of your purchase money by selling "Direct from Workshop." Buying from us you save the profits of the jobber, the wholesaler and the retailer.

For ten years we have been filling orders by mail to the entire satisfaction of thousands of customers in all parts of the postal union. We can please you.

We want every lover of artistic jewelry, every person who intends to make a holiday gift, to have a copy of our beautiful catalog—sent postpaid upon receipt of your address. WRITE NOW.

**BAIRD-NORTH CO., 350 Essex Street, SALEM, MASS.**

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

# I Can Cure Your Eyes



F. CHESTER MADISON, M.D.  
America's Master Oculist  
COPYRIGHT

**At Your  
Own Home**

**No Knife  
No Pain  
No Risk  
No Bandages  
No Trouble**

BY THE

## Madison Absorption Method

Miss Sadie Aker, 428 N. Upper Lexington, Ky., writes:—"I wish I could talk with every person who is afflicted with their eyes, for I am now cured, Dr. Madison is certainly wonderfully endowed."

If your eyes are troubling you I can treat you just as successfully. If you see spots or strings **Beware of Delay for Delay Means Blindness.** My new 80 page book on **Diseases of the Eye** (illustrated in colors) will be sent Free. A postal will do—**Write Today.** *Cross Eyes Straightened without the knife by My New Method which has never failed.*

**P. C. MADISON, M. D.,** Suite 224, 80 Dearborn St. Chicago

## MY LETTER ON DIET AND HYGIENE

is the "Ounce of Prevention" for those who are weak and nervous. To further introduce my Anti Tension Compress, (pat. 8-19-02.) I will include it free. Those who feel unfitted for active business or social life—always in a state of nervousness, suffer discomfort especially while standing—have Varicocèle and unless removed abnormal conditions increase.

### CURE YOURSELF AT HOME

The A T C assists nature to remove the cause painlessly, rapidly and permanently, without loss of time. Sent sealed with letter for \$2.00 Treatise on the cause, effect and cure of Varicocèle and its sequences in plain sealed envelope with testimonial proof, free of charge.

**MARK M. KERR, M. D.**  
Station K-715 Cincinnati, Ohio.



## Drug Addiction

For the past fifteen years (here in Houston) I have successfully treated those addicted to opiates. By fair and honest methods I have won the confidence and respect of my patrons. Each case has my individual attention and I cure my patients without physical suffering or nervous distress. Free trial package sent on receipt of brief history of case, and my latest booklet, "A NEW LIFE" on request.

**Dr. Parley, Suite 39, Mitchell Bld., Houston, Tex.**

**RUPTURE** CURED WHILE YOU WORK FOR \$4.  
NO SURG. NO PAY. ALLY. 277.  
WESTBORO, MAINE. BOX 277.

## PATENTS

**Walton E. Coleman, Patent Attorney,** Washington, D. C.  
Highest references, best service.

**TYPEWRITERS** ALL MAKES  
Machines & Mr's Prices. RENTED ANYWHERE, applying rent on price. Write for Catalog & TYPEWRITER EXHIBITOR, 308 LaSalle St., Chicago



## FAT PEOPLE

I know you want to reduce your weight, but probably you think it impossible or are afraid the remedy is worse than the disease. Now, let me tell you that not only can Obesity be reduced in a short time, but your face, form and complexion will be improved and in health and strength

you will be wonderfully benefited. I am a regular practicing physician, making a specialty of the reduction of surplus flesh. My new and perfected system of treatment is absolutely safe and certain. It is based on scientific principles and is strictly along the lines of common sense.

Most fat people lose their strength and vitality, grow feeble and prematurely old, because the fat clogs the vital organs of the body. The form of many a lovely and handsome woman is spoiled when she grows fat. Grace of movement and natural attractiveness are destroyed.

Here is what I will do for you: First, I send you a blank to fill out; when it comes I forward a five weeks' treatment. You make no radical change in your food, but eat as much and as often as you please. No bandaging nor tight lacing, no harmful drugs nor sickening pills. The treatment can be taken privately. You will lose from 3 to 5 pounds weekly, according to age and condition of body. At the end of five weeks you are to report to me and further treatment will be sent if necessary.

When you have reduced your flesh to the desired weight, you can retain it. You will not become stout again. Your face and figure will be well shaped; your skin will be clear and handsome; you will feel years younger. Ailments of the heart, weakness of the lungs, general depression of the nervous system, disorders of the kidneys, liver and other vital organs will be cured. Double or under-chin, flabby cheeks, heavy abdomen, and other disagreeable evidences of Obesity are remedied speedily. Dull complexion is made clear and healthy, and as the fat is reduced the skin becomes close-fitting and free from wrinkles.

All patients receive my careful personal attention whether being treated by mail or in person. All correspondence is strictly confidential. Treatment for either sex, young or old. Plain sealed envelopes and packages sent; distance makes no difference; satisfaction guaranteed.

Call on me personally, or write, addressing Department as given below, for new book on "OBESITY—ITS CAUSE AND CURE." It is interesting, convincing and instructive. It will be sent you free and prepaid.



Confidential correspondence invited from all interested, including physicians. Address

**UNITED STATES MEDICAL DISPENSARY,**  
DEPT. 277  
20 East 22 Street, New York City.



## DEPARTMENT OF PROGRESSIVE ADVERTISERS



The "Invasion of the West" is typical of the invasion of the North, South and East by the

# OLDSMOBILE

Here are the facts: We are to-day shipping Oldsmobiles to nearly every civilized country, and some half civilized ones. Russia for the last three years one of our best foreign markets, is taking more cars to-day than before the present trouble broke out. We have met European manufacturers on their own ground and have "made good."

Our Palace Touring Car, Model S, is the "top notch" of 1906. It is a genuine American car, discounting European product at Wall Street rates. Send for booklet telling how we have packed more style, speed, stability and brains into Model S for \$2250 than can be found in any car in the world for anything like the same money.

The Double-Action Olds is a car with two working strokes for every revolution of the crank. It's the "latest"—the "new thing"—in automobiles. It is free of valves, guides, cams, and other mysteries that usually terrify the uninitiated. It's motor has only three working parts. It's a giant for hill climbing and difficult roads. It's price, \$1250. Write for our "Double-Action" Booklet.

## OLDS MOTOR WORKS

Lansing, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian trade supplied from

Canadian Factory, Packard Electric Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

Member of Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

### CATALOG COUPON

Kindly send me information regarding cars checked. I am interested.

Model B — Delivery Cars  
Model S — Passenger Traffic Cars  
N.M. Model L —

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

### CALENDAR COUPON

Enclosed find 10 cents, for which send your large Art Calendar (free from advertising and suitable for framing) for 1906. Design by George Gibbs N. M.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

### MOTOR TALK COUPON

Enclosed find 25 cents, for which have MOTOR TALK, a magazine devoted to automobilism, sent to me for 1 year. N. M.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.





## FORTUNE BUILDING

is an art and a science.

Most fortunes are built through profitable investments.

Money grows and makes more money when profitably invested.

One good investment is worth a lifetime of labor.

Small amounts saved regularly and invested profitably will soon build a fortune and provide an income for life.

My business is that of handling high-grade investments that pay the largest profits possible consistent with perfect safety.

I am working on a wonderfully successful system that enables me to do this.

I have made millions of dollars for my 10,000 satisfied clients. Many of them are receiving 10 per cent., 20 per cent., 30 per cent., and even a higher rate of dividends per annum, while their original investments show a remarkable increase in value. I can do the same for you. If you desire to build a fortune, send me your name and I will mail you

## FREE FOR SIX MONTHS THE INVESTMENT HERALD

my illustrated investment paper, giving full information and explaining my successful system. It tells what I have done, how I do it, and gives advice that may be worth thousands of dollars to you. Write for it to-day.

**A. L. WISNER & CO., BANKERS**  
Hudson Bldg., Suite 73, New York



### MOUNT YOUR OWN TROPHIES

Be your own Taxidermist. We can teach you with complete success BY MAIL to correctly mount all kinds of Birds, Animals, Fishes, Heads; tan Skins; etc. Taxidermy was long kept secret—now easily and quickly learned in your own home during spare time. Extremely fascinating. Very profitable. Fine business for a side line. You can soon double your income. Decorate your home and den. Save your fine specimens. Enjoy your leisure hours. If you are a hunter, angler, naturalist, bird-lover, or enjoy animal life in any form, you should know Taxidermy. We teach standard methods only—have thousands of successful students. Guarantee success. Our school is endorsed by all leading taxidermists and the standard nature magazines. Are you interested? If so we want to furnish full particulars including hundreds of letters from students, our new catalog, and sample copy of The Taxidermy Magazine—all sent ABSOLUTELY FREE. ASK TO-DAY.

THE N. W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERM, 30 N. ST., OMAHA, NEB.



### BE A RAILROAD MAN

**Firemen and Brakemen  
Earn \$60 to \$125 a Month**

We teach you by mail and assist you to a paying position when you are qualified. Instruction is practical, thorough, pleasant; fits you for immediate employment and for rapid promotion. Founders and instructors are all prominent railroad officials. School is endorsed by the managers of leading roads who are calling for more men—hundreds of positions waiting for our graduates. Begin now—fit yourself for a steady job at big wages. The railroads need you. Write for free catalogue, THE WENTWORTH RAILWAY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, DEPT. 144, FREEPORT, ILL.



**A Plan of This House Free**  
If you are thinking of building, send me your address, and I will send you the plan of this attractive house free.

## Wittekind's "Guide to Home Builders"

is a large portfolio containing handsome illustrations of exteriors, description, floor plans, estimate cost, etc. of 47 designs for artistic modern homes. Invaluable for home builders. Size 1 1/4 x 11, printed on fine plate paper, with portfolio holder. Every plan original, artistic and practical. Can actually be built at estimated cost given. Sent prepaid on receipt of \$1. Complete working drawings, details and specifications of any plan shown in portfolio, together with blank Builder's Contract and Bond will be furnished at terms given in portfolio.

**Special Plans at Reasonable Fees.** If you have original ideas for a home you desire worked out, I shall be glad to correspond with you.  
**HENRY B. WITTEKIND, LICENSED ARCHITECT, 28 JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO.**

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

## SOME RAILROADS ADVISE

the traveling public that they are the shortest routes, others that they are the scenic routes, but the

## Mexican Central Railway Is Positively The Only Route

to travel over in touring Mexico. First class through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars run daily between El Paso and City of Mexico.

Agencies in all the principal cities of Europe and the United States.

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call on or address

W. C. CARSON, G. E. A., 25 Broad St., New York.

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## HY-JEN TOOTH PASTE

cleanses and polishes the teeth gently and naturally, leaving a cool, refreshing taste in the mouth.

### Your money back if you want it

Ask your druggist for a tube of Hy-Jen, 25c, use it, and if it is not the most satisfactory tooth preparation you have ever used, send us the empty tube and we will cheerfully refund your money in full.

### Ask Your Druggist for Hy-Jen

If your druggist does not have Hy-Jen in stock, send us 25c for a full sized tube, under our absolute guarantee to refund your money in full if Hy-Jen is not in every way satisfactory to you.

Hy-Jen Chemical Co., 206 Kinzie St., Chicago.



5th And then the justice, full  
of wise saws.

### For Shakespeare's Seven Ages

Horlick's Malted Milk is used in thousands of homes as an invigorating and healthful table drink. More wholesome than tea, coffee or cocoa. An ideal nutrient for the infant, the growing child, and the aged. A refreshing and nutritious luncheon for every member of the family. Prepared by simply stirring in water.

Pure, rich milk, from our sanitary dairies, with the extract of choice malted cereals, elaborated to powder form. Also in Lunch Tablet form, chocolate flavor. A healthful confection for children, and a palatable quick lunch for professional and business men. At all druggists.

Sample, vest pocket lunch case, also booklet, giving valuable recipes, sent free if mentioned.


ASK FOR HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

Horlick's Malted Milk Co.  
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

London,  
England.

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Canada.





## Jell-O

### A Dainty Dessert.

Jell-O is simply clear sparkling Gelatine combined with pure fruit flavors in such a way that when boiling water is added it dissolves **instantly**, and when cool will be ready to serve.

Why spend hours soaking, flavoring and sweetening old-fashioned gelatine when Jell-O gives the same results in one minute?

Let us send you free our new illustrated Recipe Book, issued January 1, 1906. Every housewife will be interested and fascinated by the many delightful ways in which Jell-O can be made up with fruits, berries and nuts.

**Jell-O** comes in six flavors: **Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Chocolate and Cherry.**

At Grocers everywhere 10 cts. per package. Approved by Pure Food Commissioners. Highest Award, Gold Medal, St. Louis, 1904. Highest Award, Gold Medal, Portland, 1905.

**THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y.**

### Brilliant Black Jap-a-Lac Applied to Ranges

Registers, Furnace, Gas and Water Pipes, Iron Fences, Wire Screens—in fact all iron or metal surfaces, and old buggies or carriages, produces a glossy black finish that is both beautiful and durable.


*For sale by all paint dealers.*

**Glidden VARNISHES**

DEPT. 5F.  
436 Rockefeller Bldg.  
Cleveland, O.

Write today for color card showing 15 colors and instructive booklet describing the many uses for JAP-A-LAC.

EASILY APPLIED



QUICKLY DRIED

**DO YOUR OWN VARNISHING**

## MODENE

### HAIR ON FACE, NECK AND ARMS

INSTANTLY REMOVED WITHOUT INJURY TO THE MOST DELICATE SKIN



IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It cannot fail. If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.

*Modene supercedes Electrolysis.*

Used by people of refinement, and recommended by all who have tested its merits.

Modene sent by mail, in safety-mailing cases (securely sealed), on receipt of \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Postage-stamps taken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED.  
**MODENE MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
Dept. 313, Cincinnati, Ohio

Every Bottle Guaranteed.  
We offer \$1.00 for Failure or the Slightest Injury.



## All The Features

You have ever desired for  
a Typewriter

**Perfect Visible Writing**—every letter in plain view all the time.

**Wide Type Bar Bearing**—doing away with the troubles caused by "forced alignment" and giving an adjustable type bar bearing, so that the wear as it occurs can be taken up and the most perfect alignment always maintained.

**Automatic Ribbon**—ribbon reverses itself and oscillates so that entire surface is used. This simply doubles the life of the ribbon.

**Two-Color Ribbon**—second color instantly secured; simply touch a button.

**Speed Escapement**—the "Escapement" of the typewriter may be changed from "regular" to "fast," machine thus accommodating itself to the speed of any operator.

All these features and many others are on

THE NEW  
**FOX**  
VISIBLE

### AT LAST A PERFECT VISIBLE TYPEWRITER

The above features are all so valuable to a typewriter user and mean so much in the matter of accomplishing more work and greater durability that no one should purchase a typewriter until they have at least examined this machine.

Every expert who has examined it has pronounced it a marvel.

Ask our nearest dealer or branch office to show you both the Regular Models of the Fox and the New Fox Visible, or, if he is not convenient, write us and we can arrange it direct.

Descriptive literature on request.

### FOX TYPEWRITER CO.

Executive Office and Factory

840 Front Street GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

See back cover page advertisement, Collier's Weekly, Feb. 10th,  
for more detailed description.



## How Much Salary Are You WORTH?

That is the question asked by the employer of to-day. How much salary are you worth—What can you do to earn it? If you can do one thing well you are in demand **all the time**, and are worth from four to ten times as much as the man of no special ability.

The International Correspondence Schools were founded and Five Million Dollars have been invested to help men of *no special ability*; men who had to leave school early; men who are earning but little and who are struggling against adversity in uncongenial positions.

The I. C. S. does this great work by mail at an expense so small anyone can afford it—the worker neither leaving home nor losing time. One spare hour each day will do it. So wonderful has been the success of this system that a partial record just completed shows the names and addresses of 54,000 students who have actually been benefited by the I. C. S.

Every man or woman who can read and write is eligible. To learn how easily and quickly you can be helped, indicate on the coupon the kind of position you would like. In return you will receive without cost or obligation, literature, information and personal advice of the most helpful character. Isn't such a promise from such an Institution worthy of investigation?

#### International Correspondence Schools,

Box 811, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper  
Stenographer  
Advertisement Writer  
Show Card Writer  
Window Trimmer  
Ornamental Designer  
Illustrator  
Civil Service  
Chemist  
Textile Mill Supt.  
Electrician  
Elec. Engineer  
Foreman Plumber

Mechan. Draftsman  
Telephone Engineer  
Elec. Lighting Supt.  
Mechan. Engineer  
Surveyor  
Stationary Engineer  
Civil Engineer  
Building Contractor  
Architect  
Architectural Draftsman  
Structural Engineer  
Bridge Engineer  
Mining Engineer

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



# Kegrize

BALANCED  
GRAVITY  
FOUNTAIN PENS

THE BEST IN THE WORLD  
IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT CARRY THEM  
WRITE TO US FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

**KEGRIZE PEN COMPANY**  
PATENTEES & MANUFACTURERS  
PHILADELPHIA, - PA.



## Pabst Extract

### The "Best" Tonic

When you are nervous, sleepless or fagged out, try a small glass of Pabst Extract, morning, noon and night. It will aid your digestion, steady your nerves, bring you refreshing sleep and build you up physically.

25 Cents at all druggists.  
Insist upon the original.

Pabst Extract Department, Milwaukee, Wis.

## Clean Hands

for everyone, no matter what the occupation, by using



Price 25 cts. each. For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods.  
Mailed on receipt of price. AGENTS WANTED.

### Bailey's Won't Slip TIP

This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. Made in five sizes, internal diameter:

- |           |                     |
|-----------|---------------------|
| No. 17, - | $\frac{1}{4}$ inch  |
| No. 18, - | $\frac{3}{8}$ inch  |
| No. 19, - | $\frac{1}{2}$ inch  |
| No. 20, - | 1 inch              |
| No. 21, - | $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch |

Mailed upon receipt of price.  
30c per pair.

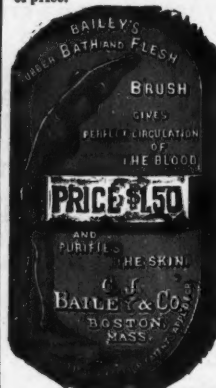


### Baby's Teeth cut without irritation.

The flat-ended teeth expand the gums, keeping them soft. Comforts and amuses the child—preventing convulsions and cholera infantum. Mailed for price, 10c.



Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth-wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1, 25c; No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.



Longevity is promoted by friction; declining energy and decay follow decreasing circulation.

### Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush

by its healthy, urgent action opens the pores and assists them in throwing off the waste which the blood sends to the surface. It quickens the circulation and renewed vigor courses through the body. The brush used dry will give a delightful "Massage" treatment. Size 3 x 5 in. Sent on receipt of price.

**C. J. BAILEY & CO.**

22 Boylston St.

BOSTON, MASS.



# DEPARTMENT OF PROGRESSIVE ADVERTISERS

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TEXAS  
MEXICO  
ARIZONA  
CALIFORNIA  
OREGON

If you are going to any point in any of these States and desire to travel in latest cars, behind clean motive power (Oil Burning Locomotives) it will be worth your while to consult any agent of the

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Inquire

BOSTON, 170 Washington St. NEW YORK, 11 Broadway

PHILADELPHIA, 632 Chestnut Street  
BALTIMORE, 210 No. Charles Street  
SYRACUSE, 129 So. Franklin Street

## 4 Per Cent. and Safety

FROM all parts of the world this bank receives money for deposit. Recently a single day's mail brought \$20,000 from a business man in Kansas, \$1,000 from an army officer in the Philippines, \$200 from a storekeeper in Russia and \$100 each from a school girl in Ohio and a working man in New York. It is all here for them anytime they want it—and in the meantime it is earning

**4 per cent. interest**  
compounded every six months

Department A booklet tells some interesting things about this bank and its banking by mail system.

WRITE FOR IT

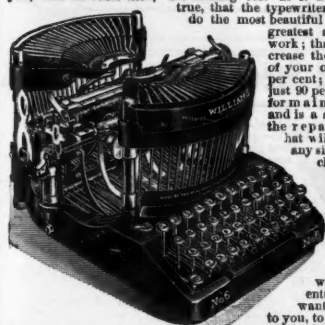
## THE UNION SAVINGS BANK

Capital, \$1,000,000.00

Frick Building PITTSBURG PA.

## BETTER TYPEWRITER SERVICE AT LESS COST

THE man who can make the most money for you at the least cost, in whatever capacity you want to use him, is the man you, and all other men, are looking for. Is it not equally true, that the typewriter that will do the most beautiful work, the greatest amount of work; that will increase the capacity of your operator 50 per cent; that costs just 50 per cent less for maintenance, and is a stranger to the repair shop; that will outwear any similar machine, one that will do all these things, is the machine that you ought to buy, and will buy eventually. We want to prove to you, to your satisfaction, that the



## WILLIAMS

**VISIBLE STANDARD TYPEWRITER**  
will do this—is doing it daily for thousands of enthusiastic users. It has established a new standard of service and superiority—better work, more work, less cost, and less effort. This interests you, whether you buy one machine or ten. Write for booklet "Better Service."

**THE WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER CO.,**

Factory and Office: 75-85 Housatonic Avenue,  
Derby, Conn., U. S. A.  
London Office: 57 Holborn Viaduct.

## RELIABLE



One word tells the story—the name of our machine and how it works.

All you have to do is to supply fertile eggs and follow directions—the Reliable Incubator will hatch them out every time. Good big hatches and you can depend upon it. There is

## NO GUESS WORK

about a Reliable. It's made right—works right and is sold right for if it don't do as we say we'll refund your money. Our new 1906 catalog explains our system of double heating and perfect ventilation—tells all about our incubators and brooders and gives other valuable poultry information. We send it free. Write for it, also get our prices for pure-bred poultry and eggs for hatching. We are extensive breeders and owners of the famous Reliable Poultry Farm.

**Reliable Incubator & Brooder Co.**

Box B-445 Quincy, Ill., U. S. A.

**SOLD  
ON A  
MONEY BACK  
GUARANTEE**



## I Print My Own

Cards, circulars, etc., with a \$5. Press. Small newspaper press \$18. Money saved. Money making business anywhere. Typesetting easy by the printed instructions sent. Write to factory for illustrated catalog of presses, type, paper, etc.  
The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

# Which Floor Do You Prefer?

If the one to the right, let us tell you how easily it is done in thousands of homes by the use of

## Grippin's Floor Crack Filler and Finishes

Our improved method of finishing all floors. Sanitary, simple and inexpensive. Skilled labor is not necessary.

BEFORE TREATMENT



Write NOW for Descriptive Matter to

**GRIPPIN MFG. CO. Dept. A**  
Newark, New York State

AFTER TREATMENT

## Coate's Non-Gummable MUCILAGE BOTTLE



Never clogs or gets dauby. Wooden top, looks neat. Aluminum stem, never rusts off or discolors mucilage. Felt tip spreads thin and evenly. Filled with Imperial (pure gum Arabic) Mucilage. Never moulds, sours or discolors. Of most stationers. If yours won't sell it, refuse substitutes. Send 15c to cover postage.  
**W. P. & C. P. POTTER, Mfrs.**  
Norwich, Conn.

## Be a Chiropodist!

**ALL RETAIL SHOE CLERKS**—men or women—should know Chiropody. Your business throws you into **direct contact** with those who **need you most**. Double your income by doing Chiropody on the side. It doesn't cost much to **learn** and the knowledge is **valuable**. We have successfully taught Chiropody by correspondence; our student list is growing rapidly. We teach the removal and cure of hard, soft and blood corns, bunions, ingrown nails, etc. Wonderful opportunities in smaller towns where skilled Chiropody is as yet unknown.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Please send me particulars and cost of your course in Chiropody.

LA LONDE SCHOOL OF CHIROPODY, Ashland, Wis.

REFERENCE—Any bank in Ashland, or the editor of this magazine.

## ESPEY'S FRAGRANT CREAM

Will relieve and cure chapped hands, lips, rash, sunburn, chafed or rough skin from any cause. Prevents tendency to wrinkles or ageing of the skin. Keeps the face and hands soft, smooth, firm and white. IT HAS NO EQUAL. Ask for it and take no substitute.

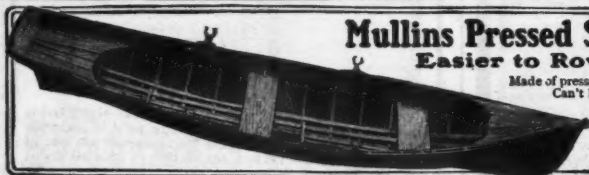
Package of Espey's Sachet Powders

Sent FREE on receipt 3c. to pay postage.

**P. B. KEYS, Agt., 111 So. Center Ave., CHICAGO**



## Mullins Pressed Steel Boats Can't Sink Easier to Row—Absolutely Safe



Made of pressed steel, with air chambers in each end like a life boat. Can't leak—crack—dry out or sink—last a lifetime. Every boat guaranteed. The ideal boat for families—summer resorts—parks—boat liveries, etc. Strong—safe—speedy. Write to-day for our large catalog of row boats, motor boats, hunting and fishing boats.  
**The W. H. Mullins Co., 320 Franklin St., Salem, O.**

This

Furnished by

Magazine

Sigmund Ullman  
Company

Is printed  
with

Inks

New York and Chicago

# Vapo-Cresolene

(Established 1878.)

"Cures While You Sleep."

**Whooping-Cough, Croup,  
Bronchitis, Coughs,  
Diphtheria, Catarrh.**

**Confidence** can be placed in a remedy which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once.

**Cresolene is a Boon to  
Asthmatics.**

**ALL DRUGGISTS.**

Send Postal for Descriptive  
Booklet.



Cresolene Antiseptic  
Throat Tablets for the  
irritated throat, at your  
druggist or from us.  
10c. in stamps.

**The Vapo-Cresolene Co.**  
180 Fulton St., N. Y.  
Leeming-Hiles Bldg., Montreal,  
Canada.

**AS20 Watch for \$5.45**



These figures tell exactly what we are doing—selling a \$20.00 watch for \$5.45. We don't claim that this is a \$40.00 watch or a \$50.00 watch, but it is a **\$20.00 watch**. A leading watch manufacturer, being hard pressed for ready cash, recently sold us 100,000 watches—watches actually built to retail at \$20.00. There is no doubt that we could wholesale them to dealers for \$12.00 or \$13.00, but this would involve a great amount of labor, time and expense. In the end our profit would be little more than it is at selling the watch direct to the consumer at \$5.45. **The Ewing-ton Watch**, which we offer at \$5.45 is an **in. 21-jeweled**, finely balanced and perfectly adjusted movement. It has specially selected jewels, dust band, patent regulator, enameled dial, jeweled compensation balance, **double hunting case, genuine gold-laid** and handsomely engraved. Each watch is thoroughly timed, tested and regulated, before leaving the factory and both the case and movement are **guaranteed for 25 years**.

Clip out this advertisement and mail it to us today with your name, postoffice address and nearest express office. Tell us whether you want a ladies' or gent's watch and we will send the watch to your express office at once. If it **satisfies** you, after a careful examination, pay the express agent \$5.45 and express charges, and the watch is yours, but if it doesn't please you return it to us at our expense.

A **25-Year guarantee** will be placed in the front case of the watch we send you and to the first 10,000 customers we will send a beautiful gold-laid watch chain free. **We refer to the First National Bank of Chicago. Capital \$10,000,000.**

**NATIONAL CONSOLIDATED WATCH CO.**  
Dept. 316, CHICAGO.



## Kosmeo The Beauty Maker

**Is Different From All Other Face Preparations**

I am a grandmother with grandchildren old enough to go to school. Daily for 16 years I have used my Kosmeo. It cleanses the pores thoroughly, and makes the skin feel all alive and glowing. It gives health to the skin and you feel and see the effects instantly. It gradually closes coarse pores and refines a coarse skin. It prevents wrinkles which result from dryness of the skin.

**Kosmeo Makes the Skin  
Sun and Wind Proof**

Apply it just before going out of doors and your skin will not tan, burn or freckle; neither will it become rough or chapped by the harsh, spring winds.

If you will use Kosmeo through this spring and summer, as directed in the Kosmeo booklet, you will admit that it is the best complexion preserver you ever tried. Your skin will be smooth and clear and without the usual freckles, tan and other blemishes.

Kosmeo agrees with every skin—child's, woman's and man's. It never promotes a growth of hair on the face.

Nearly all druggists sell Kosmeo. Price 50 cts., (one size only). If your druggist has it, buy it of him, but write to me for a Kosmeo booklet and for special advice about your complexion, if you wish it.

If your druggist does not sell Kosmeo, send me his name and 50 cts and I will send you a jar by mail.

If you want to try Kosmeo, before buying a full size jar, write to me, giving your druggist's name and I will send you a Sample Free.

**Mrs. Gervaise Graham, 1292 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.**



Photo of Mrs. Graham by Tenneson,  
Chicago, Nov., 1905.

# DEPARTMENT OF PROGRESSIVE ADVERTISERS

# \$ 200.00 IN CASH PRIZES FREE

Other Prizes are Given for Sending us Subscriptions; but **THIS \$200.00 IN CASH PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED ON APRIL 16, ABSOLUTELY FREE, to the persons sending us the neatest correct solutions. : : : : :**

Arrange the 30 letters printed in the centre groups into the names of six cities of the United States. Can you do it? Large CASH PRIZES, as listed below, to those who send in the nearest solutions, will be given away on **April 16, First Prize, \$50.00 in Gold, Second Prize, \$25.00 in Gold, Third Prize, \$15.00 in Gold, Fourth Prize, \$10.00 in Gold, Five Prizes of \$5.00 each, Ten Prizes of \$2.50 each, Fifty Prizes of \$1.00 each—making a Total of Two Hundred Dollars in Prizes.** Don't send us ANY MONEY when you answer this advertisement, as there is absolutely no condition to secure any one of these prizes. **RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST**—In preparing the names of the six cities, the letters in each group can only be used as many times as they appear, and no letter can be used that does not appear. After you have found the six correct names you will have used every letter in the 30 exactly as many times as it appears. These prizes ARE GIVEN, as we wish to have our Magazine brought prominently to the attention of everyone living in the United States. Our Magazine is carefully edited and filled with the choicest literary matter that the best authors produce. **TRY AND WIN.** If you make out the six names, send the solutions at once—who knows but what you will WIN A LARGE PRIZE? Any way, we do not want you to send any money with your letter, and a contest like this is very interesting. Our magazine is a fine, large paper, filled with fascinating stories of love and adventure, and now has a circulation of 400,000 copies each issue. We will send FREE a copy of the latest issue of our Magazine, to every one who answers this advertisement. **GO ON TO THE RIGHT AWAY ON THIS CONTEST** and you will find it a very ingenious mix-up of letters, which can be straightened out to spell the names of six well-known cities of the United States. Send in the names right away. As soon as the contest closes you will be notified if you have won a prize. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the very best New York magazines into every home in the United States. **WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY.** When you have made out the names of these cities, write them neatly and plainly and send it to us, and you will hear from us promptly BY RETURN MAIL. A copy of our fascinating MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Do not delay. Send in your answer immediately. Understand, the neatest correct solutions win the prizes. **WE INTEND TO GIVE AWAY VAST SUMS OF MONEY in the future, just as we have done in the past, to advertise our CHARMING MAGAZINE.** We find it is the very best advertisement we can get to offer LARGE PRIZES. Here are the names and addresses of a few people we have recently awarded PRIZES: M. M. Hannah, Fernvale, Miss., \$75.00; H. A. Parmelee, Milford, Neb., \$45.00; Kate E. Dunlap, 139 N. Hill street, Los Angeles, Cal., \$65.00; Mrs. E. Preister, Richmond, Tex., \$35.00; M. G. Christenson, Gregg, Minn., \$30.00; Mrs. C. E. Welting, 1339 Lauderdale, 1125 as Memphis, Tenn., \$50.00; Mrs. Harriet S. Bulard, 120 Intendencia street, Pensacola, Fla., \$40.00; J. C. Henry,

Box 118, Sligo, Pa., \$25.00; Henry Perry, Central Islip, L. I. N. Y., \$45.00; James A. Cooter, Holden, Mo., \$25.00; Evelyn S. Murray, 139 S Central Avenue, Austin, Chicago, Ill., \$25.00; Mrs. L. D. Paffenberger, 320 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, N. Y., \$30.00.

We could go on and point to hundreds of names of people who have gained large sums of money from our contests, but only give a few names. The solution can be worked out by an alert and clever person, and it will apply pay you to TRY AND SPELL OUT THESE CITIES. Brains and energy nowadays are winning many golden prizes. Study it very carefully and let us see if you are clever and smart enough to spell out the cities. We would rather take this way of advertising our excellent Magazine than spending many thousands of dollars in other foolish ways. We freely and cheerfully give the money away. **YOU MAY WIN.** We do not care who gets the money. **TO PLEASE OUR READERS IS OUR DELIGHT.** The question is, Can you get the correct solution? If you can do so, write the names of the cities and your full address plainly in a letter and mail it to us, and you will hear from us promptly by return mail. Lazy and foolish people neglect these grand free offers and then wonder and complain about their bad luck. There are always plenty of opportunities for clever, brainy people who are always alert and ready to grasp a real good thing. We have built up our enormous business by being alert and liberal in our GREAT OFFERS. We are continuously sending our readers RARE AND UNUSUAL prizes. We have a big capital, and anyone can easily ascertain about our financial condition. We intend to have the largest circulation for our high-class Magazine in the world. In this progressive age publishers find that they must be liberal in giving away prizes. It is the successful way to get your Magazine talked about. Of course, if you are easily discouraged and are not patient and are not willing to spend any time in trying to work out the solution, you cannot expect to win. **USE YOUR BRAINS:** Write the names of the cities and send them to us, and we will be just as much pleased as you are. We desire someone to be successful and as it does not cost you one cent to solve and answer this contest, it will be very foolish for you to pass it by. In all fair and liberal some of your leisure time. **SUCCESS IS FOR ENERGETIC AND THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE, and the cause of FAILURE IS LACK OF INTEREST AND LAZINESS.** So, dear reader, do not miss this advertisement without trying hard to make A SOLUTION OF THE LINES OF LETTERS PRINTED IN THE CENTRE OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT. We suggest that you carefully read this offer several times before giving up the idea of solving the puzzle. Many people write us kind and grateful letters, profusely thanking us for our prompt and honest dealings. It always pays to give attention to our grand and liberal offers. **OUR PRIZES have gladdened the hearts of many persons who need the money, and you too money you will give attention to this special offer this very minute. If you solve it, write us immediately.**

**DON'T DELAY. WE WILL GIVE OTHER PRIZES THIS SEASON.** Put your name on our list and win a prize. Do not delay. Write plainly.

## This is the Puzzle

O	G	A	C	H	C	I
N	O	T	S	O	B	
E	L	S	E	T	A	T
A	H	O	A	M		
T	I	D	O	E	R	T
L	A	N	T	A	A	T

## Can You Solve It ?

**CESS IS FOR ENERGETIC AND THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE, and the cause of FAILURE IS LACK OF INTEREST AND LAZINESS.** So, dear reader, do not miss this advertisement without trying hard to make A SOLUTION OF THE LINES OF LETTERS PRINTED IN THE CENTRE OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT. We suggest that you carefully read this offer several times before giving up the idea of solving the puzzle. Many people write us kind and grateful letters, profusely thanking us for our prompt and honest dealings. It always pays to give attention to our grand and liberal offers. **OUR PRIZES have gladdened the hearts of many persons who need the money, and you too money you will give attention to this special offer this very minute. If you solve it, write us immediately.**

**DON'T DELAY. WE WILL GIVE OTHER PRIZES THIS SEASON.** Put your name on our list and win a prize. Do not delay. Write plainly.

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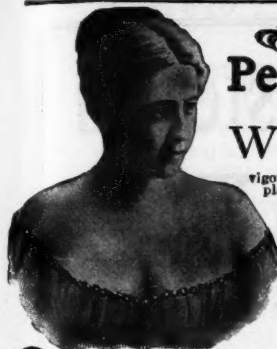
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22 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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The Knowledge How to Possess It—Yours for the Asking

**W**OULD you have a form second to none, perfectly free from all scrawny and hollow places, and a bust as full, plump and firm as you could desire? You may easily obtain these inestimable blessings if you write to Mme. Hastings, the marvelously successful Face and Form Specialist of Chicago, for her famous system of development, a discovery which vigorously stimulates the developing forces of nature and makes plump all the flat and sunken places, and creates the most fascinating and beautiful curves.

### It Enlarges the Bust Measure 6 Inches

and makes the arms and neck plump and round. The Nadine system is the one praised so highly by leading society women everywhere. It is perfectly harmless, and failure is unknown. Special instructions are given to Thin Women to gain 15 to 30 pounds more in weight and round out the entire form. When using this treatment you will receive constant care by mail until you are entirely developed. Prominent physicians highly endorse and prescribe it because of its great superiority over everything else known for physical development. Upon request, and a stamp for postage, a package, sealed in a plain wrapper, will be sent you containing beautiful photos and full information how to develop yourself at home. Do not fail to write at once to

Mme. HASTINGS, A. F., 52 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

## DR. MILES' Anti Pain Pills

### CURE HEADACHE

And all Pain.

25 DOSES  
25 CENTS.

Never Sold in Bulk.



TAKE

ONE OR TWO

Of These Little Tablets

AND THE PAIN IS GONE

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind

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PERMANENTLY REMOVED



By My Scientific Treatment Especially Prepared for Each Individual Case.

I suffered for years with a humiliating growth of hair on my face, and tried many remedies without success, but I ultimately discovered the True Secret for the permanent removal of hair, and for more than seven years have been applying my treatment to others, thereby rendering happiness to, and gaining thanks of, thousands of ladies.

I assert and Will Prove to You, that my treatment will destroy the follicle and otherwise Permanently Remove the Hair Forever. No trace is left on the skin after using, and the treatment can be applied privately by yourself in your own chamber.

**IF YOU ARE TROUBLED, WRITE TO ME** for further information, and I will convince you of all I claim. I will give prompt personal and Strictly Confidential attention to your letter. Being a woman, I know of the delicacy of such a matter as this, and act accordingly. Address,

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My **FU-RE-CO SOAP** and **CREAM** removes and prevents wrinkles and preserves the skin. May be had at all the best druggists or direct from me.

**FU-RE-CO CREAM**, .....50c. and \$1.00 a jar.  
**FU-RE-CO SOAP**, a Box of Three Cakes.....50c.

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**FIELD AND STREAM, Inc., 35 West 21st St., New York**

**Publishers of OUTDOORS and FIELD AND STREAM**

**FIELD AND STREAM** is America's Magazine for Sportsmen. Subscription price \$1.50 per year, 15 cents on all news stands. Do not miss the March, or "Spring Number," full of good things for the Angler.

## *New England's Abandoned Farms*

**P**ROFESSOR W. M. MUNSON, of the University of Maine, Orono, Maine, in his address before the Massachusetts Horticultural society, February 10, spoke on "Abandoned Farms and Their Capabilities." Professor Munson attributes the abandoned farms to the spirit of restlessness as follows:

"One of the first reasons for the abandoned farms in New England is the inherent restlessness of the American boy. That this innate restlessness should take active form however was the result of changed conditions. The conditions and problems presented to the New England farmer of today are very different from those of even half a century ago.

"The early farmers of New England worked hard, lived simply and had few debts, but also few of the comforts of life as we understand them at present. A race of sturdy, efficient men and women was the result; men and women who have made their mark wherever they have gone, in the gradual settlement and development of the country.

"Many farms of the East have been literally carved from the hillsides, and the labor incident to the management of such farms is great. As a result, even during the first half of the last century, many of the best young men were attracted away from the old homes to the newly developed Northwest territories. With improved transportation facilities, which developed rapidly after about 1850, bringing eastern farms into direct competition with the cheap and fertile lands of New York, Ohio, and Michigan, and soon with the black prairie lands of Illinois, Minnesota and the Red River, lands which could be had almost free of cost, the values of all agricultural lands in the East fell. The New England farmer found himself, with depleted soil and rigorous climate, growing wheat and corn which had to compete in the open market with similar products from the rich lands already mentioned. He

found his sons leaving the old home and joining the ranks of the factory hands, or moving West to grow up with the country, and swelling the ranks of those with whom he must compete.

"Instead of meeting the problems mentioned in the forceful, intelligent way we should expect from the sons of New England, the farmer of the East lost his grip and his spirit. He sought other professions, and 'abandoned' and neglected farms became common.

"A very important factor in the accumulation of abandoned farms is that of injudicious management. The old notion that 'anybody could be a farmer' has been the cause of the undoing of a vast number of farms, as well as a much larger number of farmers. So-called 'worn out' lands may be the result of several distinct conditions; namely, they may lack humus, either from too much or from too little cultivation; they may lack plant food; they may have become acid; they may need draining; they may need tilling.

"Having ascertained the reason for the condition existing in a given instance, the application of specific remedies is not a difficult problem. Deficiency in plant food may be met by the use of concentrated fertilizers. Lack of humus, one of the most common troubles, may be corrected by the use of green manure—as clover—in those cases where stable manure is not available. In cases of acidity of the soil, when leguminous crops cannot be grown for the supply of humus, an application of lime at the rate of from one to two tons per acre will accomplish wonders. The application of wood ashes, which contain thirty or forty per cent. of lime, with varying amounts of potash and phosphoric acid, are also frequently used with remarkable results.

"The younger generation can scarcely realize that fruit growing is still in its infancy in New England, and that in this

## NEW ENGLAND'S ABANDONED FARMS

direction is the most hopeful outlook for the future of New England agriculture. From the earliest settlements on the Massachusetts coast till the present day, fruit has been grown in New England. Plums, peaches, pears and apples galore have been introduced from England, France and Belgium. Until about fifty years ago, however, there was very little of the fruit we know today; and that little was produced largely in the gardens of a few enthusiastic lovers of fruit. Apples were then produced from natural seedlings, growing without care or attention, and were of more importance for cider than for any other purpose. Pears of delicious quality were grown, but mostly on a small scale for home use or home markets.

"But now all this is changed. We are beginning to recognize the fact that a large part of New England, rough though it be, and difficult of manipulation for the ordinary farm operations, is well adapted to the production of fruits of the highest color and finest quality. We are beginning to realize that with moderate annual expenditure for labor and plant food, we may reap a rich harvest and sure return, and that right at our doors are the best markets in the world for a commodity which we can produce as readily as we can make shoes, cotton cloth or wooden nutmegs.

"Over much of the area of New England apple trees are growing almost spontaneously; and wherever, in the past, seeds may have been scattered we may find trees growing. These old trees, though neglected and broken by storms, usually produce some fruit every year and are frequently loaded to the ground. When given half the chance of ordinary farm crops these same old trees, regrafted to varieties of recognized merit, become the most valuable assets of the farm. In this connection I have in mind an old orchard in southern Maine, set more than eighty years ago and naturally somewhat decrepit now.

In three successive years recently, this orchard, covering about two and one-half acres, yielded 650, 400 and 350 bushels respectively; which brought the owner \$480, \$300 and \$350, or an estimated net profit to the owner of seventy-five per cent. These old, moss-covered, neglected veterans, hardy as maples and refusing to die, stand as living witnesses to the possibilities of New England's hillsides. Nor is the testimony confined to these old veterans.

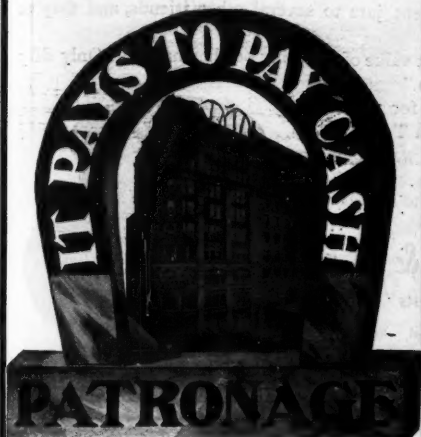
Phineas Whittier, Maine's 'apple king,' began his labors as a fruit grower about 1850 with the purchase of ninety acres of most unpromising rocky pasture and woodland for the sum of \$400, of which he was only able to pay \$75 down. Apple trees were set wherever a place could be found among the rocks, and today there are substantial buildings, including fruit cellars and evaporating house, and the annual returns from the orchard, which now covers nearly a thousand acres, are from \$3,000 to \$6,000.

"While I firmly believe in the future of New England as an apple producing region, there are many other ways in which the abandoned farms may be utilized to advantage. The reclaiming of 'poverty flats,' and similar unpromising areas in other sections of Massachusetts, has shown the capabilities of some of the lands as market gardens.

"The unqualified success which attends the intelligent management of dairy herds in all parts of New England; the almost unlimited demands for the superior sweet corn which is grown in Maine and elsewhere; the success attending the extensive operation of Professor Sanborn of New Hampshire, in the line of general farming; the rapid advance in the production of potatoes since the introduction of improved methods; all of these and many more actual commercial operations, go to show the possibilities in the direction of a new agriculture for New England.

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And what is fully as important the goods are as represented and prices always the lowest."



"Reliable Goods at the Lowest Prices" make **Houghton & Dutton's** establishment like a great magnet or loadstone, attracting purchasers from every part of New England.

Buying for cash, this firm is able to secure the first choice from all manufacturers, and at **cash discount prices**. Selling always for cash, without the added expenditure of a credit system and incidental losses, insures to the purchasers the lowest possible prices.

The firm's motto and business principle "**it pays to pay cash**," has been exemplified by recently doubling the size of the store to give increased selling space. Small profits and quick sales insure a constantly fresh stock of goods,—the latest and best in every line.

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Keep it at hand for emergency cases. It cures ten times where it fails once.

Large bottle 25 cents, at all dealers.

**The Twitchell-Champlin Co., Proprietors**  
Portland, Maine.





"Mildred, dear, pray tell me the secret of keeping your complexion so fresh and attractive. I don't ask, to be nosey, but I would give anything to have my skin look as clear and sweet as yours."

"Why, Sue Williams! If I'd known you would not be offended I would have sent it to you as a Christmas present. It's

## Magda Toilet Cream

an exquisite cold cream of Cucumber and Orange Flower, and the most delightfully refreshing skin food conceivable. I sent jars to several other friends, and they've

all written me the sweetest notes of thanks!"

"Is it expensive?" "It is not; it is the greatest value of anything on the market. Only fifty cents for a large jar,—a real beauty of a jar, too."

"Oh, Mildred! To think you spent two dollars for my box of Bon-bons, and I'd a deal rather have had Magda Toilet Cream. But I'll forgive you and buy a jar for myself on my way home."

**Magda Toilet Cream** makes new friends every day. As pure as morning dew, it nourishes the delicate skin pores and imparts a healthful tint to flesh and skin.

Sold at a half-dollar the pot at the busy shops.  
Tubes at a quarter.  
Pound cans at seventy-five cents.

**C. J. Countie & Co.**

Toilet Specialists

Boston London Montreal Sydney



Tubes mailed from Boston office on receipt of price. Write for booklet.

## EGYPTIAN DEODORIZER AND GERM KILLER



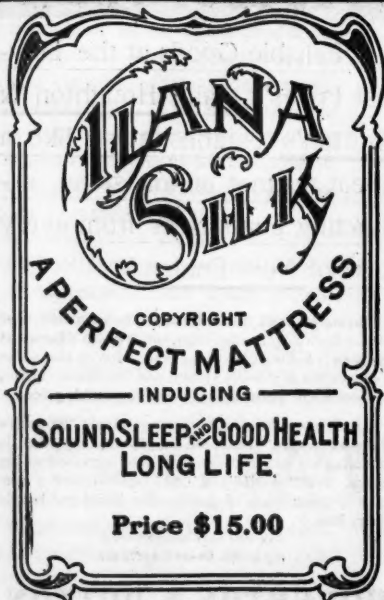
A REFINED preparation in convenient form. Destroys bad odors, fumigating and purifying the air. A delightful perfume, destroying inimical germs. Egyptian Deodorizer kills mosquitoes, moths, and other insects.

### No Obnoxious Odor

From a hygienic standpoint it is unequalled.

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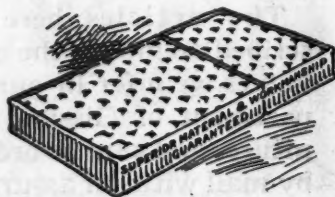
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"Have your floors been dressed with Wiley's Waxene, Mrs. Bates?"

"No, but they've been filled with oil, and I have them shelled off often. In a few weeks they look as badly as before."

"My experience was similar before I ordered Wiley's Waxene. I declare, it is something wonderful! Anyone can put it on, as it's not viscid and thick. It dries quickly, and just going over it with a dry mop keeps it bright."

What Mrs. Lothrop told Mrs. Bates is an everyday occurrence among neighbors. Wiley's Waxene is best for housekeepers who take pride in their floors. Grease will not spot nor dirt penetrate it.

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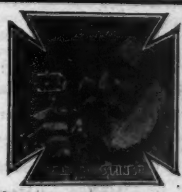
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*Vista Hermosa* Cigars are our own exclusive product,—the tobacco is grown on our own plantations and is under our own careful supervision until finally manufactured in our own factories. Our plantation and factories are in the celebrated Bairoa District of Porto Rico, where elevation, climatic conditions, etc., are almost perfect for tobacco. By the careful selection of seed and improved methods of culture and curing, *Vista Hermosa* Cigars have become rivals of celebrated Havana brands. Leading dealers and many of the best hotels and clubs demand *Vista Hermosa* cigars for customers who prefer them to other kinds, though selling at popular prices. Formerly tobacco from this district was sent to Cuba for manufacture and the cigars were known only as Havana cigars. Now, since the tariff has been removed from Porto Rican products (but not from those of Cuba), discriminating smokers can obtain *Vista Hermosa* cigars, warranted to please, at prices no higher than for domestic grades.

Our cigars are made in all the most popular shapes and sizes. If you cannot buy *Vista Hermosa* Cigars at your dealers, send us 25c. in coin or P. O. money order, and we will send you three samples equal to the best ten and fifteen cent domestic grades, packing them securely to insure safe delivery. We will also send an *extra* cigar, which we will ask you to hand to your dealer with our compliments.

Our object in sending these samples is to make it plain to you that our cigars are superior to the brands you are now smoking, and to quickly introduce them to all consumers and dealers. We will supply your orders at the following prices until you are able to buy them of your local dealer:

<b>Vista Hermosa</b>	<b>"Forakers"</b>	box of 25,	<b>\$2.00</b>
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help both sight and looks. They hold tight without feeling tight; will not easily drop off and break lenses.

All shapes at all opticians'.

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For any information or booklets concerning either of these houses, or the Poland Spring, address

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Until June 1 address care of Poland Water Offices mentioned above; after June 1, Rockland Breakwater, Maine.

SEND FOR BOOKLET FOR 1906.



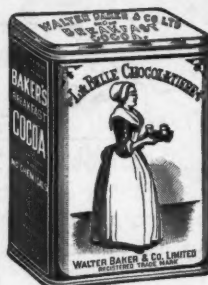
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 The secret of a healthy and beautiful skin in and a perfect complexion. Its perfume is unequalled and its transparency is a sign of its purity. Send 10c in stamps for full size sample cake.  
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 Leaf  
 Lard**



**Fried Chicken** Cut Premium Milk Fed Chicken weighing about three lbs. into quarters. Rub pieces with pepper and salt, roll in flour. Melt in frying pan enough Silver Leaf Lard to nearly cover pieces of chicken. Heat lard until it will cause a bread crumb dropped in to almost instantly turn a golden brown. Then lay in chicken and fry slowly until tender. When done remove and lay for a moment on cheese cloth or soft brown paper to absorb the grease. Serve garnished with parsley.

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